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North Hastings Review.

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40TH YEAR—No. 27 — Madoc, Hastings County, Ontario, Thursday, July 5, 1917 — POSTAGE PREPAID

Events of The War in Brief

Russians drive enemy across Strype River. At last the Russian Armies have begun an offensive against the Germans under their most popular leader, A. F. Kerensky. Never was an offensive so auspiciously begun. An operation which it was expected would take two days was executed in seven hours. The Russians took 17,000 prisoners, much guns and ammunition.

Greece has at last lined up with the allies and will assume the responsibility of guarding the Macedonian frontier, thus freeing over 300,000 allies for the western front.

Ship Load of Officers Returning

An officer who recently returned from England stated to the Kingston Whig that at last a definite move has been made to rid England of thousands of senior officers of the Canadian Expeditionary Force. They were given until the 15th of this month to decide whether they would revert to the rank of Lieutenant or return to Canada.

Since the war broke out in 1914 Canada has been pouring battalions of infantry, brigades of artillery and other units in England. Here the reorganization took place which left many of the senior officers stranded. Each has been given some "job" which in many cases was made merely to give the officer something to do. Now the public cry has become so insistent that the authorities are acting.

The officer stated that in a week or two he expected a steamship load of senior officers to return to Canada. Many have already come back, but others are determined not to return until made to do so. They have been given the alternative of reverting to the rank of Lieutenant and taking a platoon on the firing or coming back.

Probably no more humiliating page in Canada's history could be written than the record of these Safety-First heroes,—men who left Canada with the shouts of their patriotic actions, cheered by a loyal people, ringing in their ears—men in whose charge were entrusted the free and independent young manhood of our country—men who accepted Government pay for services not rendered—men who demanded and freely received from the Privates in their ranks the salute, that mark of the Private's inferiority and the Officers' superiority. A ship load of these officers are now being brought back at the country's expense, full-fed and unscathed, while by their side in glorious contrast are returning privates battered and deeply scarred in conflict with the Hun in the greatest war the world has ever seen.

Meeting of Presbytery

The quarterly meeting of the Kingston Presbytery in St. Peter's Church on Tuesday and Wednesday of last week was a fine combination of business and pleasure. Rev. A. S. Kerr, B.A., moderator, occupied the chair, and Rev. W. T. Wilkins, B.A., the venerable clerk, was at the post of duty. All the elders of St. Peter's church were invited to sit as corresponding members, as was also Dr. D. A. Volume, Tweed. Mrs. Hall, Stirling was given permission to address the court, and she intimated that the Provincial Executive of the Women's Missionary Society desired to send into North Hastings a deaconess for the summer months. The scheme was cordially endorsed by the Presbytery. A call from Deseronto was presented by Rev. Mr. Wilson, B.A., Napanee, and supported by Messrs. A. G. Bogart and R. Miller, Deseronto, in favor of Rev. T. B. McCorkindale, Kemptville. The call was sustained and provisional arrangements made for his induction in case he accepts. Commissioners to the General Assembly in Montreal gave their impressions of that great gathering. Rev. Dr. MacTavish, Madoc, was nominated for the Moderatorship of the Synod of Toronto and Kingston which meets in Toronto in October. A resolution of sympathy with the family of the late Prof. A. Laird, B.A., Kingston, was adopted and ordered to be forwarded to the family. Rev. Dr. Gracey was authorized to endeavor to get all mission fields and augmented charges to increase stipends so that they might reach the minimum. The minimum for selfsustaining charges and augmented ones is now $1200 and a manse.

On Wednesday noon a sumptuous repast furnished by the ladies of the congregation was greatly enjoyed. Messrs Wilkins and Currie expressed the gratification of the Presbytery for the manner in which they had been entertained, and to these expressions Dr. MacTavish and Mr. George West responded. After dinner Messrs. William Cross, Stephen Wellington, Frank Vandervoort and C. N. Whytock placed their cars at the disposal of the visitors and a visit was paid to the talc and fluorspar mines and to the whitewear factory. The trip was greatly enjoyed.

The July issue of Rod and Gun in Canada is a good number to tuck into the grip of the sportsman or tourist on vacation bent. A glance at the list of contents shows the following titles: "With The Maskinonge and The Sharke; Two Opening Days," by Bonny-castle Dale; "Tu-hoo" by Wm. MacMillan; "Trout fishing Northern Ontario" by C. W. Young; "The Beloved Vagabond" by Edward M. Towler; "The Last Trip Ashore" by F. V. Williams; etc. etc. and in addition Notes, Kennel and Trap-shooting. W. J. Taylor, Ltd., Woodstock, Ont. are the publishers of this representative Canadian sportsman's magazine.

New Road for St. Lawrence Street

The St. Lawrence street road, which runs through Madoc Village, on account of the nature of the locality and the heavy traffic to and from the station, has been very costly to the county and also very unsatisfactory to the travelling public.

In 1913 14 and 15 the county appropriations for the village roads were spent on this road, and also a sum of $380, and yet in the fall of 1916 the road was almost impassable. Seeing the difficulty of keeping this road in a satisfactory condition, our Reeve, T. H. Thompson at the January session of this year introduced a resolution moved by himself and seconded by Jud Gunter, that a committee composed of Messrs. J. A. Moore, Chairman of Roads and Bridges; H. Blecker, Superintendent of Roads; R. R. Coulter, Chairman of Finance; Sim Fox, Reeve of Madoc Tp.; Henry Kells, Deputy Reeve of Madoc Tp. be appointed and invested with full powers to inspect this road and act thereon. This committee requested the Department of Public Highways to send an engineer to deliberate with them as to the best way of dealing with this section of the county road. The Department sent Mr. Hogarth, chief engineer for the province. Mr. Hogarth, after inspection of the roadbed, and after learning the volume of the traffic and the heavy loads to which it was subjected, advised the construction of a water-bound Macadam. A road of this character would cost about $7000 and even then he would not guarantee its permanency.

On receiving this report the County Council referred the whole matter back to the committee with instructions to build a road with a view to permanency on condition that the Government assume 60% of the cost of it.

Acting on these instructions the committee appointed a sub-committee consisting of Messrs. T. H. Thompson, James Moore, H. Blaeker, to interview the Department of Public Highways. This committee, together with the local member, Robert Cook, M.L.A., succeeded in getting the Department to assume the whole responsibility of the construction of the road—the County to pay 40% of the cost.

It is the intention of the Department to build a water-bound Macadam road a mile long due east from the station; the road to be built by the Govt. under the instructions of a departmental engineer.

The idea of the Government is to build a permanent road, a road that will serve as a demonstration road for the building of other roads in the county.

There is a report in circulation to the effect that an improved road is about to be built from Maynooth to connect with the proposed trunk line running from Toronto to Montreal.

The thanks of the Village and the County are due to Mr. Cook, M.L.A. of North Hastings who is sparing neither time nor means in an effort to bring about better means of transportation for his constituents and the county as a whole.

Dominion Day Concert

The concert given on Monday evening in front of the Public School by members of the Royal Flying Corps of Deserento, under the acspices of the Epworth League of the Methodist church, was an unqualified success, both in the quality of the entertainment, the number present to enjoy it and the amount realized for Missions and for the Red Cross. Pastor W. B. Tucker presided and the following gentlemen from Deseronto took part in the program: Sergt.-Major Granger, Corporal Orme and Messrs. Dawson, Shute, Coulter, Ritchie and Clarke. Having had no opportunity for training together, some having never met one another before that day, they confined their efforts to solos; but they hope in the near future to organize a quartette. Especially worthy of mention was Mr. Shute's song, "Devon," which was so well rendered in true Devonshire style and with a soldierly bearing which could not fail to attract attention. Sergt.-Major Granger also showed himself a most able entertainer. There was not a single number on the program but was enjoyed. The gentlemanly conduct of these men, so far from home and out for a holiday, won for them great praise. Whilst seeing no aeroplane on Monday evening, the people of Madoc have not altogether given up the hope that some day some Lieutenant of the Flying Corps may steer his air-ship this far northward. We feel as much pride in this worthy branch of Canada's Military Service as do the people who live further south and would like to be favored with an occasional visit. We recognize difficulties, however, and do not want any unnecessary risks run on our account. We appreciate the desire of some of the Flying Corps to gratify us, even though they have been unable to carry out that desire. Net proceeds from concert over $50, half of which will be forwarded to the Red Cross, which we would like to see applied to the Flying Corps Hospital work.

Letters from Our Soldiers

R. M. S., Metagama, May 12.

DEAR MOTHER,—

It is now quite a lot over two weeks since we left Ottawa. We have been on the ocean for about 9 days and expect to reach Liverpool sometime tomorrow. We remained on the train a couple of days in Halifax and went on board the Metagama on May 1st. We pulled out into the harbor and waited there over two days until the other boats were loaded. There were 3 troopships and a load of Chinese cooks. The Chinese are going to Havre, France, direct and the troops to England to drill for a while. There are about 10,000 troops on board the 3 ships and 8000 went on the Olympic a couple of days ahead of us. We were accompanied by a cruiser, the Devonshire. We were met this morning by 4 destroyers which are small but very swift boats and will take us safely through the danger zone. We have only had a couple of days rough weather but nearly all the boys were sea-sick. I had neuralgia in the head and was seasick but am over it now. We are getting a six days' pass and a free railway ticket to any point in England. Will close now.

Parted—just for a while
Let us not say for ever.
There is no time or space
That our true hearts can sever.
Long miles may roll between
Life may be sad or gay,
But our true faithful love,
Unchanged shall be for aye.

PTE. R. B. MITTS.

France, June 7, 1917.

DEAR FATHER AND MOTHER,—

Just a few lines to let you know that I am o.k. and doing well. Russell is as fat as a bear. I don't suppose you heard of Earl Garbutt being killed June 2nd. He was in an attack and received two slight wounds, one in the back and the other in the head, just a good Blighty. He was taken to the dressing station and had his wounds dressed. He then walked outside in the sun so he could get the fresh air. A couple of shells came over and he was told to go in the dug-out for fear he would get hit, but he refused and said he was all right where he was, but the next one that came over fell right alongside of him and put him out of action. He died a half hour later. He was a brave one and a very dear friend of mine. He was like a brother; we were always together, fought side by side and slept side by side. He was the only Madoc boy left with me and now I'm alone. George White was wounded quite a while ago. He has the Military Medal for bravery in carrying in wounded under heavy shell fire and bullets. I suppose the people in Canada expect the war over any day but it doesn't look much like it where we are. We are having lovely weather here now. The farmers are busy getting their land seeded behind the lines out of range of the guns. It certainly makes some scenery to see the Frenchmen ploughing around the old trenches and wire and dodging the graves with their wooden crosses, and us fellows strolling by on our way to the trenches to leave many more graves for him to dodge. I will close for to-night as there is not much news. Hoping to find you all well and in good spirits. I found T. Nayler the other day. He is looking fine. He told me C. Watson was wounded. I also run across W. Cleve. I expect a pass some of these days.

PTE. T. E. BAILEY.

Hymeneal

The handsome residence of Mrs. J. A. McCoy presented a particularly attractive appearance on Wednesday, July 4th, when a number of friends and relatives gathered in to witness the marriage of her talented daughter, Miss Kathleen Allan McCoy, B.A., to Mr. Frederick Stanley Brown, B.A., of Lakefield. The interesting ceremony was performemed by Rev. Dr. W. S. MacTavish, of St. Peter's church. The bride was given away by her brother, Mr. Carl A. McCoy, and Miss Grace McCoy performed the duties of flower-girl. The basket of sweet peas, which she carried, had in it the two rings for the bride and groom, respectively. The bride looked charming in a gown of peach-colored crepe de chene and tulle hat. After a dainty luncheon the bridal couple left for a honeymoon which will be spent in camping in the lake region north of Peterboro. The large number of presents from Campbellford, Toronto, Welland and Madoc testified to the popularity of the bride. Among the out-of-town guests were Mr. and Mrs. J. G. Brown, Lakefield; Dr. and Mrs. W. T. Brown, Toronto; Dr. and Mrs. Binns, Welland, and others.

Moira Lake News

Dr. Young and family, of Toronto, arrived on Saturday to spend their vacation.

Dr. Tummonds, of town, is camping at "Bide-a-Wee."

Mr. Gordon Munro has rented one of Mrs. Coe's cottages.

Mrs. Wm. Tumelty has rented one of Mr. Watson's cottages for the summer.

Ford THE UNIVERSAL CAR

Prices to Aug. 1, 1917

The following prices for Ford cars will be effective

Chassis . . .	$450.00
Runabout . .	475.00
Touring Car .	495.00
Coupelet . .	695.00
Town Car . .	780.00
Sedan . . .	890.00

f. o. b. Ford, Ontario

These prices are positively guaranteed against any reduction before August 1st, 1917, but there is no guarantee against an advance in price at any time.

Frank Smith, Madoc.

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Established 1871

CAPITAL AND RESERVE $13,000,000

Farmers' Sale Notes

Farmers will do well to leave their sale notes with The Dominon Bank for collection. Consult the Manager.

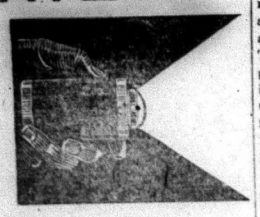
MADOC BRANCH: G. P. LYND, Manager.

CAMPERS AT THE LAKE

SHOULD PROVIDE THEMSELVES WITH

EVEREADY DAYLOS

the light that says "Here it is."



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Also batteries to fit all.

JOHN BURKITT

Electrician - Madoc.

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One Car Red Cedar Shingles
One Car White Cedar Saingles
One car Fresh Cement "
One Car of Fire and Fire Clay
One Car Ruberoid and Tweedoid Roofing
Five Cars Hemlock Lumber
Several Cars Pine Lumber.

The Houston Co. Ltd.

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CAPITAL PAID UP, $15,000,000 — RESERVE FUND, - $13,500,000

MONEY ORDERS

For small remittances use the Money Orders issued by this Bank. They are payable without charge at any Bank in Canada (except in the Yukon Territory). The cost is as follows:

$5 and under	3 cents
over $5 and not exceeding $10	6 "
" $10 " " $30	10 "
" $30 " " $50	15 "

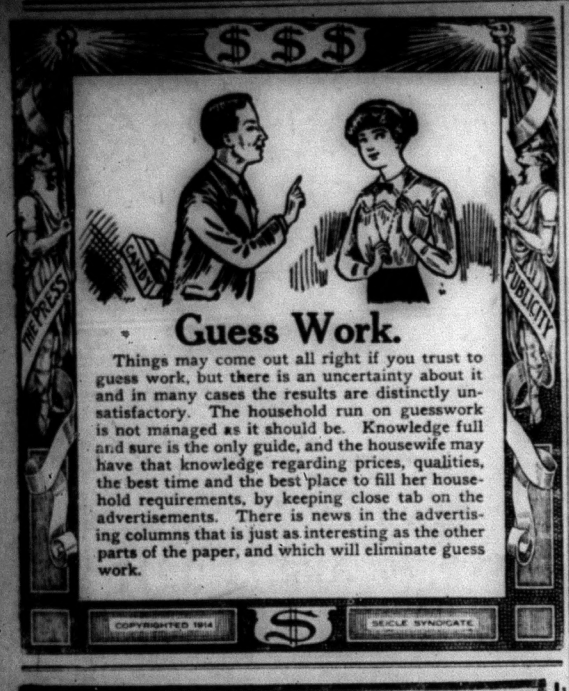
PLUS REVENUE STAMPS

Madoc Branch - - A. Y. SNIDER, MANAGER

Madoc Sash & Door Factory

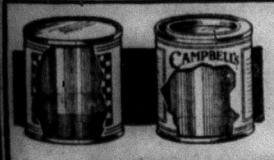
If you are thinking of building this spring be sure and get our estimates. We always carry a good stock of lumber of all description.

JOHN ROBERTSON



Guess Work.

Things may come out all right if you trust to guess work, but there is an uncertainty about it and in many cases the results are distinctly unsatisfactory. The household run on guesswork is not managed as it should be. Knowledge full and sure is the only guide, and the housewife may have that knowledge regarding prices, qualities, the best time and the best place to fill her household requirements, by keeping close tab on the advertisements. There is news in the advertising columns that is just as interesting as the other parts of the paper, and which will eliminate guess work.



SEE THE DIFFERENCE

Here are two cans with glass sides inserted to show contents. On the left is an ordinary varnish stain. See the muddy sediment settled at the bottom. It must be stirred before using and never gives good results. On the right is Campbell's Varnish Stain—clear as a crystal—no dregs or sediment. Its ingredients are scientifically united. You can use it on any floor or furniture with perfect results.

CAMPBELL'S VARNISH STAIN

DISSOLVES GREASE SPOTS

There! we have given you two big reasons for using Campbell's in preference to all others. You'll find many other reasons in the first can you buy.

There are 13 colors: Natural wood color, light oak, dark oak, walnut, cherry, mahogany, green, rosewood, white enamel, flat black, gloss black, piazza green and piazza red.

Color cards sent free upon request.

Sold by the following progressive merchants

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Made by
CARPENTER-MORTON CO. 77 Sudbury Street, Boston, Mass.

Butter Paper

You will be requiring some of this from now on. Why not leave your order now. Printed in quantities of 500 sheets, also plain.

15 Sheets, plain - 5 Cents.
500 " printed - $2.75

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5 Total abstainers are insured in a class by themselves, and will receive the larger profits their good habits insure.
6 This is a strong mutual Company, with all the security of a full Government Reserve, one vote in the management of your Company with every $1,000 of insurance.
7 Premiums may be paid yearly, half-yearly, quarterly or even monthly, at your convenience, without consulting the Company.
8 Free insurance for face value of Policy, for a specific term of years after the third year in force, if you are sick or are unable to pay premium, etc., etc.

H. Watson, Madoc, Local Agent

English Rulers And Their Meals

WILLIAM THE FIRST loved the tall deer as if he were their father; his favorite dish was venison. William the Second ate venison like his father, but preferred boar's head. Henry the First was so fond of lampreys that he eventually died of a surfeit of them. Stephen was the first king to introduce foreign cookery, that of the Empire, in an abridged form. Henry the Second returned to the old fish and vegetable diet of the Church with an occasional game pie as an interlude. In the reign of Richard the First meat and game and venison pasties were fashionable, and the preparers were called "Pastelers." King John was exceedingly fond of lampreys and a royal lamprey pie with the Arms of Gloucester on it was presented at Court annually from his reign to the Diamond Jubilee of Queen Victoria.

During the reign of Henry the Third the Ancient Company of Cooks, founded in 1211, first became powerful, and roasting and boiling superseded pasties. Edward the First was very fond of roast ox, and introduced Welsh mutton into England after his conquest. Edward the Second favored French cooking as then known, a connoisseur of the kitchens, and pioneered the custom of householders having their meals professionally cooked.

Henry the Seventh opposed the Continental modes of his predecessor, and reintroduced English joints and pies, especially lark pie. Henry the Eighth dined at 11 a.m. and started with roast beef. Edward the Sixth was very fond of eggs and omelettes; he also named a dish of beef after his mother, Jane Seymour. Queen Mary was partial to sherry long before she married Philip the Second, and introduced garlic into English cookery. Queen Elizabeth's favorite dish at the Kenilworth festivities was peacock pie; and she loved the dainties of the Netherlands. James the First introduced haggis into England, and was more partial to French than German or Spanish dishes.

For the merit of roast beef Charles the First knighted it, and with his sword over the joint said, "Arise, thou famed Sir Loin!" The knighting of the sirloin is also ascribed to James the First and Charles the Second. Sturgeon has always been a royal fish, the king's perquisite without payment, and Charles the Second kept fisher-boats to catch them in the Thames for himself. James the Second attempted to introduce la haute cuisine of the Louis the Fourteenth period, William the Third introduced Dutch cookery—salads, cured and smoked fish—under a Dutch chef, Ulrich Horitiner. Queen Anne was a great culinary artist and inventor of maids of honor cakes, as sold at Richmond, so called because an archbishop calling on the Queen surprised her and her maids making cakes. George the First introduced German dishes, both ate and spoke German, was a gourmand, not a gourmet; in his reign catering first became international, and the English cuisine known as that of Queen Anne died out.

George the Second was very fond of mutton pies, and in his reign the Kit Kat Club was founded by Christopher Katt, a famous mutton-pie cook, who supplied the Duke of Marlborough, Addison, Walpole, and others. George the Third liked boiled mutton, carrots, and turnips best; in his younger days tench, mullets, and doreys attracted him, and he made "blomanges" fashionable. George the Fourth employed the famous chef Careme and set the fashion of French cuisine in England; his kitchen at Brighton, says the "Restaurateur," was the most up-to-date in England, and, according to John Wilson Croker, "possessed contrivances for roasting, boiling, stewing, and frying, steaming and heating, hot plates, hot closets, hot air, with all manner of cocks for hot water and cold water and warm water and steam, and twenty saucepans all ticketed and labelled, placed up to their necks in a vapour bottle." His favorite dish was roast neck of mutton and bubble and squeak.

William the Fourth was partial to whitebait dinners, which soon became fashionable at Greenwich. Apple dumplings and roast pork, with kidneys and bacon for breakfast, was the diet of the sailor Prince. Queen Victoria, in her younger days, was partial to turbot with festoons of lobster and a saddle of mutton; she gave her name to a consomme, a sauce, a garnishee for lobster, and a pudding. King Edward had a great partiality for tripe suppers, and gave his name to a mode of serving game with rice.

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RAISE MORE POTATOES.

Prof. Zavitz Makes Suggestion to the Tobacco Growers.

Prof. C. A. Zavitz of the O. A. C. recently made an interesting suggestion in connection with tobacco-growing. He pointed out that, as a war measure, efforts are soon to be made in the United States to reduce the acreage devoted to tobacco-growing, with a view to the land being used for food production instead.

"Tobacco land," he said, "is also excellent potato land. Last year something like eight thousand acres of land were used in Ontario for the production of tobacco. If, in 1917, this acreage were used for the production of potatoes instead of tobacco, the potatoes produced on that land should be sufficient to furnish 200,000 persons with food for one year. If the potatoes were a big crop in all the Provinces this year, and in the United States, prices would, of course, come down, but it is very seldom that a good crop of potatoes is universal over a large section of the country.

"In 1915 and 1916 the potato crop was exceptionally light in Ontario, but in each of those years it was fairly good in Prince Edward Island, Alberta, and British Columbia. The seed of Ontario potatoes, likely will be used principally on the farms, and it is going to be a difficult matter to get satisfactory seed potatoes for town lots, especially where the seed has to be purchased. It requires ten to twelve bags of potatoes to plant an acre, and seed potatoes are now selling at $4 a bag, which would mean from $40 to $50 an acre for seed.

"Another crop which might be grown to advantage is turnips. The area in which Swede turnips give satisfactory results in America is limited. Central Ontario, Nova Scotia, and Prince Edward Island are perhaps the best turnip-producing sections in North America. A large amount of valuable food material is produced on an acre from a turnip crop, which usually gives a yield of over four hundred bushels per acre. Prices during the last year have had a range of forty to sixty cents per bushel, which means $200 per acre. There is a big demand in the western States for Ontario-grown turnips, many of which are shipped out of Ontario for human consumption each year."

Referring briefly to winter wheat conditions, Prof. Zavitz said the seriousness of the situation was intensified somewhat in Ontario by the fact that the weather was so dry last autumn that a smaller acreage of winter wheat was sown, and the plants went into the winter in a somewhat weakened condition. When the snow disappeared this spring the small plants of winter wheat were mostly alive, but freezing and thawing have in many instances weakened the plants, and in a good many cases killed them entirely. It is quite probable, therefore, that the production of winter wheat in Ontario will be less in 1917 than in the previous year.

"I believe," said Prof. Zavitz, "that it would be a decided advantage in the interests of food production, as well as in the interests of the farmers themselves, if the farmers would increase as much as possible their acreage of spring wheat this year. Experiments at Guelph in recent years have shown that spring wheat has given very good satisfaction."

A New Plan Devised.

Reorganization of the methods of tabulating Canadian agricultural census is being effected at the present time. Heretofore the Dominion Government made an annual census, while each of the provinces has its own system of compilation. The methods of gathering the figures differed widely, and the results were often at variance. The outcome has been confusing and has made Canadian statistics of doubtful veracity. This has frequently resulted in harmful confusion on the part of foreign countries trading with Canada, with consequences hardly beneficial to Canadian producers. Mr. R. H. Coats, the Dominion statistician, has been working for some time on a plan by which the Dominion and the Provinces will co-operate and coordinate in the collection of agricultural statistics. The Dominion will collect certain figures and the province other figures, and these will be exchanged. A conference recently held in Ottawa with the statisticians of the Quebec and Ontario Governments reached an agreement subject to the approval of their Governments. Mr. Coats will leave shortly for the West to consult with the Western provincial authorities in order to ensure their agreement with the plan.

Canada Shows the Way.

Discussing the duty which devolves upon the Empire to care for its returned soldiers, The London Daily Mail, one of Lord Northcliffe's principal newspapers, says: "We congratulate Canada on the lead she has given in the treatment of her soldiers, and hope the example will be followed in this country without delay. In November last an order was issued by the Canadian Government directing that no person receive Government employment who had not served in the army. What Canada is doing, all the states in the British Empire will do before the war ends."

Canadian Imports.

The total imports of merchandise entered for consumption in Canada for February, 1917, amounted to $68,030,469, compared with $72,323,074 in January, 1917, and $51,654,968 in February, 1916, an increase of $16,375,501. Domestic exports of merchandise for February, 1917, amounted to $68,224,383, compared with $99,106,259 in January, 1917, and $57,931,168 in February, 1916. Increases in the products of the mine, animals and their products and manufactures were shown, while decreases were shown in the fisheries, the forest, agriculture, and miscellaneous merchandise.

War Sentiment in Argentina

THE "Great Conflagration in Europe," as the war is often designated by Argentina's newspapers, is the chief topic of conversation in Buenos Aires. The sympathies of the Argentine people vary, depending upon their ancestry, their interests, and their affiliations. Many residents of Argentina have forsaken their homes to enlist under the banner of England or her allies. In some cases these recruits were adventurers; in many cases they were Englishmen, or descendants of Englishmen; in other cases they were Argentine citizens who had married daughters of subjects of the Allied nations. Thousands of recruits for the Allies have crossed the Atlantic since August 1, 1914. There is no doubt that only the influence of the sea-power has prevented a host of reservists from returning to the Old World to fight under the banners of the Emperor and the Kaiser.

The leaders of the metropolitan press, La Nacion and La Prensa, favor the Allies, and partly on that account, shortly after the outbreak of the war certain German residents of Buenos Aires founded a daily newspaper, La Union, which has since served as an organ of the Teutonic cause in southern South America. Aside from the editorials in that newspaper, it is almost impossible to find in the intellectual centre of South America any published expressions of sympathy for the German cause. Argentine citizens are drawn to England by ties of commerce or of kinship; they sympathize with Italy's ambition to redeem the northern Adriatic; they resent the violation of Belgium's neutrality. But, above all, it is for la belle France—so wantonly attacked—that their hearts bleed. In somewhat extravagant words an Argentine writer recently declared: "In our literary circles, in our artistic coteries, in the scientific academies of the universities, and in the mansions of the aristocracy, France is revered as was Athens in the age of Pericles."

In a sympathetic spirit a number of well-known Argentine literary men have published opinions favorable to the Allies. The most influential prose writer to take up the pen in that cause is Dr. Francisco A. Barroetavena, a lawyer and publicist, described in poetic phrase as "a youth of seventy years." Beginning on August 3, 1914, he contributed to El Diario a series of articles concerning certain problems of the war: "The Dream of the Kaiser," "The Crime of This War," "The Attack Upon Belgium," "Germany and Sparta," "France and Athens," "The German Peril." In the first-mentioned article he declared that the war-horse of the Kaiser would "never drink of the waters of the Indus! He will not be able to seat a son upon every throne of the European monarchies!" In February, 1915, Barroetavena announced his intention of publishing those articles in a volume entitled "Alemania contra el Mundo." This book soon passed through three editions; a fourth edition of ten thousand copies has recently made its appearance in the book-stalls.

A vivid illustration of the sentiment of Argentine thinkers was furnished in a booklet entitled "Preuves de sympathies Sud-Americaines envers la noble Belgique pour l'anniversaire de l'avenement au trone de son premier Roi, Sa Majeste Leopold I." This booklet—proceeds from the sale of which were given to the Belgian Red Cross—contained facsimiles of the signatures of many South American literary men. Among the signatories were Almafuerte, Barroetavena, Carlos Guidoy Spano, the venerable Argentine poet; Jose Enrique Rodo, the well-known Uruguayan writer; Ricardo Rojas, the editor of a scholarly reprint of Argentine classics; Paul Groussac, the erudite director of the Biblioteca Nacional; Jose J. Biedma, director of the National Archives; Jorge Mitre, director of La Nacion; Ezequiel Paz, director of La Prensa; Luis M. Drago, author of the Doctrine which bears his name, and Ruy Barbosa, the Brazilian publicist. Some time afterwards, certain intellectual leaders of Buenos Aires held a meeting at a private residence and signed their names in albums which were addressed to the Institut Francais and to the extinct Library of Louvain. On the dedicatory page of each album, these men paid tribute to the Allied nations: to Belgium, "the martyred, heroic, and undone nation"; to "the soul of France, the redeemer"; to "a victorious young Italy," struggling towards "her final integrity"; to the British people, "the guardians of liberty"; to Russia, "gigantic and generous," and to Serbia, "dismantled and wounded"—nations which had united to substitute for the aphorism "that force is the first right" the other motto that "justice and respect for man have conquered and will ever conquer. . . . Later, in the eloquent silence of the bone-strewn fields, nature will bestow her pious offerings of flowers; the sun his light, and man his reverence. Future generations will make pilgrimages there, and will read, in the epitaphs of the fallen, their heroism, their tenacity, and their love of good."

No Bachelors Wanted.

In the Argentine republic if a man engaged to marry hesitates beyond a reasonable time in leading his fiancee to the altar he is heavily fined, and if a resident of the republic should fail to marry he is taxed until he reaches the age of eighty.

French Writer Offers His Tribute to England And Shows Understanding

THERE is always something peculiarly interesting in the view which a discerning writer of one nation forms and expresses of another. If it is a just and dispassionate view, it almost inevitably results in the shedding of some entirely new light on the situation, and causes many thinking people in the nation thus under review to reconsider many points and many phases of national life which had hitherto been taken for granted.

It was just such a review of the United Kingdom which M. Rosny, Aine, contributed, some little time ago, to the columns of Le Journal in Paris. M. Rosny did not come forward as the candid friend. He designed to make his article a tribute, and it was a tribute, and yet, no one could read it without noticing that its generous reticences had in them many lessons for those who had ears to hear. A case in point was where he referred to the intellectual isolation of the United Kingdom. "She is splendidly represented," he said, "in every domain of human thought and activity. Perhaps she would have been greater still had she not a tendency towards intellectual isolation, a noble, though narrow, pride in her own self-sufficiency." Those who are at all in touch with the intellectual thought in England know how just is such an implication; but they also know that every year that passes makes it less just. A very great and very genuine effort has been made throughout the country, during the past decade, to understand other nations better; to get more in touch with the thought of the world, and to cultivate a willingness to revise views in the light of added knowledge. This tendency has, of course, been tremendously accelerated during the last two years.

In spite of the existence of this isolation, moreover, M. Rosny does not fail to point out that the United Kingdom, during all those years of splendid detachment, had been developing an extraordinary adaptability, an adaptability which enabled her, within a few months, to transform herself from a nonmilitary country into one of the strongest military powers in the world. As M. Rosny put it, "She had no officers, no non-commissioned officers, no soldiers. Everything had to be created, to be brought out of nothing. Once more, British energy has proved itself master of circumstances."

M. Rosny revealed one fact especially by his review, and that was the versatility of his own scholarship. Whether he was showing the standing of the United Kingdom in the realm of natural science, of philosophy, of literature, of exploration, or of colonizing, he showed himself familiar with all the great British figures in these branches of activity. When, therefore, M. Rosny deprecated intellectual isolation, he deprecated a shortcoming to which he, at any rate, need not confess.

Japanese Christians.

I have been asked how the Christians in Japan reconcile Christ and belief in him with the conception of a "divine" emperor. It was my privilege on the emperor's official birthday, which was held two months late, to attend a union meeting of the Japanese Christians, uniting in prayer to God that their emperor might be protected and blessed in his reign. It differed in no detail from what a similar service would be in any country, when Christians asked the blessing of God upon the King or the President, and all those who are associated with him in office.

The popular belief in the divinity of the Emperor is, to my mind, one of the critical questions in Japanese thought and politics. The present emperor is a lesser man than his predecessor, and he rules a different class of subjects. There would seem to be no peaceful solution of the question aside from the one which the Christians have adopted—of reversencing the ruler as ruler and omitting mention of him as Lord. But the whole idea of divinity in the Emperor takes on new meaning when one considers an incident which occurred under Meiji. An attempt had been made on the life of the ruler, and the premier had tried to resign. Meiji refused such sacrifice, saying, "I must have been untrue to the divine in me, or such an attempt could never have been made on my life. The fault is with me."—Maynard Owen Williams in The Christian Herald.

Animal Strength.

Tests made to determine the respective pulling power of horses, men, and elephants showed that two horses, weighing one thousand six hundred pounds each, together pulled three thousand seven hundred and fifty pounds, or five hundred and fifty pounds more than their combined weight. One elephant, weighing twelve thousand pounds, pulled eight thousand seven hundred and fifty pounds, or three thousand two hundred and fifty pounds less than its weight. Fifty men, aggregating seven thousand five hundred pounds in weight, pulled eight thousand seven hundred and fifty pounds, or just as much as the single elephant, but like the horses they pulled more than their own weight; one hundred men pulled twelve thousand pounds.

Roquefort Sheep.

The milk of a single Roquefort sheep will in a year provide from thirty to forty pounds of cheese. In that district of France there are about eight thousand sheep devoted to the cheese industry.

The Miracle Man

FRANK L. PACKARD

Copyright, 1916, By Frank L. Packard.

"Clear out!" Doc Madison broke in quite as suavely as before, but there was a sudden glint of steel in the gray eyes as they held the bruiser's, and Cleggy, hastily picking up the tray, scuffled from the room.

Madison watched the door close, then he began to pace slowly up and down the room.

"Pull the chairs up to the table so we can take things comfortably," he directed.

"There ain't but two," grinned Pale Face Harry.

"Oh, well, never mind," said Madison. "Slew the couch around and pull that up—Helena and I will sit here on the head of it."

Still pacing up and down the length of the room, his hands in his pockets, Doc Madison watched the others as they carried out his directions; then, suddenly, as he neared the door, his hand shot out, wrenched the door open, and quick as a panther he was in the hall without.

There was a yell, a scuffle, the rip and crash of rending banisters, an instant's silence, then a heavy thud and

"There was a yell, a scuffle, the rip and crash of rending banisters."

next Cleggy's voice from somewhere below in a choice and fervent flow of profanity.

Doc Madison entered the room, closed the door, dispassionately arranged a disordered cuff, brushed a few particles of dust from his sleeves and this done started toward the table—and stopped.

Helena had swung herself to the table edge and, glass in hand, dangling her neatly shod little feet, was smoking a cigarette, her dark eyes veiled by their heavy lashes. On the other side of the table Pale Face Harry coughed as, with sleeve rolled back, he was intent on the hypodermic needle he was pushing into his arm, while the Flopper, his eyes with a doglike admiration in them fixed on Madison, stood facing the door, a grotesque, unpleasant figure, unkempt, unshaved, furtive faced.

Doc Madison reached thoughtfully into his pocket, brought out a silver cigarette case and carefully selected a cigarette from among its fellows.

"Yes, Cleggy was right," he said softly, tapping the end of the cigarette on his thumb nail. "You're the real thing—the real, real thing."

Doc Madison pulled a newspaper from his pocket, spread it out on the table, and his manner changed suddenly—enthusiasm was in his eyes, his voice, his face.

"I've steered you three through a few deals," said he impressively, "that have sized up big enough to keep you out of the raw vaudeville turn you, Harry, and you, Flopper, are so fond of and that would have put Helena here on Easy street, if you hadn't blown in all you got about ten minutes after you got your hands on it. But now I've got one here that sizes up so big you wouldn't be able to spend the money fast enough to close out your bank account if you did your worst. Get that?

"It's the greatest cinch that ever came down from the gateway of heaven—and that's where it came from—heaven. It couldn't have come from anywhere else—it's too good. And it's new, brand new—it's never had the string cut or the wrapper taken off. It's got anything that was ever run beaten by more laps than there are in the track, and a purse tied on to the end of it that's the biggest ever offered since Adam. But you've got to work for it, and that's what I brought you here for tonight—to learn your little pieces so's you can say 'em nice and cute when you get up on the platform before the audience."

The Flopper's tongue made a greedy [illegible] of his upper and under lips.

[illegible] flush spread over Pale Face Harry's cheeks, and his eyes, abnormally [illegible], grew brighter.

"[illegible] all right, Doc," he assured [illegible] "You're all right."

"U-u-umm!" cooed Helena excitedly. "Go on, Doc, go on!"

"Listen," and Madison lowered his voice a little. "I found this tucked away as a filler in a corner of the newspaper this evening. It's headed, 'A New Cult,' with an interrogation mark after it. Now listen:

"A NEW CULT?

"Needley, Me., offers no attraction for aspiring young medical men. One who tried it recently and who pulled down his shingle in disgust after a week, says competition is too strong. The village is obsessed with the belief that they have a sort of faith healer in their midst to whom is attributed cures of all descriptions, stretching back for a generation or more. The healer, he adds, who rejoices in the name of the Patriarch and lives in solitude a mile or so from the village, is something of an anomaly in himself, being both deaf and dumb. We—

"But that's all that interests us." Doc stopped reading and lifted his head to scrutinize his companions quizzically.

CHAPTER II.

"A New Cult."

THE FLOPPER blinked helplessly, and his fingers picked uncertainly at the stubble on his chin. The other two gazed disconsolately—and Helena a little pityingly as well—at Doc Madison.

The latter flung out his arms suddenly.

"What's the matter with you all?" he demanded sarcastically. "You look as though your faces pained you! What's the matter with you? You're bright enough ordinarily, Helena, and, Harry, you're no dub—what's the matter with you? Can't you see it? Why, it's sticking out a mile—it's waiting for us! The whole plant's there, and all we've got to do is get steam under the boilers. We'll have 'em coming for the cure from every state in the Union and begging us to let them throw their diamond tiaras at us for a look-in at the shrine. Don't you see it—can't you get it?"

Helena bent suddenly over Doc Madison's shoulder, her eyes opening wide with dawning comprehension.

"The cure?" she breathed.

"Sure—the cure, the new cult—that's us. Get the people talking, show 'em something, and you'll have to put up fences and 'Keep Off the Grass' signs to stop the lame and the halt and the blind and the neurasthenics from crowding and suffocating to death for want of air. We'll start a shrine down there that'll be a winner, and the railroads will be running excursion rate pilgrimages."

Pale Face Harry's chair creaked as, like the Flopper, he now crowded it in toward the table.

"I get you!" said he feverishly. "I get you! I've read about them shrines—only you gotter have churches and a carload of crutches and that sort of thing laying around."

Doc Madison smiled pleasantly.

"Yes; you've got me, Harry, only we'll do the stage setting a little differently. Mostly what is required is faith. Get them going on that, and everybody that's sick or near sick in this great United States, that's got the swellest collection of boobs and millionaires on earth, will swarm thitherward like bees—there won't be any one left in the sanitariums but the bellboys and the elevator men. Get them going and all we've got to do is look out we don't let anything get by us in the crush. A snowball rolling down hill will size up like a plugged nickel alongside of a twenty dollar gold piece when it gets to the bottom compared with what we start rolling."

"I've got you, too," said Helena. "But I don't see where the faith is coming from or how you're going to get them coming. You've got to show them—you said so yourself—even the boobs. How are you going to do that?"

"Well," said Doc Madison placidly, "we'll start the show with—a miracle. I haven't thought of anything more effective than that so far."

"A what?" inquired Pale Face Harry, with a grin.

"A miracle," repeated Doc Madison imperturbably—"a miracle, with the Flopper here in the star role. The Flopper goes down there all tied up in knots, the high priest, alias the deaf and dumb healer, alias the Patriarch, lays his soothing hands upon him, the Flopper uncoils into something that looks like a human being, and the trumpets blow, the band plays and the box office opens for receipts."

Helena slid from her seat and, with hands on the edge of the table, advanced her piquant little face close to Doc Madison's, staring at him, breathing hard.

"Say that again," she gasped. "Say that again—say it just once more!"

Pale Face Harry's hand, trembling visibly with emotion, was thrust out across the table.

"Put it there, Doc," he whispered hoarsely.

The Flopper, practical, lifted his right arm, wriggled it a little and began to twist it around, as though it were on a pivot at the elbow, preparatory to drawing it in, a crippled thing, toward his chin.

Doc Madison reached out hurriedly and stopped him.

"Here, that'll do, Flopper," he said quietly. "You don't need any rehearsal to hold your job; you're down for the number and your check's written out."

"Swipe me!" said the Flopper to the universe. "I [illegible] of Maine in the [illegible] does I beat it, Doc—[illegible]?"

Madison laughed.

"No, Flopper, not tomorrow, nor for several tomorrows; not till the [illegible] get through and the stage is dark and you can hear a pin drop in the house. I don't want you [illegible] out and catching cold and missing any of the luxuries you're accustomed to, so I'll start along ahead in a day or so myself and see what kind of accommodations I can secure."

"Swipe me!" said the Flopper again. "An' to think of me [illegible]

on rubberneck carts!"

A puzzled little frown puckered Helena's forehead.

"I was thinking about the deaf and dumb man," she said slowly. "How about him when we pull this off? Will he stand for it? And what'll he do?"

"Aw," said Pale Face Harry impatiently, "he don't count! He'll have bats in his belfry anyway, and if he ain't he'll go off his chump for fair getting stuck on himself when he sees the stunt he'll think he's done. He'll be looking for the wings between his shoulder blades and hunting for the halo around his head."

"Harry is waking up," observed Doc Madison affably. "That's about the idea, Helena. I haven't seen the Patriarch yet, but I don't imagine from his description that it'll be very hard to make him believe in himself. He doesn't stand for anything. We don't deal him any cards. He's just the kitty that circles around with the jackpots while we annex the chips.

"Here," he said, handing the Flopper the clipping—"here is a trainload and a bank vault full of gold bonds. Put it away, Flopper, and don't lose it. It's worth a private car to you with a buffet full of fizz and Sambo to wait on you for the rest of your life.

"And now let's get down to cases. I've been able to pay my club dues lately, and there's money enough on deck to buy the costumes and put the show on the road. I start for Needley as soon as I can get away. When I'm ready for the support you three will hear from me, and in the meantime lay low. Nothing doing, understand. You'll get all the limelight you want before you're through, and it's just as well not to show up so familiar when they throw the spot on you that even the school kids will know the date of your birth. See?"

The three nodded their heads with one accord.

"Give us the whole lay, Doc," urged Pale Face Harry, "and give it to us quick."

"Me mouth's waterin'," observed the Flopper, licking his lips again.

Helena lighted another cigarette and swung herself back to her perch on the head of the couch.

Doc Madison surveyed the three with mingled admiration and delight.

"The world is ours!" he murmured softly.

"Oh, hurry up and give us the rest of it!" purred Helena. "We know we're an all star cast all right."

"Very good." And Doc Madison laughed. "Well, then, the order of your cues will depend on circumstances and what turns up down there, but we'll start with the Flopper now. First of all, Flopper, you've got to have a name. What's your real name? What did they decorate you with at the baptismal font back in the dark ages?"

The Flopper scrubbed at his very dirty chin with a very dirty thumb and forefinger.

"I dunno," said he anxiously.

"Well, never mind," said Doc reassuringly. "Maybe you are blessed above most people—you can pick one out for yourself. What'll it be?"

The Flopper's thumb and forefinger scratched desperately for a moment, then his face lighted with inspiration.

"Swipe me!" said he excitedly. "I got it—Jimmy de Squirm."

Doc Madison shook his head gravely.

"No, Flopper, I'm afraid not," he said gently. "That's another weak point in your interpretation of the role that I'll come to in a minute. We'll give you an Irish name by way of charity. It'll help to make your classical English sound like brogue. We'll call you Coogan—Michael Coogan. That lets you off with plain Mike in times of stress."

"Swipe me!" said the Flopper, with perfect complacency.

"Glad it pleases you," smiled Madison. "Here's your lay, then. You've got to remember that you were born crooked, and"—

Helena giggled.

"I didn't mean it." Doc Madison's gray eyes twinkled. "You are waking up, too, Helena. I mean, Flopper, you've got to remember that you were born twisted up into the same shape you are in when you hit Needley. You come from—let's see—we'll have to have a big city where the next door neighbors pass each other with a vacant stare. Ever been in Chicago?"

"Naw! Wot fer?" said the Flopper. "Noo Yoik fer mine."

"Well, all right; New York it is, then," agreed Madison. "You're poor, but respectable, and that brings us to the other point. Before you go down there Helena's going to start a little

"Give us the whole lay, Doc"

night school with a grammar and teach you to paddle along the fringe of the great American language, so's you won't fall in and get wet all over every time you open your mouth."

"My," exclaimed Helena, "won't that be nice?"

"I hope so," said Doc dryly. "And don't run away with the idea that I'm joking about this. It goes. I don't expect to make a silver tongued orator out of you, Flopper, and perhaps not even a purist, but I hope to eradicate a few minor touches of Bad Land vernacular from your vocabulary."

"I've gotcher—swipe me!" grinned the Flopper. "Me at school! Say, wouldn't that put a smile on de maps of de harness bulls an' de dips an' de lags doin' spaces up de river?"

"You won't laugh when I get through with you," remarked Helena, her eyes on the curl of smoke from her cigarette.

"There's just one more thing," went on Madison, "and I'm through with you, Flopper. Don't come down there looking like a skate. That's too raw. Get new clothes and a shave—and keep shaved. And from the minute you buy your ticket you keep your bones or whatever a beneficent nature has given you in place of them out of joint. See?"

"I'm hip," declared the Flopper, and the doglike admiration for Doc Madison burned in his eyes. "Say, Doc, youse are de"—

"Never mind, Flopper," Madison cut in brightly. "It's getting late. Now, Harry, about you. You've got a name, I believe. Evans, isn't it? Yes. Well, that will do. Now, don't kill yourself at it, but the more you work your dope needle overtime before you start and the harder you cough when you first land there the better. We've got to have variety, you know. You're a

(To be Continued)

At the Head

[illegible]

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Arrive Cleveland 7:30 A. M.	Standard Time	Arrive Buffalo - 7:30 A. M.

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A. Kincaid's THE BUSY CORNER

THE

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IS PUBLISHED

THURSDAY MORNING

AT THE

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No paper will be stopped until all arrearages are paid, except at the option of the publisher. A post office notice is not sufficient unless a settlement to date has been made. Subscribers changing their address should immediately notify the publisher, giving old and new address. Subscribers outside the limits of the County must pay in advance.

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A. H. WATSON, Proprietor

MADOC, JULY 5, 1917

Vacation Time is Here

Schools have closed for the summer, and now the small boy can pursue, without restraint, his quest for pleasure. But it is not he alone who has been eagerly awaiting the summer season, for we grown-ups are also planning on relaxing from our every day labors.

The summer vacation should also provide a change from the every day scenes, and already thousands of vacationists have wended their way to the great lakes, and particularly to Lake Erie where are to be found the finest and largest steamers plying the inland waters of the world.

The largest and most magnificent of these steamers, the great ship "Seeandbee" is now running daily between Cleveland and Buffalo, and her immense popularity is attested by the large volume of passenger traffic carried.

This trip not only appeals to the vacationist but also to the weary commercial traveler who, by boarding the steamer at Cleveland or Buffalo at 9 p.m., may break the monotony of his all rail journey, enjoy a refreshing night's sleep and reach destination at 7.30 the following morning, in plenty of time and with the inclination to start the day's struggles early.

—Waxed paper for wrapping parcels to soldiers can be had at the Review office for 5c. a package

Some Gardeners Green as Grass

Midland Free Press: An enthusiastic home gardener of the common or backyard variety was discovered planting two potatoes in each hill so that if the one failed the other might make a crop certain. He was also evidently seeking a labor saving crop because he had carefully peeled the tubers before planting, with hope of a skinless variety.

Crookston

Miss Earla Poste spent Friday in the vicinity.

Misses Frances and Margaret Sullivan, of Belleville, spent the week-end with friends.

Miss Olive Sweetman, of Trenton, is visiting Mrs. R. Downey.

Mr. and Mrs. C. Pounder, of Thomasburg, spent the week-end at Mr. E. Johnson's.

Mrs. R. Patterson and Mr. S. Patterson have returned to Niagara Falls after spending two weeks with relatives.

Mr. F. Benson, of Niagara Falls, spent Thursday with Mr. S. Mitts.

Mr. and Mrs. M. Mitts, Mr. A. Thompson and Miss Margaret Mitts, of Thomasburg, spent Sunday with Crookston friends.

Owing to the rain on Friday White Lake Public School Field Day was postponed until Saturday and was well attended. The games were excellent, especially the baseball game between Ivanhoe and White Lake. The score was 15-11 in favour of the White Lake Beavers. Proceeds $34.84.

Pte. Parks, of Trenton, is spending a few days with Pte. Chas. Blair.

Mr. Geo. Vincent is visiting friends in Napanee.

A number of the young people are picking strawberries.

Mrs. M. Kelly, of Madoc, is visiting her sister, Mrs. E. Blair.

Pretty Wedding

On Wednesday, June 20th at 10 a. m. at the home of the bride's parents, Mr. and Mrs. H. M. Blair, occurred the wedding of their youngest daughter, Miss Molly Evelyn, to Mr. John A. Coulter. To the strains of Lohengrins wedding march played by John Blair, brother of the bride, the wedding party descended the stairs.

The bride was given away by her father. After taking their places between two pedestals decorated to conform to the color scheme, the ring ceremony was performed by the Rev. Albert Elliot, of Melita Man. The ceremony was followed by congratulations to the contracting parties, and the wedding hymn was beautifully rendered by Rev. Tindall. Mrs. Jas. Pollock presided at the piano during the ceremony.

The wedding breakfast followed. The color scheme of green and white was carried out both in decorations and at the breakfast table.

The presents were not only useful and handsome but numerous. One especially, that of a chest of silver coming from the Masonic Lodge.

The bride was elegantly gowned in white Georgette crepe, carrying a bridal bouquet. The most noticeable part of the groom's apparel was a pleasant smile.

The out of town guests were Mr. and Mrs. Luther Cornel, of Pambrum Mr. Stanley Cornel of Pambrum, Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Elliot, of Admiral, Mr. and Mrs S. D. Blair, of Admiral, Mrs. E. A. Elliot of Admiral, and Mrs. H. F. Blair of Admiral.

The happy couple left overland for Swift Current, in route to Banff and other points. At home after July 15th. —Aneroid Magnet.

Little Boy Had Eczema

On Face and Hands—Local Doctors treated him in Vain—How Cure was Finally Effected.

Trenton, Ont., July 5th.—This letter will interest all mothers of young children, because it tells of the best means obtainable of overcoming the annoying and torturing skin trouble which come to so many children.

Mrs. Waldron had several doctors treating her for eczema, but all in vain. Finally she heard about Dr. Chase's Ointment and her letter tells of the wonderful results obtained by the use of this soothing, healing ointment.

Mrs. Samuel Waldron, George St., Trenton, Ont., writes: "About four years ago my little boy had a rash on his face and hands which the doctors called eczema. He gave us a wash for it, and some ointment, which we used, but without benefit. I think we tried all the doctors here. Finally we tried Dr. Chase's Ointment, and gave it a good trial. We could see that it was gradually healing. At first it appeared to burn the skin, then this skin would peel up, finally he got rid of it entirely. During the winters of the next two years we noticed a symptom of the disease under the skin. Each time we used more Dr. Chase's Ointment, curing it both times. For the last two years he has not had any return symptoms at all, so we think that he is now entirely cured."

Dr. Chase's Ointment, 60c a box, at all dealers, or Edmanson, Bates & Co., Limited, Toronto.

SUBSCRIBE FOR THE REVIEW-- NOW!

Gilmour

Mr. and Mrs. Williams, of Toronto, are visiting her aunt, Mrs. N. Dafoe, for a few days.

Mr. Joe Hinchcliffe and daughter, Gertie, visited at Mrs. W. McKenzie's on Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. R. Dafoe visited Mrs. S. Neil, of Steenburg, on Sunday.

Mrs. Joe Baker is spending a few weeks in Toronto with her daughter, Mrs. Arkell.

Mrs. S. Casement and daughter, Earlie, spent a few days with her mother, Mrs. Smith.

Mr. and Mrs. A. Palmateer and Mrs. W. Embury visited Mrs. T. Dafoe one day last week.

Mr. R. Parks visited his cousin, Mrs. Geo. Dafoe, last week.

Mr. P. Fraser and Miss Tillie Wilson spent Friday at Mr. R. Dafoe's.

Mr. N. Dafoe, Jimmie, Myrtle and May are spending a few days in Belleville.

Miss E. Cameron, of Thanet, spent the week-end with Mrs. A. Harvey.

Mr. and Mrs. R. Dafoe visited at Mr. Geo. Ried's, of Greenbush, on Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. W. McKenzie visited their son, Mr. A. McKenzie, of Greenbush, on Sunday.

Pte. F. Parks visited his brother, Master Frank, last week.

Mr. C. McMurray is home for the holidays,

Mr. Roy Embury visited his sister, Mrs. T. Dafoe, last week.

St. Ola

We are having fine growing weather and crops are looking good. Hope it continues through the season.

Mr. Wm. Longmuir and family motored to this village on Saturday and are visiting relatives.

Mr. and Mrs. H. Mawson and son, Gordie, and Mrs. Geo. Rosebush motored from Trenton on Friday last, passing through this place and are visiting relatives in this vicinity.

Mrs. G. King is still on the sick list.

Miss Reeves, our schoolteacher, has gone to her home and does not intend to return to this school.

(From another Correspondent)

"Hurrah for holidays" is the cry of all the younger generation and books are packed away for a glorious eight weeks.

The auction sale of the autographic quilt, held in the Orange Hall Friday evening under the auspices of Cashel Red Cross Society, was a huge success. A program, consisting of musical numbers, recitations and speeches was provided, after which the quilt was auctioned off, Rev. Poulter proving himself a very able and humorous auctioneer. The quilt was a beautiful piece of work and great credit is due the ladies who gave their services. The lucky man was Mr. D. Moore, who with that quilt as an inducement ought to be lucky in more ways than one. What do you think, girls? The entire proceeds from the quilt amounted to over $100 and were in aid of the Red Cross work.

We are sorry to report that Mrs. P. Embury is ill.

Misses Cora and Florence Morton are home from Stirling.

Messrs. D. and H. Moore, of Wollaston Ridge, were in town Saturday.

The sad news reached St. Ola Saturday to the effect that one of the old and respected residents of this place had passed away in the person of Mrs. W. McLennan. Deceased had lived in our midst until a few years ago when she and the family moved to Alberta.

Special Sale !

Friday & Saturday Only

20 pair Women's Fine Kid Boots, button, plain toe and high heel, regular price $5.00

Friday and Saturday

$3.75

20 pair Women's Fine Patent Leather, cloth top, button, high heels, regular price $4.50

Friday and Saturday

$3.75

G. C. MOON

NEW

Straw Hats

You need a new Straw Hat, and we have just the style, shape and price that will suit you.

Try us and see

Prices 50c, 75c, $1, 1.50 to $5.00.

You bet they are all big values.

George West

Gents Furnisher

Woodyatt

For the Lawn's Sake

You like to see your lawn looking well. You appreciate a good piece of machinery. You need a strong, durable, well-built lawn mower. The answer is our WOODYATT Mower. Runs with no noise except the swishing of the grass, and won't get "rattely" after you've used it a season or two. The Woodyatt has been on the market since 1888 and the makers have always kept the quality up. Several sizes.

The Mower we Guarantee

M. W. Connor & Son

Madoc

Great Tent Meeting at Oak Lake

FOUR MILES SOUTH OF STIRLING.
(Follow fingerboards on all roads)

Held under auspices of Bay of Quinte conference. July 15 to Aug. 5.

Every service strikes the evangelistic note.

Three services will be held on July 15, opening day: 16, ministers' day; 18, Laymen's Assn.; 27, children's day; Aug. 3, Y.M.C.A. day.

Afternoon and evening services held nightly, except Saturday.

Evangelist and musical conductor at all services, G. M. Sharpe; accompanyist, Florence Clany F.T.C.M. cornetist, Albert Wonnacott; violinist Marion Young. Many of our ablest ministers will be in attendance and on the program.

Asselstine's auto busses will leave Belleville nightly and on Sundays. As accommodation is limited come prepared to picnic. For reservations apply to R. N. Bird, Stirling R.M.D. or phone Bell 91-4.

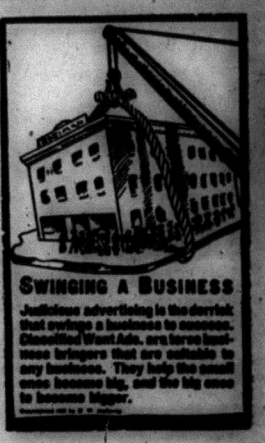
The co-operation and presence of all Methodists is earnestly desired.

Committee in charge:—Rev. W. B. Tucker, B.A., B.D., Pres. B.Q. Con.; Rev. S. C. Moore. Choir of Belleville Dist., H. W. Ackerman, R. N. Bird, S. E. Bailey, Geo. Collins, T. G. Clute, F. S. Deacon, S. C. Gay, J. O. Hinch, Rev. S. A. Kerys, Russell Stapley, Rev. C. T. Scott, D.D., C. W. Thompson, T. F. Wills, J. E. Walmsley and H. A. Yeomans, M.D.

H. A. Yeomans, M. D., Belleville, Chairman; Rev. A. J. Terrill, Bus. Mgr.

Toronto Markets

Hogs, fed and watered	$16.50
Cattle	11.50
Spring Lambs	17.00
Barley	1.25
Wheat	2.26
Oats	75
Butter	31
Eggs	30
Potatoes, per bag	$4.25
Turkeys	lb. 19
Geese	lb. 18
Ducklings	lb. 20
Bran	ton $31
Shorts	ton $28
Young Roosters	lb. 18 to 20
Manitoba flour	$13.00
Ontario flour	10.20
Cheese	22
Hens	20
Wool, unwashed	52
	66



SWINGING A BUSINESS

Judicious advertising is the device that swings a business to success. Classified Want Ads. are terse business bringers that are suitable to any business. They help the small ones become big, and the big ones to become bigger.

Ask T. W. Christie about the latest up-to-date Milkers on the market

Weekly Saturday Sale

Men's Calf Blucher, Williams guaranteed manufacture, worth $5, Saturday $3.50 per pair.

Women's Kid 1-strap Slipper, good width, worth 2.20, Saturday $1.65 per pair.

Misses' Dongola Lace Boot, sizes 11 to 2, worth $2.50 pr.

The Ludbrook Shoe Store, Madoc

Churchill's Sure Death to Bed-Bugs

25c a bottle

Vince's Popular Drug Store

Ladies' Ready-to-Wear Store
Madoc

Try us for the following lines:

Wash Dresses,
Middy Dresses,
Hosiery,
Corsets,
Blouses,
Suits,
Coats.

Everything in ladies' and children's wear

FRED CURRY

Up-to-Date Machine Shop

Having one of the most complete and up-to-date Machine Shops in Hastings County, I am now prepared to do machine work of all description, such as repairing Sawing Machines, Gasoline Engines, Threshing Outfits, Threading Bolts, Pipes, etc., and in fact anything that needs expert workmanship and up-to-the-minute machinery.

Give Us A Call And Be Convinced

We also cater to the Autoists and have a full line of Auto Accessories on hand. Our Bowser Gasoline Tank is always ready to supply your wants.

AGENCY FOR THE McLAUGHLIN MOTOR CAR

P. H. NAYLER

Machine Shop and Garage Phone 88 Opposite Blue's Hotel, Madoc

HOME NEWS

Miss Ruth Bristol, of Peterboro, returned home on Monday.

—Old Auto Tires at 5c. per lb. trade or 6c. cash at G. A. Rollins'.

Mr. Gibson, of the Review staff, spent the holiday in Toronto.

Mr. and Mrs. T. Christie and family spent the holiday in Deseronto.

—Picnic Plates on sale at the Review Office. 10c per dozen.

Mrs. Geo. Huffman spent the week-end with her daughter at Latta.

Miss Eleanor Nickle is spending the week with relatives in Havelock.

Mr. Chas. Bristol, of Toronto, spent the weekend with Madoc friends.

Mrs. Dougan and Miss McKnight attended the picnic at Cooper on Monday.

—The monthly meeting of the I. O. D. E. will be held July 9th at 3.30 p. m. in the Armouries.

Mr. and Mrs. H. Badgley, of Belleville, were week-end guests of Mr. W. Sills.

—A Lawn Social will be held by the Women's Patriotic League of Queensboro, on the lawn of Mr. A. Howe, Friday evening July 6th. A good entertainment is promised. See Posters. 26-2

Mrs. J. D. Watson, of Toronto, is visiting Mrs. A. L. Connor and other Madoc friends.

Mrs. T. Nickle and son, Clinton, have been guests of Mrs. Geo. Harris at Hazzards this week.

—Eavetroughing and Job Work at G. A. Rollins'.

Mrs. E. Brown and Miss Edna, of Kitchener, are guests at the home of Mr. B. Richmond.

—Initiation at Oakdale Rebekah Lodge on Friday evening. All members are requested to be present.

Mr. Frank Saunderson, who has been teaching near Napanee, has returned to his home in town.

Mr. Thos. Thompson and daughter, Miss Jessie, of Benito, are visiting relatives in and around Madoc.

Miss Violet McKnight, of Toronto, is spending her holidays with her sister, Mrs. A. Dougan, of Ivanhoe.

Mrs. Peter Locke and son, Douglas, of Brinston, are guests of Mrs. D. Ross and Mrs. C. Ross this week.

Miss Pauline Welch, of Springbrook, and Miss Cooper, of Peterboro, spent the week as guests of Mrs. Bulpit.

During the summer months, July and August, the local banks will close at 12 o'clock, noon, on Thursdays in conjunction with the local merchants instead of at 1 o'clock as formerly.

—Mrs. Wm. Williams, nee Margaret M. Barton, pupil of Prof. E. A. Leopold, Musical Director of Yale University, New Haven, Conn., has arranged to give instructions in Voice Building for a summer course starting July 9, 1917, at her father's home, Madoc, Ont. For particulars call or write. 27

Basket Picnic

The members of L. O. L. No. 437 purpose holding a Basket Picnic in Mr. James Moore's grove on

Thursday July 12th

Several local lodges are expected to be present.
A procession will be formed at 1.30 p m., after which a programme of sports as follows will be carried out.

Tug of War - - - - Prize $1.50

Not less than five entries in each of following events.

	1st	2nd
Throwing Shoulder Stone -	75c	50c
Fat Man's Race - -	75c	50c
Lean Man's Race - -	75c	50c
Girls under 14 years - -	75c	50c
Boys under 14 years - -	75c	50c
Sack Race - - - -	75c	50c
3-Legged Race - - -	75c	50c

Everybody come and spend a day in the woods.

Geo. Love, W.M. Geo. Glover, Rec. Sec.

Mr. and Mrs. Bruce Miller are spending a month with friends at Murphysboro, Illinois, Buffalo and other places.

Lost—Between Ben Miller's and Madoc on July 3rd a khaki Raincoat. Finder leave at this office. J. Gordon.

Mrs. J. E. Watson and two sons, of Deseronto, are visiting at the home of Mr. A. Thompson and other Madoc relatives.

Mr. and Mrs. A. G. Bogart, Mr. R. Miller, Miss Muriel Miller and Mrs. Dewar, Deseronto, were guests of Dr. and Mrs. MacTavish at the Manse last Tuesday.

Mr. John Gordon, of Stirling, and Mr. George Gordon, of Napanee, were guests of the former's niece, Mrs. B. Richmond, over the holiday.

—The Anglican Church at Millbridge intend holding a Lawn Social on July 18th. Particulars later.

Miss Lillian Hart and Miss Grace Burnside were successful at the recent Normal School examinations.

Mrs. Harry Jones and daughter, Ruth, of Vancouver, are visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. W. Stephenson.

Mrs. W. A. Rosegrant and daughter, Kathleen, of San Francisco, Cal., are visiting their uncle, Mr. G. A. Rollins.

The annual church parade of Queensboro L.O.L., No. 437, will take place Sunday, July 8th, at 11 a m. Rev. E. A. Saunderson will be the preacher.

Miss Ida Rollins and Mr. Allan Johnston, of Trenton, were married in Madoc on Friday, June 29th, at the home of her father, Mr. G. A. Rollins.

Mr. G. R. Jones and family, of Eldorado, and Mr. James English and Mrs. L. Jarvis, of Madoc, motored to Shannonville Sunday and visited Mr. and Mrs. Ed. Diamond and Dr. Moore, of that place.

At St. John the Baptist church on Sunday, July 8th, at 11 a.m., morning prayer and sermon. The members of Loyal Orange Association will attend, 2.30 p.m., Crookston. 7 p.m., evening prayer and sermon, the Rector officiating.

Mr. Chas. Cooney, Huntingdon township, last week left at this office a stalk of rye which measured 7 feet, 4 inches. Mr. Cooney said that 2 inches had been broken off which would make the rye 7 feet, 6 inches above the ground.

Rev. Dr. MacTavish has been asked to occupy the chair at the Summer School in Convocation Hall, Queen's University, Kingston, on Friday. The speakers that evening will be Rev. R. M. Hamilton, B. A., Brockville, and Mr. W. E. Raney, K.C., Toronto.

There will be no service in St. Peter's church, Bannockburn, next Sunday, but in other parts of Mission services as follows: Glanmire at 11 a.m.; Millbridge at 3; Bannockburn at 7.30. On July 15th: Queensboro 10.30 with Holy Communion; Millbridge at 3; Bannockburn at 7.30.

Jas. Gallagher, of Marmora township, was killed by Samuel Rogers last Saturday afternoon. The men were performing their statute labor and began quarreling over religion when Rogers struck Gallagher over the head with a shovel. Rogers is now in the county jail charged with murder.

A most successful Shower of soldiers' comforts was held at the home of Mrs. W. Cross on Tuesday, July 3. Cash and comforts came in during the afternoon and evening to the value of $102.70. On behalf of the M. W. P. L. Mrs. Cross wishes to thank all those who so generously responded to the call for comforts.

The semi-annual meeting of the M.W.P.L. will be held at the home of Miss Cross on Tuesday, July 10th, at 3 p.m. Full reports will be given and the work of July and August arranged. A large attendance is requested.
Afternoon tea.
Silver collection.

A patriotic service bearing upon the subject of Confederation was held in St. Peter's church on Sunday morning. Rev. Dr. MacTavish discussed the serious problems which the "Fathers of Confederation" encountered and settled; and he expressed the belief that if our politicians will seek Divine guidance as they should and approach our national problems with a desire to settle them, not in the interests of a party, but in the interest of the whole state, the problems can be solved satisfactorily. Miss Irene Whytock and Miss M. Barton sang patriotic solos charmingly.

The following has been received by Rev. A. E. Smart from Chap. A. E. Hagar from Witley Camp, Surrey: "The service form for the memorial service of Pte. W. Vincent has been put into my hands by one of my boys. Please allow me to say that I consider it a beautiful service. We had quite a number of the 155th fellows in our Battalion, who have now, most of them, gone to France in a draft. They were a fine lot and I know that the knowledge that one of their comrades had a service such as you gave will be a real service of comfort. The home Pastors can do a great deal."

Public School Promotions

The following are the promotions for Madoc Public School for June, 1917:

To Sr. IV—Gladys MacTavish (H), Walter Rupert (H), Eva Rupert (H), Robert Burnside, Muriel Bassett, Jack Foote, Irene Wellington, Ruth Harris, Mildred Broadworth, Luella Rousehorn. Provisionally, Alice Gisborne.

To Jr. IV—Albert Tucker (H), Edith Vince (H), Mary Foote (H), Eleanor Cochrane (H), Cyril Clark (H), Katie Phillips (H), Wilfrid Forestal (H), Minnie Ashe (H) and Vera McGhee (H) equal, Alice Rodgers, Francis McConnell, Selma Eagleson, Audrey Harden, Margaret Cochrane, Anna Smith, James Watson, George Christie, Alex. McCoy, Vera Keene. Provisionally, Michael O'Connell, Ted Nickle.

To Sr. III — Margaret MacTavish, Harry Atkins, Mona Heyworth, Pearl Sanford, Echo Jarvis, Grace McCoy, Pearl Crawford (H), Mabel Clarke (H), Herbert Caskey (H), Walter Devolin (H), Grace Vince (H), Nellie Phillips (H) Sarah Blair (H), Annie Spry (H), Jessie MacTavish, Merle Roushorn, Evelyn Lindsay, Arthur McCoy, Ralph Taylor, Bella Bailey. Provisionally, Alvin Sharpe, Lottie Sharpe.

To Jr. III—Wesley Peacock (H), John O'Connell (H), Newton Williams (H), Max Langman (H), Robert Devolin (H) Norma Farr (H), Alex. Robertson (H), Volvia Robson, Charlie Mitz, Alice Cooper and Margaret Nickle (equal), Genneth Chappelle, Myrtle Smith, Ben Hart, Lloyd Blue, Jennie Alore, Jessie McKenzie, Jack Henderson and Carl Smith (equal), John Vince, Arthur Mumby. Provisionally, John Danford. On year's work, Luella Forestell.

H is Honors, i.e., 75% of total marks.

The following is the Primary room Honor Roll for June:

First Class A—E Mumby, C Carswell, A Foote, A Caskey, J McCoy.

Primer, Class B — M Caverly, B Adams, E Robson, T Ross, C Hill.

Class C—D Whytock, H Caskey, R McCaw, A Rupert, M Bassett.

Cheese Board

At the cheese board on Wednesday, June 27th, 557 boxes were boarded. All sold at 21 1/4c.

Following are the amounts boarded:

1 Alexandria	83
2 Spring Hill	
3 Oak Leaf	75
4 Queensboro	50
5 Rose	25
6 Madoc	50
7 Brook Valley	35
8 Cold Spring	40
9 Spring Creek	25
10 Champion	50
11 White Lake	
12 Beulah	
13 Marble Spring	40
14 Daisy	60
15 Deloro	
16 Eldorado	25

Masons Attend Church

The Madoc Masons celebrated the Anniversary of St. John last Sunday by attending Divine Service in the Methodist Church. Owing to the wet weather the attendance was very disappointing although Tweed Lodge was well represented. Just as Canada during this war has produced a large crop of Safety-first heroes, so Madoc A. F. & A. M. has and is producing a fairly good crop of comfort and pleasure-first Masons. Those who were present heard a very instructive and practical discourse on the symbolism of a cube from which the learned divine deduced lofty ideals for the guidance and conduct of man as a citizen of a free and independent country and as a useful and influential member of the community in which he lives.

MARRIED

WILLIAMS — BARTON. — At the residence of Reeve MacNaal, Orillia, on Sept. 1st, 1915, by Rev. F. W. Anderson, Presbyterian Minister, Margaret May Barton, Madoc, to William Blyth Williams, eldest son of the late Samuel Williams, hardware merchant, Glasgow, Scotland.

Rierdon's Red Cross Drug Store

FOR

Pure Drugs--Prompt Service

Moderate Charges

PHONE 73

Gook with Gomfort

with one of our new blue flame oil stoves No waiting for a fire to burn up, just light and the heat is ready. Just where it is wanted, too. No smell, no smoke and perfectly safe. You certainly should have one for quicker and better cooking.

Frank Dafoe

Hardware, Plumbing and Tinsmithing, Paints & Oils. Madoc

Summer is alive with invitations to

Kodak

And picture-making is so easy with a Kodak—there's no trick to the click of its shutter. Anyone, even the youngsters, can make good pictures the Kodak way.

Kodaks from $1.00 up.
Brownies from $1.25 up.

Geo. F. Maybee

Fly Time Is Here

We have a full line of Screen doors, window Screens and wire Screening. You will find our prices right on these lines.

We also have a complete range of Straw Hats for men and boys, for everyday wear as well as for best.

A complete range of summer Shirts, Pants, and Knickers.

If you are going to do any painting this season give us a trial. We carry a full range of Martin-Senour's paints and varnishes.

Plenty of Flour and Feed.

Phone 60 r2

Vandervoort Bros
M. Vandervoort, Mgr.
Eldorado, Ont.

McINTOSH BROS.

Opportunity Sale

Summer Wash Fabrics

50c values.

Thursday, Friday and Saturday---your choice 39 C. YD.

Just think of these price reductions, and so early in the season. What woman could not afford at least one pretty wash dress at this low price? The materials are the essence of newness, being the latest striped and flowered Voiles. Your choice for - - - - - - - - - **38c yard**

Children's Dresses in a great range of styles and prices to select from. If you have dress problems to solve you will find this department a source of convenience. All sizes and newest styles. Prices 49c to $1.75.

Ladies' White Wash skirts, special values at 97c up to $2.50.

McINTOSH BROS.

WILLIAM HOCKING
PIANOFORTE AND ORGAN TUNER
MADOC
Representing
C. W. Lindsay, Ltd., Belleville.
24-13 Phone 637.

A. B. COLLINS
BARRISTER, SOLICITOR, NOTARY, ETC.
Solicitor for Bank of Montreal
TWEED : ONTARIO
Will visit Madoc Court days.

G. FRASER, D. D. S., L. D. S.
Graduate of Toronto University, Licentiate of the Royal College of Dental Surgeons of Ontario.
Plates, Crowns and Bridges a specialty.

MIKEL, STEWART & BAALIM
BARRISTERS, SOLICITORS, ETC.
Offices: Belleville, Madoc and Tweed
W. C. MIKEL, K.C. D.E.K. STEWART
FRANK BAALIM.

FRALECK & ABBOTT
Barristers, etc.
Offices—Robertson Block, Front Street, Belleville, East side.
E. B. Fraleck. A. Abbott.

DR. WM. FIELDING
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON
Graduate University of Toronto Medical College.
Office:—St. Lawrence st., Phone 21

DR. EAGLESON
PHYSICIAN, SURGEON, AND ACCOUCHEUR
Graduate of Trinity Medical College. Post Graduate of Moorefield's Eye Hospital London, Eng., and Central London Nose and Throat Hospital.
Special attention given to diseases of the Eye, Ear, Nose and Throat and fitting of Eye Glasses.
Coroner for Hastings County.
Phone 32.

DR. W. J. GARDINER
Coroner For Hastings County.
GRADUATE OF TORONTO UNIVERSITY
Late a resident Physician and Surgeon of Toronto General Hospital.
Special attention given to the diseases of women and children.
Eldorado, - Phone 50 RS.

DENIS GILLEN
NOTARY PUBLIC
Conveyancing, Fire Insurance.
Money to loan on farm property.
No commission, no valuation fee.
Office—One door south of Masonic Hall
MADOC — ONT.

Veterinary Surgeon
MADOC
J. WARING, V.S.
Graduate of Ontario Veterinary College, Toronto; twenty-three years' experience as a practitioner.
Charges moderate. Terms—30 days.
Special attention to Veterinary Dentistry.
Office—Elgin street, near Whytock's store. Phone No. 34

WILLIAM CROSS, LL. B.
BARRISTER AND SOLICITOR
NOTARY PUBLIC, CONVEYANCER
Appraiser at Madoc for The Canada Permanent and Western Canada Mortgage Corporation
Money to loan at 5 per cent. on good farm security. No commission. No valuation fee
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Licensed Auctioneer
For Hastings County.
Terms moderate.
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Solicitors for Union Bank.

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ENGINEERS AND CONTRACTORS
All kinds of Building and Construction Work.
Plans and Estimates Furnished.
DELORO — — ONT.

Madoc Lodge, No. 179, I.O.O.F.
[illegible] Oddfellow's Hall, Wilson Block, every Monday evening at the hour of 8 o'clock. Visiting brethren will always be cordially welcomed.
[illegible]
[illegible] Lodge, No. [illegible], meets First and Third Friday at 8 o'clock in the Oddfellow's Hall.

String Instruments Wind Instruments
WM. SCRUTTON
MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS
Of All Kinds.
Sheet Music of Every Description.
MADOC — ONT.

Sport Receives Praise and Blame

It was generally recognized before the war that sport played a very large part in the lives of the youths of Canada. They took part in games themselves, and very few got through life without endeavoring to excel in some line or other. Since the outbreak of the war Canadian sport has found itself very much to the front in the arena of controversy, and quite recently two striking examples were offered of how men disagree regarding it.

"It is a cold, cold day in France," writes Canon F. G. Scott of Quebec, in The Canadian Churchman. "The ground is frozen and the men go by with pinched noses and cold hands. The window panes of my office rattle with the sound of big guns, and before me lies a Canadian newspaper with a page devoted to sport, and full of accounts of hockey matches, etc., etc. It is at such a moment as this that one tingles with a sense of disgust and shame. Sport! Hockey matches! Healthy young men, physically fit, playing games at home! Impossible! Where is public spirit? Where is patriotism? Where is the principle of manhood? Are those men content to stay at home and play games and live disgusting, selfish lives, while their fellow-Canadians are out here bleeding and dying for them? I blush for Canada, I blush for the crowds that throng the rinks and enjoy the sport. We have sports, as far as we can, for our men here. They have a right to them.

"But to shirkers at home, nothing but hisses are due! I know I am writing strongly, but it is deserved. As far as I am concerned, I never want to take the hand of any man who is physically fit and has not volunteered to come to the front, unless there has been some overwhelming claim upon him of duty at home. It seems incredible that any man worthy of the name of man can sleep in his bed at night and let other men out here bleed and die for him. Let Canadian mothers and wives know that they could do no greater injury to their sons and husbands, than by holding them back and not allowing them to enlist. It is an injury which will last all through their lives. We need men. We need every man in the Empire. This is no time for sport. If some of the shirkers at home who go to see a hockey match could come out here and see a front dressing station during an action, they would have their eyes opened and their hearts changed. Men, and young men, at home, why do you not throng to the recruiting office? There is the possibility of a crippled body if you do, there is the certainty of a crippled character if you don't, and that is far worse."

Just about the same time the other side was presented by no less a person than General Leonard Wood of the United States. This eminent officer had nothing but praise for the young manhood of Canada. He spoke of their splendid virility and their magnificent response when their country decided at the very commencement of the war to go in on the side of the Allies. General Wood gave the credit for this showing to sport. He said that practically all healthy young Canadians took part in hockey, lacrosse, Rugby, and other Canadian games. He wanted to see the young men of the United States doing the same. It is quite evident that the remarks were aimed at professional sport. Wherever it becomes strong there is a tendency for the young men of the country to sit in the stands and watch other people play. It would hardly be an exaggeration to say that millions of young men sit in the grand stands of the United States during the summer every week and watch professional baseball players making their living. That is the condition against which the American army officer directed his criticisms, and he evidently thinks that the evil has not reached Canada. As a matter of fact, however, a great many young Canadians do aspire to be athletes, and most of these are now at the front. We do possess the problem of professionalism as is indicated by the fact that the value of commercialized baseball has not suffered since the outbreak of the war, if the eagerness of the promoters to stay with it may be taken as an indication. The fans are still present to accord their support. What the gallant Quebec cleric says about slackers is undoubtedly true, but the American army officer has been more accurate in delivering judgment regarding the value in the national life of national sports played by the rising generation of young men.

An Ontario Charivari.

It is difficult to uproot old customs. We read, for instance, that a large crowd attended a charivari party in an Ontario town a few nights ago, at which, of course, a good time "was had." They used to pronounce charivari "shivveree" in the Province and it is probable that they cling as fondly to the pronunciation as to the custom, where the latter is observed at all. The charivari was inherited from the French settlers, and, as adopted into the Anglo-Saxon civilization of the earlier days, it was the complete reverse of everything that a serenade ought to be. That is, it was a social attention in which tin horns, tin pans, pistol shooting, the mimicking of animals, and other noises were made to create a hideous uproar about one's peaceful cabin home at midnight, with the idea of showing how highly esteemed were the [illegible].

The Name "Highgate."

The name "Highgate" is derived from a gate erected over four hundred years ago to receive tolls for the Bishop of London.

THE COST OF CARTAGE.

An Important Item in the Expense of City Living.

The view that the cost of city cartage and the local distribution of commodities by retailers represents an important factor in the high cost of living is more than borne out by the results of a preliminary survey which has been made by the Census Bureau.

For four important classes of commodities—coal and wood, milk, ice, and department store merchandise—which together represent a very considerable proportion of the cost of living, the expense of delivery or cartage one way, according to the results of this preliminary survey, constitutes on the average more than 8 per cent. of the total cost to the consumer. The percentages for the individual commodities, however, vary greatly from this average. For department-store merchandise the delivery expense, as indicated by the data so far obtained, represents less than 2 per cent. of the selling price; for milk and dairy products the corresponding proportion is 12 per cent.; for coal and wood, 19 per cent.; and for ice, 45 per cent.

In view of the fact that intensive studies of the prices and general cost of handling of many foodstuffs—for example, butter, wheat, and flour, and sugar—which have been made in recent years by city, State, and Federal authorities, show the various percentages that the several general handlings or transactions add to the original price received by the producer, the officials of the Census Bureau decided to confine the scope of their initial investigation to that phase of distribution represented, by the final one-way delivery—that is, delivery by the retailer to the consumer—of necessaries of life and to the cost of cartage in other forms; and since in the case of many articles of food the amount received by the producer is only one-half or one-quarter, or less, of the price paid by the consumer, it was the belief of Secretary Redfield — a belief borne out by the results of the preliminary enquiry—that the item of city cartage alone would be great enough to justify calling attention to the very large sums that the community is called upon to pay in maintaining the wasteful and highly complex systems of individual delivery which characterize retail distribution at this time. —Financial America.

Science Controls Sex.

Although a Japanese scientist, working in the University of California's department of entomology, has confined his experiments so far to the small insects, aphids, or plant lice, he hopes soon to verify his findings by experiments on the blow fly, pomice fly, amphibia, and on such high forms of animal life as the pigeon and the chicken. The results of these investigations, he believes, will prove that sex can be controlled even in the human family.

The discovery by Shinji was made as the result of an accident. In 1912 he started his experiments on aphids with the primal idea of producing winged and non-winged forms of the insect by means of chemical treatment.

After experimenting with many kinds of chemical salts, he found magnesium chloride best suited his purposes, and this he uses exclusively. While working on the effect this chloride had on the wings of the aphid, he noticed that those which he had treated gave birth only to the male sex. Experimenting further, he alleges to have proved that in all cases of reproduction without the male cell the offspring to the second generations of aphids, which had been treated with magnesium chloride, turned out males.

In theorizing upon the source of the effects of magnesium chloride, Shinji points out that in the process of cell production and division in the maturation process the cells ordinarily divide in groups of twelve. This even division, he believes, can be changed into a group with a ratio of sixteen to eight instead of twelve to twelve, by the addition of very minute quantities of magnesium chloride.

Shinji claims that the magnesium chloride removes the water from protein substances. As water is the chief cell-forming substance, its removal, he finds, so deranges the normal maturation process that male offspring are bound to result.—Illustrated World.

Marriage Customs.

Many marriage customs observed at the present time are relics of the time when women were simply the chattels or slaves of their husbands. The wedding-ring is but a substitute for the chain or fetter, or perhaps the metal badge, of the female slave of the past. Then there is the custom of throwing an old shoe. In ancient times a ruler would signify his dominion over a place by casting his shoe across it, or over a serf by touching the serf's head with his shoe. The casting of a shoe therefore signifies the transfer of authority over the woman to the bridegroom. In the "good old days" a man who wanted a wife sometimes went with a companion to a neighboring tribe and carried a girl off by force. It was then necessary for him to take a hurried journey to escape the vengeance of the pursuing friends of the girl. So to-day the bridegroom has a comrade in the shape of his best man, and his honeymoon trip commemorates the flight from the wife's friends.

Sunny Spain.

There is more sunshine in Spain than any other country in Europe. Its yearly average is three thousand hours; while in England it is only about one thousand four hundred hours.

A Long-lived Tree.

It is said that an elm-tree will live six hundred years; it is in its prime when a hundred and fifty years old.

Boys to Play the National Game

One of the most unusual developments in Canadian sport in recent years has been the growth of the interest taken by the men in the boys playing lacrosse. There was a time when no one paid any attention to the lads who played the national game, and it was only the senior teams that received encouragement and newspaper space. The change came about very slowly. The first step was taken when juvenile teams were organized for boys under 18 years of age, and a campaign was undertaken to attract attention to these series.

It was on a cold January day in 1914 that this campaign was launched at a meeting held in Toronto, when a little group of enthusiasts met together to discuss the special needs of Canada's most characteristic sport. One thing was apparent to all of them: lacrosse could not continue to wobble along in a haphazard sort of way. The game had to be studied, developed, and fostered like any other sport that was succeeding on an organized basis. The gravest defect in the existing system was the lack of any organizations to develop material for the senior teams. It will be remembered that when this meeting was held nobody dreamt of war, and the chief excitement that the nation had before it was annual finals in Rugby, hockey, and lacrosse. Just at that time there was a great deal of lacrosse being played in Ontario, British Columbia, and the Prairie Provinces, but the critics of the game were beginning to realize that better lacrosse would be played in all the leagues if the boys were trained in the fine points of the game while they were younger. Here and there throughout Canada juvenile lacrosse leagues existed, and they had secured good results. More than one championship team ascribed its good record to the fact that the men on it had played together for almost a decade. What a juvenile team could do in one town it could do in many other towns. Accordingly it was argued that a series of leagues for boys would provide a supply of recruits for the older teams. The movement was launched on a large scale, and everywhere it proved successful.

Little did the men who started the widespread campaign to push forward juvenile lacrosse think that in less than four years' time the boys of Canada would have the national game practically to themselves. When war was declared in 1914, the various leagues for older players had reached the semi-finals, and the schedules were finished out. During the first year of the war the people in our Empire were trying to live up to the motto "Business as usual," which has since been execrated and forgotten. Sport went on without any interruption, and it was not until the end of 1915 that the men behind the different games began to discontinue the activities of the various leagues. One by one the organizations suspended operations until after the war, just doing enough to keep themselves alive. In fact, the only game that is now going on in Canada under the same conditions as before the war is professional baseball. Rugby has been put aside completely except in the minor leagues, and there is less than half the hockey there was four winters ago. Lacrosse did not suspend because the leagues decided to do so. The players, all of whom were fine virile young Canadians, made the decision for themselves.

During the summer of 1915, it was a common thing to hear the players say: "We will finish out this season and then go to the war." They were as good as their word, as the records of the following year showed. In the spring of 1916 the secretary of the Ontario Amateur Lacrosse Association reported that sixty per cent. of the players registered during the following season had put on khaki. This year it was stated that over a thousand men who had been playing the game in the province when the war broke out were with the colors.

Those figures indicate why lacrosse, a game that used to be played almost altogether by older fellows, has passed entirely into the hands of the boys for the time being. It is interesting to note how the leagues have met the situation. It used to be that junior lacrosse was played by youths under twenty-one years of age and juvenile lacrosse by lads of seventeen and under. Now a great change has come about. The boys under nineteen are the juniors, those under sixteen are juveniles, and those under fourteen have been made into special series known as "midgets." For the midgets, a number of men who used to play lacrosse have donated medals in order that the boys may feel that they are struggling for something worth having. Most Canadians want to see the national game restored to a proper place in the sporting life of the Dominion after the war. For that reason the boys have been organized, and they will be ready to give good exhibitions of the science of the gutted stick by the time the heroes in khaki come back from Europe.

Less Home Work.

Hereafter, according to the new by-law, teachers in Toronto will be permitted to give home work only to those children who are in classes from the junior third and higher. Third grade students must be able to do their homework in twenty minutes, fourth grade in thirty minutes, and fifth grade in forty minutes. When conditions warrant it the principals may segregate the sexes in the higher grades.

ONTARIO'S RICHES.

Its Agricultural, Fishery, and Mineral Possibilities.

Mr. J. L. Englehart, manager of the Temiscaming & Northern Ontario Railway, recently gave an address on the riches of Greater Ontario, the agricultural, fishery, and mineral possibilities of which equal the very best in the world. The climatic conditions are all that are to be desired; the rainfall well distributed throughout the area, with temperate summers, delightful autumn, and sunshine at Haileybury equal to that at Toronto. There are virtually three soils—mould, created by leaves and forests for countless ages; below this clay which on test compares favorably with that of Lambton county, except for fall wheat and corn; underlying the clay is limestone—a reservoir into which roots descend and refresh themselves, create growth, ripen grain, roots, vegetables, etc. Greater Ontario has twenty millions of acres of alluvial soil—the greatest expanse of fertile territory in the world so far as known. This does not include vast stretches of agricultural possibilities south and west of James Bay.

Farms taken up by settlers at fifty cents per acre are now valued at from \$100 to \$150 per acre. Temiscaming took the highest mark in 1916 for potatoes in the standing field crop competition. An exhibit of spring wheat from Uno Park was awarded first honors in competition with counties from York east and Parry Sound north. Settlers can get \$36 per acre for pulpwood cut, drawn and peeled; thus settlers are paid for clearing their own land, the work being easy as compared with old Ontario, as there are no tap roots, while uncleared spruce-wood forms a savings-bank for settlers on which they may draw as needed.

The approximate value of pine on crown lands is \$150,000,000; on licensed lands, \$10,500,000; pulpwood, approximate value, \$300,000,000.

Fisheries are important, with annual value of four millions. The largest fresh-water fisheries on the continent are within the Province of Ontario. The salt waters in James Bay and Hudson Bay are teeming with fish—a virgin field. The speaker predicted that that region would form the future summer resort of the Province, with motoring from Pacific to Atlantic along the shores of bays.

Between Cochrane and James Bay there are more than a million horse-power. In that secluded part of the world are ideal conditions for munition factories that may be of imperial importance, as minerals are plentiful which furnish nitrates for explosives and also for the very best fertilizers, which will be needed in our Canadian west.

The production of nickel, copper, silver, cobalt, and gold in Northern Ontario equals the world-record today; to the end of 1916 these mineral products netted over five hundred million dollars.

The mileage of the Government railway is 427 miles. Plans are ready for electrification of the road, which has been held up by the war; but the Government has reserved 10,000 horse-power for this purpose, to be used as required. From 1905 to 1916 the railway has carried more than six millions of passengers, without one being killed or seriously injured.

MEMBERS IN KHAKI.

Twenty-seven Soldiers From Canadian Parliament.

Nearly one-eighth of the members of the Canadian House of Commons, 27 in all, belong, or have belonged, to the Canadian Expeditionary Force. Of the number, 22, including Lieut.-General Sir Sam Hughes, have been overseas; twelve of the twenty-two have returned to Canada, and one, Lieut.-Col. G. H. Baker, has died of wounds received in action. All of the 27 who have been members of the Expeditionary Force, with the exception of Sir Sam Hughes and Lieut. W. F. Carroll, of South Cape Breton, received pay during their period of service and nine of the number received separation allowances. Thirteen are still in receipt of pay.

Those who went overseas in receipt of pay and separation allowances were: Lieut.-Col. James Arthurs, Col. J. A. Currie, Lieut.-Col. G. W. Fowler, Lieut.-Col. B. R. Hepburn, Major E. N. Lewis, Lieut.-Col. W. R. Smythe, and Lieut. L. P. Gauthier.

Those who went abroad in receipt of pay, but not of separation allowances were: Lieut.-Col. G. H. Bradbury, Hon. Capt. J. H. Burnham, Col. J. J. Carrick, Lieut.-Col. S. J. Donaldson, Lieut.-Col. H. F. McLeod, Capt. D. B. Neely, Lieut.-Colonel S. Sharpe, Lieut.-Col. W. H. Sharpe, Lieut.-Col. John Stanfield, Lieut.-Colonel J. D. Taylor, Lieut.-Col. H. B. Tremain, and Capt. G. V. White.

Those who served in Canada and received pay and separation allowance are: Hon. Capt. J. A. Douglas and Hon. Col. W. F. Cockshutt.

Those who have served in Canada and received pay, but not separation allowances, are: Brig.-General H. H. McLean, Captain F. L. Shaffner, and Major D. Stewart.

Those whose pay has been stopped are: Lieut.-Colonel G. H. Bradbury, January 1, 1917; Hon. Capt. J. H. Burnham, Jan. 9, 1917; Col. J. J. Carrick, Sept. 30, 1916; Hon. Col. W. F. Cockshutt, Jan. 9, 1917; Col. J. A. Currie, Jan. 9, 1917; Lieut.-Col. S. J. Donaldson, Feb. 9, 1917; Lieut. L. F. Gauthier, Jan. 9, 1917; Capt. D. B. Neely, Jan. 24, 1917; Lieut.-Col. W. H. Sharpe, Jan. 1, 1917; Lieut.-Col. John Stanfield, Dec. 9, 1916; Col. J. D. Taylor, Jan. 6, 1917.

Plenty of Rest Days.

The public holidays in Russia number eighty-six in a year.

Fasts for Six Months.

During the winter a toad becomes torpid and takes no food for from four to six months.

NOTED MUSICIAN OF MONTREAL

Advises The Use Of "FRUIT-A-TIVES", The Famous Fruit Medicine.

MR. ROSENBURG
589 Casgrain St., Montreal.
April 20th, 1915.

"In my opinion, no other medicine in the world is so curative for *Constipation and Indigestion* as "Fruit-a-tives". I was a sufferer from these complaints for five years, and my sedentary occupation, Music, brought about a kind of Intestinal Paralysis—with *nasty Headaches*, belching gas, drowsiness after eating, and Pain in the Back. I tried pills and medicines of physicians, but nothing helped me. Then I was induced to try "Fruit-a-tives", and now for six months I have been entirely well.

I advise any one who suffers from that horrible trouble—Chronic Constipation with the resultant indigestion, *to try "Fruit-a-tives"*, and you will be agreeably surprised at the great benefit you will receive". A. ROSENBURG.

50c. a box, 6 for \$2.50, trial size, 25c. At all dealers or sent postpaid by Fruit-a-tives Limited, Ottawa.

Worship of the Moon.

The Moslem still slaps his hands at the sight of the new moon and mutters a prayer, although the Koran appears to forbid the practice in the words, "Bend not in adoration of the sun or moon." Herodotus accuses the ancient Persians of being moon worshipers, and, though they denied the practice, the following passage from the Zend Avesta would seem to be conclusive: "We sacrifice to the new moon, the holy and master of holiness; we sacrifice to the full moon, the holy and master of holiness."

Luniolatry In China.

In China the practice of luniolatry exists at the present day and is of very early origin. The chief festival, that of Yueping, or moon cakes, is held during the eighth month of the Chinese year. Persons make cakes of various sizes in the shape of the moon and paint different figures upon them. Friends and relatives pay visits to one another, give entertainments and present their cakes after making protestations and pouring out oblations to the moon.

FAITH.

Faith ought ever to be a sanguine, cheerful thing, and perhaps in practical life we could not give a better account of faith than by saying that it is, amid much failure, having the heart to try again.

To the Public

We Sell Parisian Sage, and we Know the Guarantee is Genuine

PARISIAN SAGE, the quick-acting hair restorer, is guaranteed—
To stop falling hair,
To cure dandruff,
To cure itching of the scalp.
To put life into faded hair.
To make harsh hair soft and luxuriant.
To make hair grow, or money back.

It is the most delightful hair dressing made, and is a great favorite with ladies who desire beautiful and luxuriant hair. Large bottle only 50 cents.

Rierdon's Red Cross Drug Store

TAILOR SHOP

Having opened up a tailor shop in the old Dale Block over Connor's Hardware store, I am now in a position to attend to your Cleaning and Pressing wants at shortest notice.

Tailoring dispatched in quickest order. No order too large or too small.

Give us a trial and be convinced.

R. McGhee,
MERCHANT TAILOR.

Business Men,
Professional Men,
School Teachers,
Clergymen, Etc.

Use Printed Stationery

It costs little more than the plain—gives class to your business or profession. We have several qualities of Letter Heads, Note Heads and Envelopes, as well as a full line of Commercial Stationery.

Some Spring or Summer Announcement is wanted—a circular, booklet or dodger—perhaps some Billheads or Statements—Labels or Tags.

Your Printing is what we are asking for—and we can ask for it with good grace, for we do the kind of Printing that pleases fastidious people.

The Review
Job Department,
MADOC, ONT.
Let us Figure on Your Requirements

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MAY 8th TO OCTOBER 30th
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THURSDAY'S STEAMER
"Great Lakes Routes"
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The fertile prairies have put Western Canada on the map. There are still thousands of acres waiting for the man who wants a home and prosperity. Take advantage of Low Rates and travel via

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We carry an up-to-date stock of the best bond papers obtainable, also, pads and box papers in many varieties. Our prices are low considering the quality of the goods we sell.

Pencils, Papers, Inks, Drawing and Writing Books, Scribblers and Foolscap.

Paper Plates, 3 dozen, 30c.

Review Office

FIRE
YOUR HOME, YOUR STORE,
might easily have a total or partial loss—sound business methods demand that you be prepared for such a calamity, the good old
Phoenix Insurance Co.
of Hartford, Conn.
time tried and fire tested. Since organization it paid losses of $81,617,128.80
Assets - $15,345,365
Surplus - $ 9,056,106.
Policies cost $2.00 and upwards. Consult me.
H. WATSON, Madoc - Local Agent.

eview Ads. Pay, Ask Those
Who Advertise.

Liberals Have Formed Strange "Happy Family" For Mutual Admiration

POLITICS, like adversity, makes strange bed-fellows. This was one of the developments that took place during the conclusion of the Budget debate in the Legislature when after several months of evasion it was pointed out by Hon. T. W. McGarry that the Liberals had formed themselves into a mutual admiration society. It was amusing, he said, to hear Mr. Hartley Dewart, the newly-elected member for South-West Toronto and the rising hope of the anti-Rowell wing of the Liberal party, refer to him as "my leader," while Mr. Rowell himself returned the compliment in due time with the words of "my colleague."

The outstanding feature of the Budget debate this year was an entire lack of constructive or destructive criticism from the Opposition. The Budget was passed without any amendment being offered and the way is clear for the voting of the estimates. Of course there was criticism. Mr. Dewart entertained the House with another two hours' dissertation on the iniquities of the nickel policy, but shamefacedly admitted to Mr. McGarry that he had not at any time sought to place his intimation (whatever that might be) as to the leakage of nickel at the disposal of the proper authorities. As a climax to the convincing assurances that Mr. McGarry produced from the Right Honorable Bonar Law and Lord Robert Cecil that the disposition of Canadian nickel was entirely satisfactory to the Imperial authorities; Hon. I. B. Lucas, Attorney General, cleared the atmosphere with the official announcement. "Immediately on the declaration of war," he said, "the International Nickel Company, through their president, visited Ottawa and offered to turn over the entire control of the whole nickel output of their mines. They offered to work with the Government and according to that understanding an arrangement was made which is still operating and which the British Government says is entirely satisfactory."

This marked the collapse of the criticism against the nickel policy of the administration. All reasonable men would understand, said Mr. McGarry, that up to the present time for diplomatic reasons the details of that arrangement could not be made public, but the effect of it was that Great Britain was assured a regular and adequate supply of nickel when any curtailment of the export would have been suicidal. Replying to some further remarks about the patenting of nickel land since the outbreak of the war it was pointed out that this was done as a routine matter under the provisions of the Mining Act. It could well be assumed what an outcry the Opposition would have made if they had been able to find that the development of New Ontario was in any way retarded by the withdrawal of mining lands from prospectors.

A step towards overcoming the shortage of coal and foodstuffs, which had been acute during the past winter, is being taken by the Ontario Government. Hon. W. D. McPherson has introduced a series of amendments to the Municipal Act which will give municipalities, under authority of orders-in-Council, power to deal in coal and foodstuffs, to borrow the necessary money, and to pass by-laws as follows: "For buying, manufacturing, and storing fuel, cereals, flour, bread, milk, butter, eggs, and potatoes, and such other articles of food as may be designated in the order-in-Council, and for selling the same to dealers and residents in the municipality."

This authority is also intended to cover the buying of lands and the establishment and maintenance of depots, warehouses, yards, machinery, etc. It is not intended that the by-law should be submitted to the ratepayers, but in cases of emergency the Lieutenant-Governor-in-Council would delegate the power to the municipality. The money so required could be borrowed against debentures running for a period of ten years.

The Budget debate closed without any amendments to the motion being offered by the Opposition. In the absence of any cause for a substantial criticism against the statement presented by Hon. Mr. McGarry the members of the Opposition directed their efforts towards piffling and fault-finding. It was, as the Provincial Treasurer said, a real compliment to the way in which the finances of the Province had been handled that the Liberal leader had been forced to instruct his followers to take up sundry items in the public accounts. He made some sport of the remarks of Mr. Scott Davidson (North Brant) who spent half an hour reviling the Government for an expenditure for brass dogs and a poker for Government House, while Mr. Grieve (North Middlesex) could only criticize an item for cut flowers, which actually represented a purchase of flowering plants, shrubs, and garden tools to beautify the grounds around Government House.

PUBLICITY

Is as necessary to the growth of business as are gentle rains, balmy air and generous sunshine in the propagation of flowers and fruits. An increase in business is bound to follow an advertisement in

THE REVIEW.

Easily Quieted.

Mr. Newly Wed—What makes the baby yell in that way, dear? Mrs. N. W.—His teeth, love. Mr. N. W.—Oh, if that's all I'll run for a dentist and have them out. — London Saturday Journal.

Second In Rank.

"She told me she wouldn't marry the best man in the world."

"And?"

"I told her that didn't hurt my chances in the least." — Philadelphia Ledger.

Impecunious Irritation.

"You say the couple quarreled on their honeymoon?"

"Yes. You see, they hadn't much to start with, and the honeymoon had got to its last quarter." — Baltimore American.

No Time.

"My tailor has promised to have my suit done tomorrow."

"Do you think he'll give it to you on time?"

"Oh, no; I'll have to pay cash."—Boston Transcript.

Star Stones.

Both rubies and sapphires are occasionally met with as "star stones"—that is, opaque gems, showing the perfect steely rays of a star. A star ruby is excessively rare, but the star sapphire is fairly common.

An Opposite Effect.

"I see a well known doctor declares that music has decided curative properties."

"Some music may have, but there's a whole lot of it that makes me sick."—Philadelphia Ledger.

His Guess.

Willie—I guess my dad must have been a pretty bad boy. Tommie—What makes you think that? Willie—Because he knows exactly what questions to ask me when he wants to know what I have been doing.—Puck.

Almost Sorry.

The Widow—These lawyer bodies frae Edinburgh are near drivin' me daft wranglin' aboot this bit o' property an' that, till I whiles wish Sanders had never deed at a'.—London Fun

Complicated Job.

Dobson—There goes Figgers, the expert accountant. They say he's going crazy. Jobson—What's the trouble? Dobson—He's been trying to straighten out his wife's household accounts.—London Telegraph.

Exactions of Possession.

It takes a great deal of boldness, mixed with a vast deal of caution, to acquire a great fortune, and then it takes ten times as much wit to keep it after you have got it as it took to make it.—Mayer A. Rothschild.

The Hunter.

The chase is among the best of all national pastimes. It cultivates that vigorous manliness for the lack of which in a nation, as in an individual, the possession of no other qualities can possibly atone.—Theodore Roosevelt.

Resourceful.

Father—There, now! You've gone and crippled that calf with your confounded stone throwing!

Son (who has studied efficiency)—Well, we can make limp leather of his pelt.—Farm Life.

Short Words.

"Use short words. They are more forcible."

"And then, too, if you are getting paid by the word you can crowd more of them into an article."—Pittsburgh Post.

Too Slow For Him.

"Now, old boy, here are the stepping stones to success—industry, frugality"—

"Stepping stones? Gee whiz, dad, show me the speedway!"—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Aurora Borealis.

Manifestations of aurora borealis are commonly visible in America as far south as 40 degrees. At 40 degrees latitude about ten auroras are visible in a year, at 42 degrees about twenty and 45 about forty, while between the latitudes of 50 and 60 degrees, the zone of the greatest frequency, they may be seen almost any clear night. South of 40 degrees they are rare.

A Word For an Abused Man.

Is it not time father had a square deal?

Years ago—not so many—our children spoke to and of us as "papa" and "mamma," as case and gender might be. Now we have dignified "mamma" into "mother," but poor "papa" is robbed of even that small dignity. He's just "daddy."—Life.

RIGHTS OF MAN.

The sacred rights of mankind are not to be rummaged for among old parchments or musty records. They are written, as with a sunbeam, in the whole volume of human nature by the hand of divinity itself and can never be erased or obscured by mortal power.—Alexander Hamilton.

Controversy Now Raging Round Lord John Fisher

England's Naval Genius

ONE result of the remarkable interim report on the Dardanelles campaign will undoubtedly be to renew the clamor for the return of Lord Fisher to the Admiralty. Ever since his resignation Lord Fisher's friends have been working with might and main to reinstate him, on the plea that he is the greatest naval strategist in England and the only man capable of dealing with the submarine menace.

This belief seems to be founded, in so far as it has any foundation, on the tradition that the failure of the submarine campaign of 1915 was due entirely to Lord Fisher's genius and energy. Only the other day a Member of Parliament, at one time Civil Lord of the Admiralty, predicted that in three months' time, "when people's belts were tightening," popular pressure would force the government to take him back, and prayerfully adjured them to take him now, when he could be had on easy terms.

The complaint of these ardent partisans has always been that Lord Fisher was scandalously treated when the failure of the Dardanelles enterprise had been demonstrated,

LORD JOHN FISHER

and now that it appears clearly that he never approved of the methods adopted, that he was from the first a more or less active opponent of those methods, they will, of course, be more than ever zealous to increase his power and authority.

But, after all, even his enemies never believed that Lord Fisher was responsible for the experiment so boldly defended by Mr. Winston Churchill on the occasion of his resignation. They never really believed that the attacks which resulted in the fruitless sacrifice of ships and men were conceived by Lord Fisher or that Mr. Churchill's amazing attempt to justify his course reflected the opinion of his naval adviser. "We had seen," said Mr. Churchill, "great fortresses, reputed to be the strongest in Europe, collapsing, fort by fort, under five or ten shells from 15-inch howitzers. Here was the Queen Elizabeth, with eight 15-inch guns on the broadside," and so forth. No one supposed that this absurd comparison was conceived by Lord Fisher, or, indeed, that he ever could have countenanced Mr. Churchill's wild gamble.

The real complaint against Lord Fisher is that he tacitly consented to the scheme. His censors hold that he ought to have resigned when his advice was overruled and not afterward, when the disastrous consequences had already been achieved. The truth appears to be that he did offer to resign, but "reluctantly yielded to Lord Kitchener's entreaty and resumed his seat." Be that as it may, it is evident that his attitude was throughout too passive, and that in effect he allowed Mr. Churchill to carry out what he obviously objected to—a purely naval attack, which he knew to be full of danger and wholly unjustifiable. If he had stuck to his well founded opinion and refused absolutely to allow the adventure his associates would hardly have dared to pursue it further. That is the probable reason why no change is being made in the organization of the Admiralty in spite of the steady clamor of Lord Fisher's friends. That he is a naval genius, no one denies, but he is not any more infallable than other men.

Town to Aid Gardening.

With the idea of inducing citizens generally to aid in food production, Mayor C. W. Hoare, of Walkerville, is urging residents of the town to utilize all available vacant land in the town. The facilities of the corporation, such as horses and plows, will be available for those who desire to make use of them. A nominal charge will be made to those able to pay. Any citizens unable to do so will have the use of the teams free, and in addition will be supplied with free potatoes. The plan promises to meet with instant favor.

CREEDS BECOME UNITED.

One Effect of War Is Much Greater Tolerance.

A mingling of creeds and a broader, more practical brotherhood mark the religion of to-day. Men of all creeds—Protestant and Catholic and other faiths—are together in the army. The illusion of separating the secular and sacred no longer generally prevails. In the true life all things are sacred. So it is of duty in this great struggle. Hence it is that church auditoriums are thrown open for recruiting and national service meetings, and in these side by side are Catholic and Protestant speakers.

A great factor in all this has been the Y. M. C. A. in every camp from the Atlantic to the Pacific, with its broad program centering about the "Red Triangle" and its almost endless ramifications. Here business of every kind is transacted for the soldiers, wholesome athletics fostered, and social, educational, and religious needs ministered to. Here, too, under the same roof the Roman Catholics meet for mass, the Anglicans for Holy Communion, and battalions representing various faiths for church parade. Surely one outcome will be a religious brotherhood never yet experienced, with a full-orbed religion never before realized. The old narrowness and exclusion will be buried never to rise again.

A summary of all experiences, then, must show a manifest ennobling of life and character. In claiming this there is no gainsaying the fact that the war is dehumanizing, brutal, and all that is evil. In its support not a syllable of good can be uttered. The present awful struggle will more than ever brand it as a veritable hell. And yet because these conceptions prevail in Canada even in a much less intensified form than now, and because of an utter absence of the war spirit, it is possible, in spite of war's savagery, to reach out to a higher goal than before this cruel struggle was thrust upon the Allies. The goals already indicated in temperance and other things evidence this.

There have been untold sorrow and suffering, but out of the many, many times heated furnace of affliction is coming the refined gold. There have been incalculable sacrifices in the giving of all that is noblest and best, but it is the giving which bringeth an increase more and more. Canada is surely reaching a higher and better life, and will continue on to yet nobler and more worthy goals and aims.—From "The Dominion in War Time," by J. P. Gerrie, in The American Review of Reviews.

WANT SELF DENIAL.

Appeal Made to the Daughters of the Empire.

The Daughters of the Empire have been called upon by the leaders of the Order, which is the largest women's organization in the Dominion of Canada, to help the food situation by voluntary self denial. The following appeal has been issued to the members:

"In the present crisis of our Empire, when we are assured by those most competent to know, that world hunger stares us in the face, and that it is absolutely necessary that we help those who are fighting for us by increased production and greater economy at home, the National Executive, at a meeting held on May 10th, 1917, decided to make the following appeal to all members of the Order, and through them and their influence to all the women of Canada.

"It is in no spirit of arrogance, but in the spirit of humble service that we deem it incumbent on the Order to do its utmost to give the light and leading so vitally essential at this crucial period of Canada's welfare.

"We ask that members pledge themselves to observe two meatless days, and two potatoless days a week, the meatless days to be Wednesday and Friday, and also to abstain from the use of veal and young lamb.

"We also ask that every member should realise for herself, and impress on others the terrible gravity of the situation, and the imperative need of loyal and immediate co-operation, and acquaint herself with the various aspects—scientific, economic, social—of this many-sided problem."

Corson's

WHICH OF THESE DO YOU PREFER?

On the dressing table of most Canadian women you will discover one of these three Talcums. Alike in their smooth fineness, their purity and antiseptic coolness—they differ only on the perfume question. Which do you prefer?

IDEAL ORCHID
POMANDER
VIOLET 25c.

For sale at all Druggists
Sovereign Perfumes, Ltd.
146-148 Brock Ave., Toronto

FOUGHT IN GALLIPOLI.

Newfoundlander Writes Book Telling His Adventures.

Only a few Canadians took part in that tragic failure of the first two years of the war, the expedition to Gallipoli, which John Masefield has described in a book that is one of the epics of the great world struggle. John Gallishaw is about the nearest thing to a Canadian who has written anything about his experiences there, his book being entitled "Trenching at Gallipoli." Mr. Gallishaw is a Newfoundlander, who was assigned to work at the War Office in London in 1914. He paid a visit to a body of Newfoundlanders at Aldershot, and there he caught the war fever, so that he embarked with his old regiment. He has written out of his experiences a personal narrative of the ill-fated expedition to the Dardanelles. The Newfoundlanders enjoyed their stay in Egypt en route for Gallipoli, but the latter part of the book is a tale of hardship. Mr. Gallishaw describes it all very simply, but none the less graphically. For example, he tells us of the landing and of the warm reception accorded them by the Turks. A Turkish battery, called by the men "Beachy Bill," got their range, and the author says: "As soon as the first shell landed near us, the officer in charge shouted nonchalantly: 'Take cover, everybody!' He waited until he was certain every man had found a hiding place, then effaced himself. The courage of the officers of the English army amounts almost to foolhardiness."

There are a few stray bits of grim humor in the book. He describes how a big Newfoundlander discovered that the Turkish bombs exploded very slowly, and hit upon the plan of seizing them and hurling them back against the enemy. He had treated several in this way, when an English officer noticed his action and drawled: "I say, my man, what is your name and number." The soldier thought he was in for a reprimand for doing something not according to the rules, so he replied defiantly, "What in hell have I done now?" Later on he discovered that the officer had merely wished to recommend him for a decoration of some sort.

Gallishaw speaks well of the Turkish soldiers, though not of their German officers. He says that the Turks, if left to themselves, would not fire on burial parties, and he also says, "Some men wounded by snipers, tell of dark-skinned visitors who crept up to them after dark, bound their wounds, gave them water and helped them to within shouting distance of their own lines, where at daylight the next morning their comrades found them. Once one of our batteries was very near a dressing station when a stray shell, fired at the battery, hit the dressing station. The Turkish observer heliographed over and apologized. That is why we respect the Turks. When we tried to shoot him, he chuckled to himself, and sniped us from trees and dugouts, and when we reviled him and threw tins of apricot jam at him he gave thanks to Allah and ate the jam."

By just giving the facts as he noted them, the Newfoundlander helps the reader to realize the heroism of the British Tommies under the terrible conditions which they faced in Gallipoli. They were determined to go through with it, though longing secretly for a "Blighty one" to get them out of it. The author was talking one night to a Scotchman who had been through all the terrible months. He pointed out the positions of the enemy trenches. "It's just aboot fower hundred yairds," he said, "but you'll no get a chance to fire; there's wurrking parties oot the nicht." . . . "There's no chance of your gettin' hit either."

"Why," Gallishaw asked him in astonishment, "you don't want to get hit, do you?"

Mac looked at him pityingly. "Man," he burst out, "when ye're here as long as I've been here, ye'll be prayin' for a 'Blighty one.'"

Gallishaw was fortunate enough to get a "Blighty one" at last, and he was glad to go back to England, though sorry to part with so many brave comrades. Reading "Trenching in Gallipoli" one realizes again that the ill-fated effort stands as one of the most heroic campaigns in the history of the British army.

The Boer War.

The first contingent sent from Canada to South Africa was the Royal Canadian Regiment, which sailed from Quebec in the SS. Sardinian on October 30th, 1899. Others followed, sailing from Halifax in January and February, 1900. Altogether 1,150 officers and men of this force were sent to South Africa. To these were added a detachment of 398 Mounted Rifles, one of Royal Canadian Dragoons, numbering 379, and an artillery corps of 539 officers and men. Over and above these Lord Strathcona sent over at his own expense a mounted force of 597 officers and men. In all, 3,092 officers and men were despatched to South Africa. In 1901, there was a further enlistment in Canada of 900 Mounted Rifles, at the expense of the Imperial Government, and also of 1,200 men for service in the South African Constabulary.

The Dairy Industry.

It is most emphatically true, says The Toronto Globe, that the outlook for dairying was never so bright as it is at this moment. The cattle used in producing milk are of a higher standard than ever before; farmers have clearer knowledge of feeding problems than they had a few years gone by, and the prospect for profitable returns from dairying, not only for to-day, but for the comparatively distant future, were never so promising as they are just now. True, labor scarcity is a handicap, but this handicap is being overcome by the increased use of labor-saving appliances, including the milking machine.

ARTISTS AT THE FRONT

GIFTED MEN WHO ARE NOW WEARING KHAKI.

Painters, Cartoonists, and Illustrators Have Joined the Army and Are Serving in Various Military Capacities, Several Having Been Wounded While One Is Now Wearing a Military Cross.

THOSE who used to think that the artist's occupation cuts him off from military service have heard with interest from time to time of the activities of the Artists' Rifles in the Old Land. This corps was raised originally about sixty years ago by Lord Leighton, Robert Edis, and Val Prinsep exclusively for artists and sculptors, and at different periods men like Watts, Millais, Holman Hunt, William Morris, and Sir Edward Poynter have belonged to it. In time it was enlarged to include actors, architects, musicians, and writers, and with the coming of the Great War, the qualifications of the corps were made even more elastic. There is no organization in Canada that corresponds to the Artists' Rifles, and for that reason people in this country do not realize how many of our artists have put on khaki. We must bear in mind that among the younger men in the Dominion the number of artists is small, as that side of our national existence has only just begun to develope, but in comparison to its size, this fraternity is splendidly represented in the Canadian army.

James L. Graham was one Canadian artist who did belong for a short time to the United Arts Corps, of London, England. For three years prior to the outbreak of the war Mr. Graham had been living in Antwerp, saturating himself with the splendid tradition of Belgian art. During that time he kept in close touch with his native land, and frequently showed his pictures in our exhibitions. In July, 1914, Mr. Graham had the result of four years of study and hard work in his studio in Antwerp. Like other people of peaceful Belgium, he did not realize the meaning of the German avalanche until it was too late to save any of his pictures. When forced to escape with the other men who did not want to fall into the hands of the Teutons, he left many fine paintings behind him. Mr. Graham immediately enlisted with the United Arts Corps and remained with them until he returned to Canada last March. Three weeks after landing in the Dominion he joined the artillery, and is now in England with the prospect of being soon at the front, where he will do field sketching and signalling.

Two of Canada's best known painters have been wounded. One of them, Pte. A. Y. Jackson, is looked upon by many as the most conspicuous figure among our younger artists. Pte. Jackson came originally from Montreal, but after studying in the Julian Academy of Paris he settled down in Toronto. He quickly received recognition as a painter with plenty of ideas and marked originality. He showed himself to be unconventional in his work without running to extremes. So it was that he found himself classed among the progressive young painters without running foul of the critics who fear that the radicals are on the point of becoming eccentrics. It was typical of this clever young artist that he should have enlisted early in the war as a private in the 60th Battalion, raised in his native city of Montreal. He crossed to France early last year and was wounded in the spring push. Pte. Jackson did not put aside his brushes entirely when he enlisted, as the painting of "Mills at Leeds" in this year's Canadian Royal Academy testified. Pte. Jackson is an artist who understands how to put Canadian feeling into his pictures.

Captain Ernest Fosbery, of Ottawa, has also been wounded. Captain Fosbery is one of our best known landscape painters, and he also does an occasional portrait. His etchings have been seen in many exhibitions, and it is perhaps as an etcher that a great many art lovers know him best. He is a master of exquisite line. Ottawa has given the Dominion no more widely known artist than Capt. Fosbery in recent years, and his work will be greatly missed from the galleries so long as he continues to wield an officer's swagger stick instead of a paint brush. It was with the 77th Battalion that he entered active service.

One of the most marked individualities among the younger painters is Mr. Lawren Harris, now doing military work with the Headquarters Staff in Toronto. Canadian art has always suffered from the lack of young artists who are sufficiently independent financially to paint what they like. Mr. Harris is one of the lucky few who are not slaves to the public, but who can please themselves. It is certain that he will never get into a rut. At times he paints brilliantly; again he dumbfounds the critics; but he always displays originality and a determination to do just what pleases him. The general public first paid attention to his work when he painted studies of the old houses on Toronto's down-town streets that were once the homes of fashion, but have now fallen on evil days. These pictures were not only fine bits of color but they showed plenty of character. More recently Mr. Harris has been painting studies of hills and trees laden with snow. The general public does not like them so well as the old houses. They do not know what the artist is trying to do and why he should be doing it, but Mr. Harris continues on his way regardless of what the public wants. He has become a force in Canadian art.

A picturesque personality among the artists in khaki is Pte. W. J. Wood, of the 157th Battalion. Pte. Wood is a man with whom art has been his life's ambition, but he could only work very slowly towards his goal. He started out into the world very young and, in his own words, he has done "everything that a man can do with his hands." He has been a lumberman and a blacksmith, and when he went to Boston to get into touch with the art life there, he worked as a gardener. He lived as a boy in Ottawa, but in recent years his home has been in Midland. The reward of Pte. Wood's efforts was just commencing to come when war broke out. His etchings, crude but vigorous, were finding a place in the exhibitions, and some of them were to be seen last September at the Toronto Exhibition. He has continued to do a little etching since crossing to England, and with his devotion to his art and his faith in himself, he ought to succeed. Pte. Woods is a married man with a family.

A young Canadian artist, less widely known than those already mentioned, who has been doing an interesting work in France is Pte. J. W. McLaren, who paints in oils and water colors with a talent that promises well for the future. He went to England with a University Company and was drafted to the Princess Pats. He entered the trenches last March and saw three months of service there. Then his unique chance came. In June the major of the battalion asked him to get up an entertainment. The scheduled performance had to be postponed on account of severe fighting in which the regiment took part, but later on the "revue," as they called it, reached the stage, with such success that the Colonel suggested that it should become a regular feature of the army life. Pte. McLaren organized the Princes Patricia's Canadian Light Infantry Comedy Company with the assistance of Mr. Percy Ham, son of Dr. Albert Ham, as business manager. With a company of clever lads, including several professional actors, Pte. McLaren has staged plays, sketches, skits, and entertaining fragments that we would look for in winter garden shows or similar conglomerations of vaudeville. He has an orchestra of 22 men, so that there is plenty of music for his reviews.

Some of the other painters in khaki are R. S. Hewton of Lachine, Que., who has a picture in the National Gallery; Sergt. Charles Maillard, of Montreal, whose paintings, "Polly" and "Notre Dame de Paris" are in the Canadian Royal Academy this year; Lieut. W. G. Storm, of Weston, Ont., who went to the front in the Imperial Army, and who has received the Military Cross; and Captain Louis Keene of Montreal, who has been to the front in France, and who is now connected with military undertakings in the Province of Quebec. Captain Keene is a clever painter of figures, and has a picture "To Fill the Gap" in a prominent place in this year's Academy.

Among the etchers are Lieut. Cyril H. Barraud, who crossed to France with the 43rd Battalion of Winnipeg; W. J. Chester, formerly a teacher in the Toronto Technical School and recently invalided from active service; Pte. A. E. Waite, of Toronto, whose sensitive delicate work is widely known; and Pte. W. R. Stark, of Toronto, who, in addition to being an excellent etcher of figures, has been successful in painting animals and landscapes. Pte. Waite is with the field ambulances and Pte. Stark with a construction battalion. Two cartoonists are wearing khaki, Henry B. Leahy, of Halifax, and E. Wallcousins. Three young men of promise who have also gone are Luigi Nobili, an Italian, who returned to his own country to fight against Austria; W. Smithson Broadhead, who has a picture, "The Wayside Sketch," honored by a place on the walls of the Arts and Letters Club of Toronto, and Lieut. Gordon Payne, now with the Signallers in the Old Land.

Another Toronto man who has gone to England in connection with war work is Mr. F. Coates, who at one time made a hobby of staging small plays and fantasies presented by amateurs. Mr. Coates was interested in sculpture and designing, and he is now using his gift for modeling to aid in the restoration of the faces of men seriously wounded.

There are two women artists whose names must be added to this list. Miss Florence Carlyle, of Woodstock, is regarded by many of the critics as the most eminent of our women painters. She possesses an international reputation, her pictures having been shown and admired in New York, in the Paris Salon and the British Royal Academy. Miss Carlyle is working in an English munition factory. Miss Clara E. Hagarty, of Toronto, is also in London, where she has been laboring, ever since the outbreak of the war, in the parcel room of the Red Cross Society.—Toronto Saturday Night.

Gamey Case Recalled.

Only one or two of the chief actors in the celebrated Gamey case which is recalled by the recent death of the member for Manitoulin, are living to-day. Fourteen years have passed since the famous expose was made. Sir George Ross, the then Premier, and leader of the party against whom the charge of bribery was laid by the late Mr. Gamey, is dead. Sir James Whitney, leader of the party in whose interests Mr. Gamey was elected, has passed away. Chancellor Sir John Boyd, who sat with Sir Glenholm Falconbridge on the Royal Commission, that investigated Mr. Gamey's charges, died a few months ago. Hon. James R. Stratton, against whom the most serious allegations were made, passed away last year at Hot Springs. Mr. Stratton's private secretary, Elgin Meyers, who figured as a witness in the investigation, has been dead some years. Hon. S. H. Blake who prosecuted in the hearing before the Royal Commission on behalf of Mr. Gamey, also passed away some years ago. Hon. W. D. McPherson, now Provincial Secretary, assisted Mr. Blake. Mr. E. F. B. Johnston, K.C., had with him as associate counsel in conducting the case for the accused, the present Mr. Justice Riddell.

GENERAL LOOKS LIKE SCAPEGOAT

One Aspect of Future of Von Hindenburg.

SUCCESS OR EXECRATION

German Government Hopes That Leader Who Is Idol of People Will Win for Teutons, But He May Have to Bear All Odium of Failure When the Allies Conquer.

NEWSPAPER writers returning to the United States from Germany recently expatiate upon the great hold that Gen. von Hindenburg has upon the common people. The Kaiser has no such place in their affections or confidence that the hero of East Prussia has won by his military achievements. If the Government wants this or that done, von Hindenburg is directed to issue an appeal to the country. When the recent

VON HINDENBURG

strike was at its height at Berlin the proclamation of General Groener that all men who did not return to their work would be seized and carried away to serve in the army was treated with contempt. But when von Hindenburg wrote his letter declaring that only by continuing in making munitions could German armies win the victory, the strikers gave in and went back to their jobs. It was enough that von Hindenburg asked them to do so.

But the test for von Hindenburg is yet to come. That he was able to throw back the Russians, under incompetent generalship and illy equipped for their raid, at Tannenberg is not surprising. But a Teutonic Napoleon must prove himself in a more difficult position and in far different circumstances. The genius of the man is now about to be given a fair trial. Is he capable of dealing the Allies in France a blow with inferior resources as telling as that which Joffre dealt von Kluck on the Marne? The French general that conceived the idea of striking one of the claws of the great German pincers from the outside was a military commander of the loftiest imagination, and the effectiveness with which he executed it gave him a place with warriors of the first rank.

In England it is believed that the brains behind the German machine is not von Hindenburg, but von Ludendorff. The German quartermaster general is credited with being the real thinking power. He is certainly respected in England for his military talents, while no such sentiment of fear exists for the popular idol.

There is some reason to believe that the Berlin Government has put von Hindenburg in power in order that the responsibility for failure when it comes, as it must come inevitably, can be saddled upon him. The House of Hohenzollern, according to this view of the case, is prepared to sidestep all responsibility and make the hero of the Mazurian lakes the goat when the crash comes. This may be a view that does the Prussian rulers an injustice. Time will tell. The idea of Germany winning a great victory has now oozed out of the minds of most Germans themselves, but they have more confidence in the military than in the diplomatic side of the Government, and it is good policy for the Junkers to make von Hindenburg the buffer between themselves and the wrath of the people as long as possible.

His Best Chance.

It was the day before their first "hop over," and the regiment was drawn up in mass behind the lines to listen to a "few words" from the colonel, says the Sydney Bulletin. He pointed out to them at some length the straight and narrow path wherein their duty lay, and after giving them the general direction of the road to glory, concluded with the lines:

If we go forward we die,
If we go backward we die,
Better go forward and die.

The awed silence which followed was broken by the languid voice of a Billjim in the rear. "Yairs," he drawled derisively, "a bloke's best chance is to be a blinkin' crab!"

QUICK WORK ON SHIPS.

Twenty-one Months Required to Build Battleship in England.

There is no exaggeration in the statement sometimes made that this war has given England's industries, all of them put together, a new speed—a new enthusiasm for organization and for investigations and for education—really almost a new life. If there ever was a case of a phœnix rising from its ashes, it is the case of this England, the mother of modern industry, very old and very tired, rising from the pyre of war again renewing its youth.

I have seen a battleship, a battleship of first-class size and of more than first-class engine-power, steaming to the Grand Fleet ready for action, on the twentieth day of the twenty-first month from the day on which the drawings for her were received by the shipyard!

I talked with one of the engineers who helped to build her. He had no notion that England, "the world's workshop," had nothing to learn from other countries. That sort of complacency in England had received a body-blow. When he found that I knew something about the methods used by a certain firm in New England, I had to promise him to go to that firm and, if possible, get their latest results and send them to him.

Such interest in scientific management in organisations existed only scantily in England two years ago. It begins to exist here now mightily. I know a Canadian who spent many years in the United States and there became greatly skilled in methods of organization for factories and offices. He now has a large office, a large scientific-management school in London. He and his assistants conduct "surveys" and install "systems" and give courses of instruction for employers and for employes not only in London but in many other places all over England. He is very busy and very successful. Two years ago he would have been lucky to have one-tenth of his present clientele.—William Hard in the Metropolitan.

The Bitter Orange.

The bitter orange-tree was originally introduced to the shores of the Mediterranean by travellers from India and China. Most of the Spanish and Sicilian crop goes to London to be made into marmalade, since very few people in the south of Europe seem to understand the simple art of composing their preserve. There is also a valuable oil contained in the rind, known as essence de bigarade, to distinguish it from that of the sweet orange, essence de Portugal. The distillers extract it by pressing the rind forcibly against a flat sponge, which absorbs the contents of the crushed oil-cells. They wring out the sponge under water and skim off the floating oil. This oil, after careful purification, is used as a flavoring agent in curacoa and orange bitters; it is one of the ingredients of eau-de-Cologne and other perfumes; and a drop of it on sugar in a tumblerful of hot water makes the popular eau sucree of the Parisians. Like oil of lemon, it cannot be extracted by distillation in the usual way, since a high temperature injures its flavor. The fruit-buds of the bitter orange also give an essential oil known as essence de petit grain; and from the white flowers is extracted a delightful perfume called essence de Neroli. That is prepared chiefly at Nice, Cannes, and Grasse, in the south of France. All the flowers of a fine tree will yield only a single ounce of Neroli oil. The peel also yields an aromatic principle that the ancient Arab physicians esteemed highly as a tonic; it is still considered a useful stomachic.

Teams Wanted

To haul ore from the Wallbridge Fluorspar Mine, lot 4, 1st con. of Madoc, to Madoc station.

Apply to
27-4f C. M. WALLBRIDGE

Lost

One yearling bull, red and white, with bell on.

HENRY DAVIDSON,
27-3 Lot 3, Con. 11, Lake

For Sale

Hay Loader in good condition, only used short time. Will be sold cheap for quick sale. Apply to

JAMES MURPHY,
27-2 Tweed

For Sale

That large 8-roomed solid brick electric lighted dwelling house on the south side of St. Lawrence street, Madoc. The grounds consist of 4 quarter acre lots on which there is a frame barn, a garage, a plentiful supply of hard and soft water. Terms easy.

Apply to

JAMES ENGLISH,
27-tf Madoc.

Auction Sale!

The large brick Hotel and premises known as Blue's Hotel in the Village of Madoc will be sold by Public Auction at 2 o'clock in the afternoon of

Saturday, 4th day of Aug., 1917

together with large stables, outbuildings and premises.

This is one of the finest hotels in North Hastings and fitted with all modern improvements.

TERMS OF SALE.—10 per cent. cash; 40 per cent. within 30 days and balance secured by mortgage on the premises.

Subject to reserve bid.

Dated 19th of June, 1917.

T. F. BLUE
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New Advertisements.

Advertisements under this head, one inch space,—30c. first insertion, 10c. each subsequent insertion. 75c. per month after first month.

Wool Wanted

Highest market prices paid in cash at the Madoc Woolen Mills.

18 S. I. DANFORD & Co.

Wool Wanted

Highest market price for washed and unwashed.

MRS. R. CLARK,
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For Sale Cheap

30 Beehives, full drawn out combs, comb foundation, Extracting Can, Storing Can, Queen excluders, Bee escapes, and other things. Inspector's certificate.—Clear from foul brood. Will be sold cheap.

24-4 Apply to W. M. SPURR, Madoc.

Notice to Creditors

In the Surrogate Court of County of Hastings

In the matter of the estate of Arthur William Coe, late of the Village of Madoc, in the County of Hastings, Gentleman, deceased.

Notice is hereby given pursuant to R.S.O. 1914, chapter 121 and amending acts that all persons having claims as creditors or otherwise against the estate of Arthur William Coe, late of the Village of Madoc, in the County of Hastings, Gentleman, deceased, who died on or about the 21st day of May, 1917, are required to send by post, prepaid, to the undersigned solicitor for Lillian A. Coe, Executrix of the said estate on or before the 1st day of August, 1917, their names, addresses and descriptions and a full statement of the particulars of their claims (duly verified by affidavit) and the nature of the security, if any, held by them.

And take notice that after the said date the said Executrix will proceed to distribute the assets of the said estate having regard only to the claims of which she shall then have had notice and the said Executrix will not be liable for the said assets or any part thereof so distributed to any person or persons of whose claim or claims she shall not have had notice at the time of the distribution thereof.

Dated at Madoc 11th day of June, AD. 1917.

WILLIAM CROSS, Madoc, Ont.,
Solicitor for Lillian A. Coe, Executrix of the said estate, 24-4

Whytock Bros.

BUTCHERS

DEALERS IN

Groceries and

. . Provisions

MADOC — — ONTARIO

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We have again advanced our prices for good quality Cream. We could use yours. It will be worth your while to write us.

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13 Church st, Toronto

Eggs for Hatching

From S. C. White Leghorns and also from White Wyandottes, the best stock in country. $1 per setting of 13 eggs. Satisfaction guaranteed.

JOHN ARMSTRONG,
20 Madoc, Ont.

Eggs for Hatching

The Barred Plymouth Rock is considered the best utility fowl for eggs and for the table. For the last ten years I have imported at fabulous prices eggs and stock from the best Barred Rock breeder in the world. Eggs for hatching from this stock: 13 for $1; 50 for $3.75; 100 for $7.00. A whole flock of pure bred birds for $7.00.

A. H. WATSON, Madoc

PAINTING

I am prepared to paint Automobiles, Carriages and all kinds of vehicles.

Second block west of the Dominion Bank.

ALEX. ROBERTSON

ARE YOU IN NEED OF A MONUMENT!

If you are, we are prepared to fill your order promptly from our new and well equipped shop, formerly of Tweed, now under the same management but a new name. We will give you good stock and workmanship, prompt delivery and perfect satisfaction, call and see us or ask for quotations.

The McCallum Granite Co., Ltd.
397 Princess St., Kingston.

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SCRAPIRON
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SAM LAPAM, MADOC

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Is the date of the year, not of the month.

LOOK AT THE LABEL
This label shows to what date your paper is paid. Subscribers who wish to secure the $1.50 rate must pay for their paper in advance.

North Hastings Review.

$1.50 a Year "PARTY IS THE MADNESS OF MANY FOR THE GAIN OF A FEW" $1.50 a year

40TH YEAR—No. 28 Madoc, Hastings County, Ontario, Thursday, July 12, 1917 POSTAGE PREPAID

Events of The War in Brief

Halicz, the strategic key to Lemberg, capital of Galicia, has been captured by the Russians. General Korniloff's operations in Galicia along a front of 20 miles have broken the Austro-German front between Halicz and the Carpathians and already the Russian cavalry have pressed forward for a distance of 16 miles.

A Dutch workman laid off at the Krupp works on account of the destruction of buildings in the recent French raid asserts that a quarter of the Essen plant was destroyed, and that 100 employees were killed and hundreds of others wounded. The damage is placed at millions of francs.

Austrian prisoners are pouring back of the Russian lines in an unending stream, and the blows struck by the Russian infantry and artillery have been so shattering that Russian cavalry has been called into action.

One gratifying feature of the latest British advance is that it is on Belgian soil. However intense our feelings for the gallant nation of France, which has done and suffered so much in this war, they must yield to those we entertain for the brave little nation that chose Martyrdom in preference to dishonour. And though we have heard but little recently of her army, still fighting under her indomitable King to drive back their unjust aggressors, we are assured that there has been no lull on their portion of the front, which immediately adjoins the ground where the British troops have just had their striking success. A statement issued by the Belgium Consul-General for Canada gives us the assurance, which we can readily credit, that the Germans have never ceased their efforts to break through the northern portion of the long western front, and that only the constant efforts of the Belgian army have held them back in that quarter.

Millbridge

Berry-picking is the order of the day.

Mr. C. A. Lummiss is preparing to build a store.

Pte. George Clarke has returned to Kingston for further treatment after a month's visit at Coe Hill and Millbridge.

The party given at Mr. Frank Smith's on Friday night was a good success.

Mrs. H. Burt, of Trenton, spent last week with her mother, Mrs. D. Dadey.

Miss Mary Smith, of Toronto, is home for the holidays.

Mrs. M. Hogan returned home after a week's visit with her sister at Ormsby.

Mrs. Leo Palmer and family have moved into this vicinity.

Miss Rosella Conlin is visiting her cousin, Miss Amelia Hogan.

Messrs. C. A. Imbach, Chas. Hogan, John and Arthur Mourn spent Sunday at home.

Famous Violinist at Armouries

Music lovers of Madoc were given an opportunity of hearing the eminent English violinist, Isolde Menges, on the evening of July 5th at the armouries.

The engagement was made by the Women's Institute, who felt confident that the artist would win a triumph here, and those who were so fortunate as to hear Miss Menges without a single dissentient voice, acclaimed her as the most brilliant and engaging artist that has been before the Madoc public in many years.

She is highly gifted and an accomplished violinist, playing with a big tone and emotional warmth.

The programme consisted of numbers by Chopin, Handel, Sarasate, Paganini, Doorak, Kreisler and Wieniawski. These exacting works were played by her with a technical fluency and interpretative ability worthy of a great artist.

To the Women's Institute is due the gratitude of those who heard this exceptional artist, and should they in the future place before us an artist of like caliber they should be greeted with a capacity house.—V.L.W.

A Hero's Grave

Of colonials and soldiers of the line,
praises have been sung,
When we have won a victory the old
church bells have rung,
And the old folks in the old home,
how anxiously they pray,
For husband, son or sweetheart in a
land so far away.

The lad in khaki is a hero, we know
they've proved it too,
A greater hero one cannot meet than
the lad in navy blue,
But what of those stooped forms with
their heads of iron gray,
Bowed in grief and and anguish for
him so far away.

They let him go, aye, with the last sad
good bye,
Mother bid him god speed with a tear
in her eye,
The old man shook and said "goodbye
Dan,
"And whatever you do always be a
man."

Out there at Vimy Ridge, now covered with moss.
There's a sandy mound with a little rude cross;
No volley was fired, no last post played,
When the body they took and in his lonely grave laid.

Peaceful he sleeps as if he lay
Neath some great abbey with walls of gray;
With thousands he answered his country's call,
With thousands, for his country, he did fall.

P.S.—Navy blue means hospital blue in this case. C. G.

400 carloads of coal reached Toronto during Sunday and Monday.

Letters from Our Soldiers

The following letter from France has been received by Miss May Dafoe, of Gilmour:

June 16, 1917.

DEAR MAY,—

Just a few lines to let you know that I received your kind and welcome letter. This is Sunday and I have just got back from church and we had a good sermon. There was a large crowd present and we had a brass band there to help us out with the hymns. We are having lovely weather in France at present. Everything is looking lovely. The leaves are all on the trees and the grain looks good. The farmers are busy all the time, even on Sunday. We are out for a month's rest and, we are certainly enjoying ourselves. We have all kinds of games here, horse racing and jumping and they give prizes for the best turnouts. The soldiers have games also. They have high jumping, races, baseball, football, boxing, cricket and lots more games. They give prizes for everything in games just like being at a fair in Canada. Do you remember that little lad that used to come up to the house for dinner. He sold watches and rings and a few more articles. They call him George. He is in the same Battalion as myself. He met me one day and asked if my name was Tommy Baird. I was glad to meet him. He has never been in the trenches yet. I think that he is a good little soldier. I met a few more of my friends that just came a few days ago. I also saw Clayton Marsette but I didn't have time to talk to him. I wish I was beside you now for a visit. I hope and trust that God will take me back to Canada again. I am sitting under a beech tree in the woods writing this letter for the sun is so hot that it would nearly cook us. The boys are all busy writing. I suppose everything is the same around Gilmour. I wish I was able to go up to the bridge to have a good swim in the river where Oscar and I used to go. I often think of him but he is in a good home. I am going to get my picture taken and if they are any good I will send you one. I will be able to talk French when I come back.

You will be surprised at me joining on another piece to this letter. I was just going to post it when I received your other letter. The potatoes are growing dandy in France but we don't see many patches of them. It is a great growing country. The grass is green and long. There isn't many cattle to eat it up. The French people are out having a walk and the little boys are in a big hole having a bath. The French are very nice people but I don't understand half they say. I am picking it up but you would laugh to hear them talk. I have travelled a lot and I am a long way from you to-day. I have seen a lot of different places and I am travelling all the time. I will be able to tell you lots when I come back to Gilmour. Has Harry Rickett enlisted yet? I hear they are talking of conscription in Canada. I hope they never have to do that in Canada. Write soon.

PTE. THOMAS BAIRD.

London, England.

DEAR WIFE,—

Just received your letter, also Annie's, which I was very glad to get. I got the box with the maple sugar all right. I don't think you ought to send me any more boxes, much as I would like to have them. There are so many that don't get the half of the boxes sent that it is practically a waste. I got back from hospital and am getting on all right although my foot is very sore yet. I told you about Ann and Lewie coming to Edinburgh. I haven't heard of them lately but I had a letter from Bessie. Now in one of the papers you sent me I noticed my name as being one that hasn't got to. France yet, also Lieut. Webb. Now that is quite true but I think we are doing our duty here, at least the authorities think so. If those who do the talking would get busy and do their bit as well as Mr. Webb does his I don't think this war would last long. We put on the uniform and it's up to them to send us to France. I may mention that Mr. Webb has tried hard to get to France several times. He has been away from here for several weeks so I don't know what he is doing although I do get a letter from him once in a while. We will very likely get sent to France before long. I had a letter from W. Hart yesterday. He is getting on as well as can be expected. I cannot find out what hospital Daye is in. Dick is killed. I bet a shilling that Mick comes out all right. The 254th arrived here about a week ago and they are under quarantine about a mile from this camp. I go over every day to instruct them in bayonet fighting.

SGT. D. MCKENZIE.

—Picnic Plates on sale at the Review Office. 10c per dozen.

"I am not the Angel Gabriel. I am just a mere ordinary piece of flesh and blood. If the Angel Gabriel had been running the show I think there would have been more faults found with him than with me."—Sir Sam Hughes. These lines are reproduced from the Canadian Gazette, London. It is quite evident that Sir Sam set out to make a modest remark but, unable to palter with the truth, admitted that he had handled matters a good deal better than the Angel Gabriel could have done it.

Some German Secrets to Light

Truth About Enemy U-Boats Made Public.

An anonymous German-American who was until comparatively recently for all practical purposes a good regular German, experienced a complete change of heart when he heard of the German plans to embroil the United States with Mexico and Japan. He concluded that his allegiance was with the United States, and he had in the course of the war been in the confidence of accredited German agents in the United States and Cuba, and had learned many things known only to accredited German agents, he decided that his duty was to communicate what he knew to Washington.

Herr Schmidt, as he is called, says that Germany is relying upon her submarines alone to win the war. She is building them more rapidly than ever before. They are bigger, faster, and together more destructive than the models used earlier in the war. In fact it appears that the submarines have been improved in the past 30 months to almost the extent that aeroplanes have been developed. At the present time Germany is building submarines 25 per cent. larger than any we have yet heard of, and we are informed that some of them were ready to take to the water on June 1. On May 15 Herr Schmidt says Germany was turning out submarines at the rate of four a week, and by the middle of June expected to double this output. Just now she has 200 of these sea wolves at work, and perhaps as many as 500 under construction. In another year it is intended that there shall be 1000 of them in commission. Incidentally it takes just eight weeks to finish a submarine after her keel has been laid.

All the ships that are building in Germany todsy are submarines. Construction upon the other larger ships has been discontinued for a year, or since the battle of Jutland proved to the Kaiser that he had no chance of destroying the British fleet. The German navy has been idle ever since. This navy is said to have a personnel of 150,000 men, and from this number the submarine crews are recruited. Naturally the job of working on a submarine is not eagerly sought after, and it is no simple matter to train proper crews. However, of late there has been an improvement in this respect since each submarine is fitted with two crews. A U-boat goes on a cruise, and when she returns her crew goes ashore and enjoys life while the second crew takes a turn. By this means the dislike of sailors for working on the undersea boats is partly overcome. There is also the compensation that they are treated as heroes in Germany.

Herr Schmidt informs us that submarines love whitecaps and rough weather, though the contrary had been believed. He says that when the sea is high it is very difficult to pick out the wake of the periscope of a sub, because at a short distance it looks exactly like the crest of a wave. He reports that among other improvements made recently in the submarine is a periscope that is almost invisible. The new device consists of two mirrors, put together like a "V" lying on its side, the wide part in front. These skim through the waves and converge the image upon the low periscope's lens, which shoots the light down the tube to the receiving apparatus below. Microphones are also used, and these apprise the commander of the submarine of the approach of a vessel and the direction of her course. With this information at hand the submarine is able to get very close to her victim without showing her periscope.

We are told also that submarines invariably hunt in fours, traveling in a diamond-shaped formation, one in front, one on either flank and one in the rear. Eight miles separates the boats. The leader carries the extra supplies and acts as a scout. She sights a vessel reports its speed and direction by wireless, and then submerges. The flanking submarines then manoeuvre so that they can arrive on either side of the vessel. It is their business to discharge the torpedoes. The rear boat keeps the real assassins informed of the progress of the vessel to be attacked, and submerges at the last moment. The rear boat also carries extra crews for the fighting pair. Herr Schmidt says that the real submarine bases are not on land but at the bottom of the sea. Here lie the "mother ships" on the ocean bed at a depth of fifty or sixty feet, and here come the submarines to get fresh supplies, and sometimes to get fresh crews, if their trips have been unusually long. The converted German says that a favorite device of a submarine is to tow about a mile behind her a dummy periscope to which is attached a mine. This ruse is resorted to when warships are in the vicinity, and when it is hoped to lure one of them into ramming the supposnd enemy.

What the Kaiser said when he heard that the Allies had dethroned the King of Greece was: "I have heard with wrath of the infamous outrage committed by our common enemies upon you and your dynasty. I assure you that your deprivation can only be temporary. The mailed fist of Germany, with further aid from Almighty God, will restore you to your throne, of which no man by right can rob you. The armies of Germany and Germany's allies will wreak vengeance on those who have dared so insolently to lay their criminal hands on you. We hope to welcome you in Germany at the earliest opportunity."

Ford
THE UNIVERSAL CAR

Prices to Aug. 1, 1917

The following prices for Ford cars will be effective

Chassis . . .	$450.00
Runabout . .	475.00
Touring Car .	495.00
Coupelet . .	695.00
Town Car . .	780.00
Sedan . . .	890.00

f. o. b. Ford, Ontario

These prices are positively guaranteed against any reduction before August 1st, 1917, but there is no guarantee against an advance in price at any time.

Frank Smith, Madoc.

THE DOMINION BANK
Established 1871

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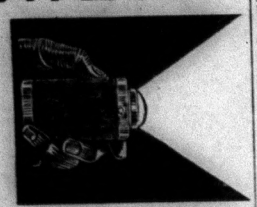
Special attention given to the business of Farmers and Dealers in Live Stock. Sale notes collected on favorable terms.

Savings Department

Deposits of $1.00 and upwards received. Interest paid or added to accounts twice a year. Efficient service assured to depositors.

MADOC BRANCH: G. P. LYND, Manager.

CAMPERS AT THE LAKE
SHOULD PROVIDE THEMSELVES WITH
EVEREADY DAYLOS
the light that says "Here it is."



We carry a large and complete stock from 85 cents up.
Also batteries to fit all.

JOHN BURKITT
Electrician - Madoc.

JUST ARRIVED

One Car Red Cedar Shingles
One Car White Cedar Saingles
One car Fresh Cement
One Car of Fire and Fire Clay
One Car Ruberoid and Tweedoid Roofing
Five Cars Hemlock Lumber
Several Cars Pine Lumber.

The Houston Co. Ltd.
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THE CANADIAN BANK OF COMMERCE
SIR EDMUND WALKER, C.V.O., LL.D., D.C.L., President — JOHN AIRD, General Manager — H. V. F. JONES, Ass't. Gen'l Manager
CAPITAL PAID UP, $15,000,000 — RESERVE FUND, $13,500,000

The farmer who opens a banking account and conducts his affairs in a business-like manner is likely to prosper. Farmers should avail themselves of the aid of this Bank in transacting their business. Consult the Manager regarding current accounts, collections and loans.

Madoc Branch - - A. Y. SNIDER, MANAGER

Madoc Sash & Door Factory

If you are thinking of building this spring be sure and get our estimates. We always carry a good stock of lumber of all description.

JOHN ROBERTSON

LITTLE FOLKS ALL LIKE IT

IT TASTES SO "GOOD"

Do the junior members of your household look upon the process of "tooth brushing" much the same as they regard a dose of medicine? Have you ever thought that the trouble might lie with the tooth paste? Why not start them using

CORSON'S CHARCOAL TOOTH PASTE

We find that little folks everywhere like its pleasant taste, and because they can see results in nice white teeth, they keep on using it.

Get the tiny tots started early in the proper care of their teeth. It will save them many a tooth ache, and yourself needless dentist's bills.

Grown-ups too like this Silver Grey Tooth Paste.

Ask for the Tube in Khaki

25C.

For sale at all Druggists

Sovereign Perfumes, Limited

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Butter Paper

You will be requiring some of this from now on. Why not leave your order now. Printed in quantities of 500 sheets, also plain.

15 Sheets, plain - 5 Cents.

500 " printed - $2.75

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No Other Policy Nearly So Good

1 Premium rate from 10 to 25 per cent. lower than any other company in Canada for the same class of Policy.

2 Our Guaranteed Loan or Surrender Values are as good as the best.

3 Our Policies participate in the profits of the Company and dividends are paid to you in cash, yearly, after the third year.

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5 Total abstainers are insured in a class by themselves, and will receive the larger profits their good habits insure.

6 This is a strong mutual Company, with all the security of a full Government Reserve, one vote in the management of your Company with every $1,000 of insurance.

7 Premiums may be paid yearly, half-yearly, quarterly or even monthly, at your convenience, without consulting the Company.

8 Freeinsurance for face value of Policy, for a specific term of years after the third year in force, if you are sick or are unable to pay premium, etc., etc.

A. H. Watson, Madoc, Local Agent

New Russian Calendar Has Been Made Uniform With European Nations

THE calendar is one of those things which most people take for granted. It is regarded as a simple and necessary equipment of every well-regulated household or office, and few people, probably, pause to consider the wealth of history, stretching back to the remotest period, which lies behind it. In this respect, indeed, the calendar is a snare and a delusion, for, from the very first moment when one begins to make inquiry into its history, one is involved in many other studies. There are associated with it great political questions and great religious questions. There are mazes of the most abstruse mathematical calculations to be faced, whilst it involves, or may involve, a careful study of practically the whole field of astronomy. Then, if anyone imagines, when he first engages in this inquiry, that he has simply to trace through a single thread, which has one end in the beginnings of things and the other on his writing desk, he is doomed to disappointment. There are other calendars, still in use to-day, and many others were at one time in use, and they all have histories. However, the Julian calendar, to which Russia, by a special edict, has at last conformed, after holding out successfully against it for more than three hundred years, is now by far the most important of those at present in use, and the coming in of Russia places it in the position of a world calendar.

Russia, in the change she has just made, has performed an act beside which the national writings off of an hour at the commencement of summer time is indeed a small matter. She has written off no less than thirteen days, and, in order to bring herself into line with the rest of the world, took a leap, from April 18 to May 1. Thus is a long controversy now practically settled. It had its beginnings more than three hundred years ago, and it came about in this way: In early times the Romans were wont to divide their year into ten months, but, later on, in the days of the kings, they adopted the lunar year of 355 days, divided into twelve months, with an occasional intercalary month to preserve the adjustment. In process of time, however, the priests who had charge of the matter, either through carelessness or ignorance, allowed confusion to creep in, and by the time of Julius Cæsar the matter was crying out vociferously for drastic adjustment. Julius Cæsar, accordingly, grappled with the question in B. C. 6. The year was divided into 365 days, and, every fourth year, one day was added, the length of the year being assumed to be 365¼ days. As a matter of fact, however, the year is less than 365¼ days, by eleven minutes and forty-eight seconds, and this fact was the source of all the trouble which followed, for some sixteen hundred years.

In those sixteen hundred years, the few minutes each year grew into days, and by 1582 the discrepancy between the official date and the actual date amounted to ten days. This shifting of days had caused great disturbances by unfixing the times of the celebration of Easter, and likewise of all other movable feasts, and so, in the year already mentioned, Pope Gregory XIII. decided that a reformation was necessary. After carefully investigating the matter, with the help of the astronomer Clavius, he ordained that ten days should be deducted from the year 1582, and that, in the month of October in that year, the calendar should jump from the 4th to the 15th. In order that this displacement should not occur again, it was further ordained that every hundredth year should not be counted as leap year, excepting every fourth hundredth, beginning with 1600. In Spain, Portugal, part of Italy, France and the Roman Catholic Low Countries, the change was made, although not in every case on the same date; but in the Protestant countries the innovation was strenuously resisted, and the Lutherans of Germany, Switzerland, and the Protestant Low Countries did not agree to the change until the year 1700. England stood out for another half century, and it was not until 1751 that an Act was passed for equalizing the style, in Great Britain and Ireland, with that used in other western countries of Europe. By that time the ten days of Gregory's time had grown to be eleven, and so, when the change was made, the 2nd of September, 1751, became the 14th, and an incensed populace paraded the streets of London, calling upon the authorities: "Give us back our eleven days!" Russia and Greece still held to the old style, the discrepancy, of course, accumulating all the time. Now Russia has made the leap, and Greece alone is left to represent the old order.

Not a Copper.

In the French city of Toulouse, it [illegible]ms, there are no more copper [illegible]. Instead, there are sous of [illegible]board. The one-sou piece is [illegible]ngular and of exactly the same [illegible] as the two-sou piece. Just how [illegible]r why is not clear, but the disappearance of the copper coins from the whole region of Toulouse has been complete. Consequently, the necessity of replacing them by this paper, or rather cardboard, money. The paper two-sou notes bear this legend: "Good for one fare." For they are tramway tickets, nothing more, though they pass freely as currency. The one-sou note has printed in the middle of it a picture—a very bad picture, at that—of that rare, precious, marvellous, and no longer obtainable object, a copper sou.

READY-MADE TANKS.

Armadillo, for Instance, Is Well Protected Against Assault.

Now that fighting men are going back to the wearing of armor for protection in battle, it is interesting to note the fact that nature has made similar provision for many animals.

The early Spanish invaders of tropical America were greatly interested in certain species of armored mammals, wholly new to them, which they found plentifully distributed over that part of the New World. They called them "armadillos," because they were encased in coats of mail.

The so-called "great armadillo" attains a length of nearly five feet. It is clad in a complete coat of flint-like armor-plates, and its tail, as solid as if forged in metal, has the shape of a trumpet. In fact, the aborigines of the Amazon valley use it as a trumpet for signaling in war. Even the smaller species of armadillos, however, are equally well protected, the head being defended by a sort of helmet. If attacked by a beast or bird of prey, the creature instantly rolls itself into a ball, thus rendering itself proof against injury.

In ancient times there lived in South America a giant ancestor of the modern armadillos. One of its huge shells, some years ago, was found by an English naturalist in use as a playhouse by half a dozen children. In another native camp (it was in the Pampas region) he came across a trumpet as big as those commonly employed on ships. It was the tail of a specimen of the extinct armored mammal.

Alligators and crocodiles, of course, are familiar to-day as types of the armored reptile. They are clad in complete mail, which is certainly proof against buckshot, and is hardly penetrable by a rifle bullet, unless a weak point in the armor be struck. Such a bullet, striking one of the plates, is fairly sure to be deflected harmlessly.

There are no armored birds. So far as known, there never were any. It is a fact accepted by naturalists that all birds are descended from reptiles, but in the process of acquiring wings and feathers for purposes of flight they might have been expected to discard unnecessary encumbrances.

In antediluvian days there were many species of armored fishes, some of which are represented to-day by survivors, in this respect degenerate. Evidently nature, which is forever making experiments, did not think the idea worth perpetuating.

In the insect kingdom, however, there are to-day not merely a few, but hundreds of thousands of armored species. These are the beetles, which are clad, in complete suits of mail. Their armor, in fact, is made of a material far more indestructible than steel—namely, "chitine." Chitine cannot be destroyed except by certain mineral acids.

There are several species of beetles whose "shining armor" is reputed to contain gold or silver, and, owing to this belief, people often gather them and melt them. Most remarkable of these are the "gold bugs" of the genus "plusiotis." One might easily imagine a specimen to be the work of some clever artificer in metal, the head and wing cases being brilliantly polished, with all the seeming of metal to sight and touch, and with a lustre as of gold itself.

Baby Stopped Gunfire.

A day was dawning on a battlefield in northern France through a fog so thick that none could see more than a few yards from the trenches. In the night the Germans had drawn back their lines a little and the French had closely advanced, but between the two positions a lone farmhouse was still standing. As the sun rose and the fog cleared and the gunners found their ranges, heavy guns began to boom and answer back. Thus began again the old, old, wearisome story of day after day of desolation and death.

But suddenly on both sides the firing ceased and there fell a peculiar dead stillness. Midway between the trenches, near the now shattered farmhouse, there was—no, it must be impossible, it must be a delusion! But no—there in the green meadow, crawling on its hands and knees, was a little child, a mere baby. It appeared perfectly happy and contented, and in the sudden dumbness of the soldiers the baby's laugh was heard as it clutched a dandelion. Not a sound was to be heard but that; not a shot was fired; scarcely did a soldier on either side dare breathe.

Suddenly a soldier jumped out of a German trench and ran to where the child was crawling. He tenderly took it up and carried it back to shelter. From the trenches of the French there came no shots, but there rang along both lines a mighty cheer.

But soon, alas, the guns were booming again and answering back, and the flowering bit of meadow was plowed by shells; for war is war, and men must not long yield to pity.

Verdun Will Be Rebuilt.

The once neat town of Verdun is almost erased to the ground. Nothing remains but heaps of debris, but in time all signs of destruction will be removed and a new Verdun, more beautiful in structure, will arise out of its ashes. The blood-soaked, shell-churned soil, however, may last forever. The most terrible mark left by the battle is to be found in the long, narrow strip of ground on both sides of the Meuse. This blood-soaked gash on the face of the earth begins on the west, near Avocourt and crossing the river, runs to about Abaucourt, a distance of between twelve and fifteen miles. In depth it varies from a few hundred yards to about three miles. Within this strip is to be found the graveyard of Germany's last hope of dominating France.—L'Illustration.

The Montreal General Hospital was founded in 1822.

Jerusalem As It Is To-day

THE progress of the British campaign in Syria is bringing English troops close to the walls of Jerusalem, and brings the possibility that another race may write its name in the long list of those who have held possession of the Holy City whose history, covering, as authenticated, nearly thirty-five centuries, has recorded so many changes of sovereignty in which the Israelite, the Assyrian, the Persian, the Egyptian, the Roman, the Greek, the Moslem, and the Frank have had their place. Jew, Pagan, Christian, and Ottoman have in turn played the part of besieged and besieger, and it is now exactly four centuries since the old walls were last threatened, for it was in 1517 that the Egyptian sultans were driven out by the Ottoman Turks, who then captured the city. It is doubtful if any city of like or even comparative importance has passed the period since the invention of gunpowder (1354) amid such immunity from the roar of hostile guns.

The defense of the city, designed of course for earlier methods of warfare, comprise the ancient walls, a series three in number, and none, it is evident, capable of resistance to modern weapons. The last of these defences, constructed by Agrippa about ten years after the Crucifixion, is hardly better defined than either of its predecessors; and none of them can afford more than a strategic line to be strengthened by earthwords for the emplacement of howitzers or other heavy guns, if it be assumed that the Turks possess such weapons and have them at hand.

Topographically, however, Jerusalem should be capable of being put into condition for prolonged defence. The city possesses five notable hills within its limits; it is surrounded on every hand by fairly deep valleys, the most noteworthy being the valley of Kedron which lies between the city precincts and the Mount of Olives, lying to the east, and from which descends the road to Bethany.

The heights of the Mount of Olives only slightly exceed in elevation those of the five hills within the city, the highest of which is Mount Zion, standing at 2,529 feet above the sea level and overtopping the surrounding Valley of Hinnom by exactly 500 feet, while Mount Moriah, a little farther to the east, rises nearly 300 feet above the Valley of Jehosphaphat."

The most practical of all the endeavors to modernize and ameliorate the conditions of life in Jerusalem are those projected and financed under the leadership of a philanthropic American, Nathan Straus, whose enterprises embraced not only the establishment of beneficent charities but also undertook the development of industrial activity suitable to the environment.

Modern Jerusalem lies substantially within the lines of the old walls, through an extra-mural community has been developed in which are to be found the homes of the more affluent of the city's population, the foreign consulates, the more important of the monasteries, schools, and hotels. Neither here nor within the walls, however, can modern conditions of city life be found, due chiefly, of course, to the fact that Jerusalem is without any natural water supply, the principal dependence in this regard being upon the rainfall which is husbanded in cisterns, the number of which for private use have increased so greatly that the public pools are left with but scant supply and are used only in case of necessity by the poorest of the people.

Railway connection is had with the seaport of Jaffa, but there are none but the most primitive means of communication within the town, where only a few streets are suitable for wheeled conveyances of any kind. The population is about 85,000, the majority of whom are Jews, while the Moslems and the Christians of various sects number about 9,000 in each group, there is little love among the Christian sectaries, it must be said, and their jealousies, especially as regards their privileges at the Church of the Sepulchre, have long been a jest to the Moslems. We find in the disputes regarding the Saviour's tomb a striking example of the envies and ambitions which so long have enabled the Turkish conqueror to hold in subjection the masses of Christian peoples in the Near East whom he has been able to 'divide and rule.'"

A Famous Temple.

The Temple of Heaven, at Peking, was formerly visited once a year by the Chinese Superior to give an account of his empire and its affairs during the previous twelve months. This was set forth in writing, and the manuscripts were then placed in the furnace and in that way consigned to the Emperor in Heaven. The temple is one of the most beautiful and interesting sights of picturesque Peking. The walls enclosing the temple, the royal apartments, the altar, and the grounds are three miles in circumference, and the white marble structures have blue and green porcelain tiles.

Fingers or Forks.

In ancient times among Orientals, as is largely the custom in those lands to-day, each person handled his food with his fingers. Each person broke off a small piece of bread, dipped it in the dish and then conveyed it to his mouth with a small piece of the meat or other contents of the [illegible] a delicate morsel [illegible] and hand it to a friend or guest, perhaps to clap [illegible] his mouth is to-day in Afghanistan, in Persia, and in some other countries, esteemed a compliment, [illegible] refuse such an offering is contrary to good manners.

MINE WARFARE.

The Object is to Dig Under and Blow Up Enemy Trenches.

A little while ago one of my poilus came to me and said, "I think, lieutenant, the Boches are busy mining our trench." I listened but heard nothing. Then I went into his shelter and did, for a fact, hear muffled blows, struck regularly. Evidently they were working underneath us. It is very disagreeable, when you are already underground, to feel this hidden, slow work, impossible to prevent, that may blow you up any minute. And the tiresome part of it is that since that moment everyone is convinced that he hears the strokes that are digging the abyss underneath him. Such is the power of imagination. O Pascal! But the captain was notified and telephoned in turn to headquarters. An officer of the engineering corps came and listened with a microphone, and said we were in no danger; in the trench beside us a French mine-gallery had already been pierced underneath that mine.

In front of all the network of trenches there are underground listening posts, where the sappers listen with their microphones and register the least sound. This officer told me that two days before he had blown up a Boche mine. In order to do that, the exact location of the enemy's gallery must be established; then a hole is bored toward it with a drill similar to the one used in boring wells. When the right spot is reached, it is packed and blown up with a 'bickford.' The explosion chamber of the German mine goes into the air along with its inhabitants.

The same fate awaits the mine that we have been worrying about. In mine warfare, the essential thing in the conflict is just the opposite of the war in the air, when it is a question of getting above the enemy aviator. The counter mine, on the contrary, must go beneath the enemy mine; when they reach it at the same height, they blow it up. It sometimes happens that the miners suddenly find themselves face to face with the enemy. Then they kill each other as best they can—with hammers if they have no revolvers.

"How Small the World Is."

We visited two hospitals near Compiegne. That of the French Republic, which is under the control of Dr. Alexis Carrel, lies at the edge of the forest, and a sentinel challenged us with a gun held at arm's length above the soldier's head, but, "Hospital," grunted the cocher, and we turned into pleasant grounds of the great hotel which, later, trippers will enjoy. Within, all was order and comfort—and smothered pain. But I am a stumbler in a hospital, where I became resentful of the scheme which sends the patients there. I fear to offend by offering such poor phrases as I can muster. The wounded may not want me to come nodding about the beds. If they have been pushed about like checkers, surely they have now reached the king's row, and with the privilege of a crown there should be accorded them a choice of audiences.

An army car, gray paint, and white letters, was sent to us by Doctor Carrel to take us on to Chateau d'Annel. The men are taken there directly from the front, often with only such bandaging as the stretcher-bearers can manage. It is very beautiful — the chateau — with a great tree in front which Napoleon planted, and a charming salon such as Napoleon would have enjoyed in company with his court, save that he might have been discommoded by the stack of "cradles" for shattered arms and legs which bravely ornamented one corner.

I found among the patients one Arab, and I groped about for topics of conversation which might interest this poor alien. I told him I had been a visitor to his land. His people had planned a fantasia in our honor at one place, and I was sorry that I could not offer him something in return half so gay; but when I told him that Bon Saada was the name of the village he was radiant, for that turned out to be his own home. So we grew gay, talking over Bon Saada, and, as he exclaimed loudly in Arabic, he was probably saying, "How small the world is!"—Louise Closser Hale in Harper's Magazine.

About "Spring Song."

In a house on Denmark Hill, four miles from London Bridge, Mendelssohn wrote his "Spring Song," on a summer afternoon in 1842. It was not published until two years later, as a simple allegretto grazioso in A major, in the fifth book of "Lieder ohne Worte," which Mendelssohn sold to Novello for 15 guineas. How it came to be known as the "Spring Song" has remained a mystery. During this same summer Mendelssohn wrote eight little pianoforte pieces for the children of the Denmark Hill House, by whom he was nicknamed "Peter Meffert." These works were published as "Christmas Pieces," with the dedication, "To my young friends as a Christmas present." This does not prevent them having been composed in the month of June, the first, signed "Peter Meffert" on Midsummer Day!

A Tennyson Anecdote.

Lord Tennyson, who was recently appointed chairman of the committee on measures for settling soldiers in the Dominions, tells a story of his father, the Poet Laureate, and Mr. Gladstone, which is worth repeating. Lord Tennyson accompanied his father and Mr. Gladstone on the famous Scandinavian cruise, and, during the voyage, Mr. Gladstone confided to the son that he was minded to offer Tennyson a barony, and asked Lord Tennyson if he thought his father would accept it. Lord Tennyson said he thought he would, to which Mr. Gladstone [illegible] after a moment's thought, that his only difficulty was that he feared the poet might insist on wearing his wide-awake in the House of Lords."

The Miracle Man

FRANK L. PACKARD

Copyright, 1916, By Frank L. Packard.

physical wreck, with the folks back home sending the casket and trimmings after you on the next train in care of the station agent."

"I guess," coughed Pale Face Harry, with a sickly smile, "I look the part."

"You certainly do," and Helena cheerfully beat a tattoo with her heels on the end of the couch.

"When the train whistles for Needley," Doc went on, "you put the soft pedal on the dope—that ought to help some. And then you begin to taper that cough off and become a cure, that's all."

"I ain't like the Flopper," said Pale Face Harry ruefully. "I can't stop the hack, and I ask you how'm I going to?"

"Have faith in the Patriarch," suggested Helena innocently.

"You close your trap!" exclaimed Harry savagely; then to Madison: "Go on, Doc. It's up to you."

"No," said Madison coolly, "it's up to you. You've got to try, and if you can't stop altogether you can make yourself scarce when you feel the fit coming on. You won't have to climb up on the grand stand and cough in people's faces, will you?"

"He might carry a screen around with him and cough behind that," volunteered Helena. "That's enough about the Flopper and Pale Face. What about muh? Where do I get off?"

"You?" said Doc Madison calmly. "Oh, you're a moral neurasthenic!"

"And what's that when it's at home?" demanded Helena sharply.

Doc Madison threw out his hands in a comically helpless, impotent gesture.

"It's what we need to keep up the standard of variety," he said. "We're playing to the masses. Don't you like the role, Helena? It's the leading woman's."

"What do I do?" countered Helena noncommittally.

"Do?" echoed Madison. "Why, you go down there like a whole parade and a gorgeous pageant rolled into one, in feathers and paint and diamond bowlders in your ears, and you come out of it in a gingham apron and coy sunbonnet as sweet sixteen."

"Oh!" said Helena, and her eyes were on the curl of smoke from her cigarette again.

"Say," cut in Pale Face Harry, evidently still worried about his cough, "we ain't going to have no easy cinch of this."

"No," said Madison, with a grim smile; "you're not. It's going to be the hardest work any of you have ever done. You've got to lead decent lives for awhile."

"Sure, dat's right," said the loyal Flopper, "but we stands fer anyt'ing dat de Doc says, an' dat goes!"

"It'll come hard on some of us," remarked Harry, with a sly glance at Helena, which met with contemptuous silence.

Madison smiled engagingly.

"Well," he asked, "can you see them coming?"

Pale Face Harry stared at him with a faraway expression in his eyes.

"When we get through with this, if I ain't handed in my checks before," he said dreamily, "it's mine for a brownstone on the avenue and one of them life sized landscapes with a shack in it that they call country cottages down to Pa'm Beach."

"Swipe me!" said the Flopper. "Me in me private Pullman in a plush seat an' a winder to put me feet on an' me thumbs in de armholes of me vest. I wants a high polished lid an' a red tie an' scatters simoleons outer de winder in me travels as I pass."

Helena went off into a peal of rippling, contagious laughter, and her little heels again beat an exuberant tattoo on the end of the couch.

"You?" invited Doc Madison, smiling at her.

"I'm seeing them coming," she said, and one heel went through the cretonne upholstery of the couch.

"Good!" and Madison pulled from the inside pocket of his coat a package of crisp, new, yellow backed bills. "You understand that down there none of you ever heard of each other or of me before, and you drop the 'Doc.' My name is John G. Madison—G for Garfield."

His fingers passed deftly over the edges of the bills. He pushed a little pile toward the Flopper, another toward Pale Face Harry and tucked the remainder into his coat pocket again.

"That'll do for expenses," he said. "And now, if you understand everything—principally that you're to go to church Sundays till you hear from me, if you're quite satisfied with the way we'll adjourn sine die to Needley."

Helena was holding out a very dainty hand with pink, wiggling fingers.

"I need, oh, ever so much more than they will," she declared, with a bewitching pout. "And, please, I'm waiting very patiently."

Doc Madison laughed.

"By and by, Helena," he said, patting her hand. "Well, Flopper, well, Harry, what do you say?"

CHAPTER III.

Needley.

THE Flopper pushed back his chair and stood up hesitantly like a man unexpectedly called upon for an after dinner speech. He stood there awkwardly a moment; then, with a gulp, as though words to express his feelings were utterly beyond him, he turned and started for the door.

Pale Face Harry as he rose shoved out his hand.

"I don't deserve my luck to be in on this," he said modestly. "Only, Doc, push it along on the high gear, will you? I ain't going to be able to sleep thinking about it. 'Night, Helena," he flung out.

"Oh, good night, Harry!" she smiled.

The Flopper turned at the door and came back a few steps into the room.

"Say, Doc," he said, blinking furiously, "youse can wipe yer feet on me any time youse like—dat's wot!"

Madison followed across the floor and from the doorway watched the two descend the stairs. "Good night," he said again, then closed the door and came back into the room. "Well, Helena?" he remarked tentatively.

"Well, Garfield?" Helena clasped her hands around one knee and rocked gently.

"Don't be familiar, Helena," Madison chuckled. "Is that all you've got to say?"

"I'm busy thinking about the great American play," she answered pertly. "There's one thing you forgot."

"What's that?" he asked, still smiling.

"The curtain on the last act," she said. "The getaway."

Doc Madison shook his head.

"Nothing doing!" he returned. "There's no getaway. It's safe—so safe that there's nothing to it. We don't guarantee anything, and there's no entrance fee to the pavilion. All contributions are strictly voluntary."

"That's all right," said Helena. "But of course we can't really cure them. We can get them going hard enough to make them think they are for awhile, but after they've thrown away their crutches and got back home—what then?"

"Well, what then?" inquired Doc Madison easily.

"They'll yell 'Fake!' and swear out warrants," and Helena's dark eyes studied the other.

"Not according to statistics," replied Madison, and his lips twitched quizzically at the corners. "According to statistics, they'll buy another crutch and come back to buck the tiger again. What's the answer to those cures? It's faith, and it doesn't matter what the basis of it is. Faith, Helena, faith—get that? And we're going to imbue them with a faith that'll set them crazy and send them into hysterics. And talk about relics! Haven't we got one? Look at the Patriarch! Can't you see the whole town yelling 'I told you so!' and swapping testimonials hard enough to crowd the print down so fine that if you tried to get it all into the papers you'd have to use a magnifying glass to read it once we've pulled off the miracle? Don't you worry about the getaway. If there's any sign of anything like that you and I, Helena, will be taking moonlight rides in the gondolas of Venice long before it breaks."

* * * * * * *

"Needley?"

It wasn't wholly an interrogation—it seemed to Madison that there was even sympathy in the parlor car conductor's voice as the other took his seat check.

"Health," said Madison meekly; "perfect rest and quiet. Been overdoing it, you know."

"Needley!" The train conductor of the Bar Harbor express, collecting the

"Be you goin' to git off here?"

transportation, threw the word at Madison as though it were a personal affront.

The tone seemed to demand an apology from Madison, and Madison apologized.

"Health," he said again. "I've been ordered to cut out midnight oil and Broadway electrics."

"We're five minutes late now," grunted the conductor uncompromisingly and, to Madison, quite irrelevantly as he passed on down the aisle.

Somehow this inspired Madison to consult his time table. He drew it from his pocket and ran his eye down the long list of stations. Needley had an asterisk after it. By consulting a block of small type at the bottom of the page he found a corresponding asterisk with the words: "Flag station. Stops only on signal or to discharge eastbound passengers from Portland."

John Garfield Madison went into the smoking compartment of the car for a cigar—several cigars—until Needley was reached, some two hours later, when the dusky attendant, as he pocketed Madison's tip, set down his little rubber topped footstool with a flourish on a desolate and forbidding looking platform.

Madison was neither surprised nor dismayed—the parlor car conductor, the train conductor and the time table had in no way attempted to deceive him—he was only cold. He turned up his coat collar and blew on his kid gloved fingers.

As far as he could see, everything was white with a thin layer of snow. The landscape was disconsolately void of even a vestige of life. There was not a sign of habitation—just woods of bare trees, except the firs, whose green seemed out of place.

"I have arrived," said John Garfield Madison to himself, "at a cemetery."

There was a very small station, and through the window he caught sight of a harassed faced, red haired man.

The train left the platform and left quite as uninviting a perspective on the other side of the track as had previously greeted Madison's restricted view. But now the man who had salvaged his baggage came down the platform toward him.

He halted before Madison and, reaching a mittened hand under his chin, reflectively lifted his whiskers to an acute angle, while his blue eyes over the rims of steel bowed spectacles wandered from Madison to Madison's dress suit case and back to Madison again.

"Be you goin' to git off here?" he inquired.

Madison smiled at him engagingly.

"Well," he said, "I wouldn't care to have it known, but if you can keep a secret"—

"Hee-hee!" tittered the other. "Now, that's right smart, that be. Warn't expectin' nobody to meet you, was you? I ain't heerd of none of the folks lookin' for visitors."

"No," said Madison. "But there's a hotel in the town, isn't there?"

"Two of 'em," replied the other, "the Waalderf an' the Congress. I reckon the Congress 'll suit you best if you ain't against payin' a mite more, which I reckon you ain't, for I see you come down in the parler car."

"And what," asked Madison, "does the Congress charge?"

"Well," said the other, "ordinarily it's $1 a day or $5 a week; but, this bein' off season an' nobody there, 'twouldn't surprise me if Walt 'ud kind of shade the price for you. Waalderf's $3.50 a week. Them your duds up the platform? I'll drive you over for 40 cents. What was it you said your name was?"

"Forty cents is a most disinterested offer, and I accept it heartily," said Madison affably. "And my name's Madison—John Garfield Madison, from New York."

"Mine's Higgins," volunteered the other, "Hiram Higgins, an' I'm postmaster an' town constable of Needley. An' now, Mr. Madison, I reckon we'll just get these effects of yourn on to the wagon an' move along—folks 'll be gettin' kinder rambunctious for their mail."

Madison clambered into the back seat, and they bumped off along the road.

"Had a mite of snow night before last," observed Mr. Higgins, pointing it out with the whip. "What was it you said brought you down here, Mr. Madison?"

Madison smiled.

"Rest and quiet—complete change," he answered. "Nervous breakdown, according to the doctors. That's what they always call it, you know, when they can't find any other name for it. I've been overdoing it, I suppose."

"Be that so?" returned Mr. Higgins sympathetically. "I want to know! Well, now, that's too bad! Lookin' for quiet, be you? Folks here is right hospitable, but you ain't in no way obliged to join in if you don't feel up to it. I'll explain matters to 'em, an'"—

Hiram Higgins stopped, excitedly gathered reins and whip into one hand and with the other smote his knee a resounding whack.

"Well, I swan!" he exclaimed. "An' I never thought of it until this minute! I reckon you've come to just the right place, an' just as soon as you get settled you go right out an' see the Patriarch. You won't need no more doctor, an' folks up your way won't know you when you go back."

"The Patriarch?" inquired Madison, with a puzzled air. "Who is he?"

"Why," said Mr. Higgins, "he's—he's the Patriarch. Been curin' us folks around here longer'n any one can remember. Just does it by faith, too."

Madison shook his head slowly.

"I might just as well be frank with you, Mr. Higgins," he said. "I've never taken much stock in faith cure and that sort of thing."

"Mebbe," suggested Mr. Higgins deeply, "you ain't had much experience."

"No," confessed Madison reflectively, "I haven't—I haven't had any."

"Well, then, you just wait an' see." And Mr. Higgins waved his mittened hand as though the whole matter were conclusively settled. "You just wait an' see."

"But I'm afraid I don't quite understand," prodded Madison innocently. "What kind of cures does he perform?"

They turned a right angled bend in the road, disclosing a straggling hamlet in a hollow below and, farther away in the distance, a sweep of ocean.

"'Most any kind," said Mr. Higgins. "There's Needley now. All you've got to do is ask the first person you see about him."

"Yes," assented Madison, "but take yourself, for instance. Did this Patriarch ever do anything for you?"

"He did," said Mr. Higgins impressively. "An' 'twasn't but last week. I'm glad you asked me. For two nights I couldn't sleep. Had the earache powerful. Poured hot oil an' laud'num into it an' kept a hot brick rolled up in flannel against it, but didn't do no good. Then Mrs. Higgins says, 'Hiram, why in the land's sake don't you go out an' see the Patriarch?' An' I hitched right up, an' every step that horse took I could feel it gettin' better, an' I wasn't five min-

"That's where the Patriarch lives."

utes with the Patriarch before I was cured, an' I ain't had a twinge since."

"It certainly looks as though there was something in that," admitted Madison cautiously.

Hiram Higgins smiled with a world of tolerance.

"'Tain't worth mentionin' alongside some of the things he's done," he said deprecatingly. "You'll hear about 'em fast enough."

"What's the local doctor say about it?" asked Madison.

(To be Continued)

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THE

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A. H. WATSON, Proprietor

MADOC, JULY 12, 1917

L. O. L., No. 160, Attend Church

The members of L. O. L., No. 160, Madoc, attended Divine service on Sunday morning last at St. John the Baptist church, Madoc. There was a large turnout of the brethren. Rev. A. E. Smart took as his sermon text, Joshua 4, 7. In the course of his remarks the speaker emphasized the great need of the Orange Association, showing clearly that it was a religious institution, destrous of securing equal rights to all and special privileges to none. He pointed out that there is a great need in Canada to-day for the organisation. A comparison was made of the difficulties of the time of Confederation and those of to-day. He urged tolerance towards those that differ from us, but also aggression should there be any attempt to infringe on our civil and religious liberties. The remarks were closely followed and many comments were heard of appreciation of the excellent discourse.

Another Fish Story

We have heard of many fishing stories in connection with Moira lake, many of them of such a character as to severely test the credibility of the listener, but here are two—for the truth of which we stand sponsor. The late Rev. W. Burton was out trolling for lunge and was pulling in his troll when a large masko, in an effort to seize the shining spoon, struck its long sharp teeth deeply into the oar, the marks of which for years afterwards remained visible in the wood and which was frequently shown with pleasure by Mr. Burton to his friends. Last Monday, Wright Young, son of Dr. Young, of Toronto, now camping at Moira lake, while playing on Watson's wharf, stuck his hand into the water when suddenly a rock bass darted from under the timbers and seized his finger with such ferocity as to draw the blood, yet Madoc fishermen say the fish are not biting in Moira lake this summer.

Now It's The Brooms

There is a great scarcity of broom corn throughout the country, and its cost has increased tremendously. Formerly it could be bought for $60 per ton; now it is selling at $375, and cheap at that.

A carload used to represent an expense of $500, while at the present moment the cost is $2,500 to $3,000. The cheapest quotation of brooms obtainable is $7 per dozen, and this for the cheapest brooms. Grocers used to retail them at 25c each. Handles, bindings and various other necessaries for broom making have advanced on an average of 50 per cent.

It is becoming dearer to keep clean. Soon we shall not be able to afford a good sweep. The Friday cleaning is doomed.

Had Headache for Two Years

A Barrie Man Tells of Persistent Headaches and Indigestion—Finally Found His Way to Good Health.

Barrie, Ont., July 12, 1917.—For two long years the writer of this letter was subject to severe headaches. The nervous system got run down, digestion failed and there was continued loss of weight.

The use of Dr. Chase's Nerve Food changed all this, and now with scores of other Barrie people Mr. Nader is recommending the use of this food cure as the best means of building up the exhausted nervous system and curing headaches, indigestion and all the annoying symptoms of a run-down condition.

Mr. John Nader, 38 Penetang street, Barrie, Ont., writes:

"During the last two years I had an attack of indigestion, accompanied by severe headaches. I suffered from loss of appetite, and my system became run down. I also lost considerably in weight. I began using Dr. Chase's Nerve Food, and as they helped me I continued this treatment for some time. My condition is now greatly improved, my headaches are gone and my health in general is much better. I can cheerfully recommend the use of Dr. Chase's Nerve Food to those suffering from nervousness of any kind."

As a spring tonic and restorative to overcome tired, languid feelings and build up vitality at this time of year there is nothing to be compared to Dr. Chase's Nerve Food.

Dr. Chase's Nerve Food, 50c. a box, a full treatment of 6 boxes for $2.50, at all dealers, or Edmanson, Bates & Co., Limited, Toronto. Do not be talked into accepting a substitute. Imitations only disappoint.

Report of Madoc Patriotic League

The semi-annual meeting of the Madoc Women's Patriotic League was held at the home of Miss Cross on Tuesday, July 10th. The Treasurer, Mrs. Eagleson, presented the report of the last six months as follows:

Balance on hand, Jan. 9, 1917	$177 05
Donations	23 50
Cooking sales	151 21
Tea collections	89 95
March 17, entertainments	279 13
Soldiers' banquet	111 28
Cook book	4 75
Bank interest	65
	$837 52

Expenditures Jan. 9 to July 6, 1917

Comforts for sick	$ 9 26
Yarn	241 00
Cook book	4 50
Cash to M. Y.M.C.A	200 00
" 254th Battalion	200 00
" Bed Madoc	30 00
Exp. of entertainments	41 89
Advertising	23 50
Socks to C.W.C.A	68 75
Express and war tax	52
	$819 42
Balance on hand	$18 10

The Secretary's report was read as follows:

Cash and articles forwarded to January, 1916	$1104 25
Cash and articles forwarded to January, 1917	1508 40
	$2672 65

Socks shipped to date, 1086.

Report Jan. 9 to July 6, 1917

Comforts for sick	$ 9 26
270 pr. socks overseas	310 50
300 pr. socks C.W.C.A	68 75
100 pr. socks 254th Battalion	115 00
Cash to M.Y.M.C.A	200 00
Cash to 254th Battalion	200 00
Cash to Bed Madoc	30 00
	$932 61
Total gone forward	$3005 26

July 6, 1917, on hand

Comfort shower	$111 00
Yarn, socks, etc	145 20
Cash	18 10
Comf. bags, etc	5 00
	$279 90
Total work July 6,1917	$3885 16

After the reading of the reports the President, Mrs. Bristol, expressed her pleasure in the work done and complimented the League on their successful efforts. It was then decided to make all possible arrangements for the work to progress throughout July and August without the usual business meetings. The following plans were discussed and arranged:—1st—a sock contest between two of the members of the League; 2nd—the annual Red Cross bazaar of the League will be held in October and everyone is asked to make some preparation for it; 3rd—a flag and tag day will be held on Fair day and very special arrangements will be made to make it a success; 4th—the next meeting will be held in September and everyone is asked to save their coppers from now until then when a copper tea will be given.

The Secretary was ordered to procure enough tobacco to fill the case of tobacco on hand from the shower and also to ship the soldiers' comforts received to the Canadian War Contingent.

The meeting closed with "God Save the King" and afternoon tea.

FOR

TWO WEEKS

Commencing Saturday, July 14th

20% DISCOUNT

Off all Men's, Women's and Children's

FINE SHOES

G. C. MOON

NEW

Straw Hats

You need a new Straw Hat, and we have just the style, shape and price that will suit you.

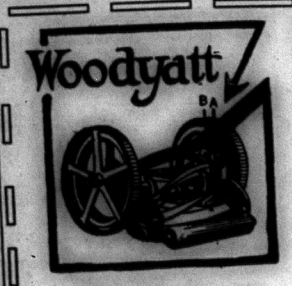
Try us and see

Prices 50c, 75c, $1, 1.50 to $5.00.

You bet they are all big values.

George West

Gents Furnisher



The Mower we Guarantee

For the Lawn's Sake

You like to see your lawn looking well. You appreciate a good piece of machinery. You need a strong, durable, well-built lawn mower. The answer is our WOODYATT Mower. Runs with no noise except the swishing of the grass, and won't get "rattely" after you've used it a season or two. The Woodyatt has been on the market since 1888 and the makers have always kept the quality up. Several sizes.

M. W. Connor & Son

Madoc

Weekly Saturday Sale

Our values are as follows:

Men's fine gun metal calf lace boots, worth $5.00, Saturday $3.95 pr.

Women's white canvas pumps, size 5, worth $1.95, Saturday $1.30 pr.

Misses' fine gun-metal button boots, worth $3.75, Saturday $2.75 pr.

First come, first served. This is your opportunity.

The Ludbrook Shoe Store, Madoc

Detlor

It is about time the Bessemer and Barry's Bay Co., or whoever pretends to have supervision of same, got to work and fenced their right of way. The Railway Commissioners were going to compel the Company over a year ago to fence their right-of-way, but the Commissioners are like some of the recruiting officials who wear khaki, as far from the trenches as they can get, and, for the money there is in it.

Some amount of road work is being done in and around our vicinity.

Our teacher, Miss Jean Rankin of Belleville, has gone home for her summer vacation.

Mrs. N. Parks of Madoc Township was visiting her sister, Mrs. Will Turnecliffe, for a time, and returned last week.

Our Institute is taking life again. The delegate speaker, Miss Conover and our district president, Miss Rainie paid us a visit, and each gave a splendid address. Miss Conovers', being sent from the Department, was given on "Food and its relative benefits for the system," which was both interesting and instructive.

The Rev. Mr. Laughlin, who has been on the Fort Stewart and Bancroft Mission, has been transferred to another field, and Mr. M. E. Wilson has charge for this year, and preached his first sermon on Sunday last.

Mr. and Mrs. George Winters of Bronson spent Sunday last at the home of Mr. P. A. and the Misses' B. and A. Bradshaw.

Mr. C. E. Bishop of Belleville, is spending a time at Egan Creek, Detlor and vicinities.

Mr. and Mrs. A. Wheeler and children spent a few days at Deseronto.

Miss Vincent has returned to her home in Prince Edward.

Mr. J. Burnett, of Fort Stewart, has secured the mail route from Detlor to Fort Stewart.

Mrs. D. Mawson has returned from teaching in the Hamilton vicinity.

Miss Kertha Bradshaw has recovered from the whooping-cough.

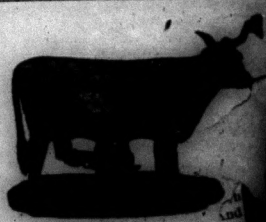
Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Rickett and Miss T. Mawson motored to Maynooth to visit Mr. W. Tice and family who are moving to Mrs. Miller's farm.

From July 2nd to 8th General Kornloff took 1600 prisoners and [illegible]

Toronto Markets

Hogs, fed and watered	$16.25
Cattle	11.50
Spring Lambs	16.00
Barley	1.36
Wheat	2.25
Oats	76
Butter	27
Eggs	26
Potatoes, per bag	$4.25
Turkeys	lb. 19
Geese	lb. 15
Ducklings	lb. 20
Bran	ton $28
Shorts	ton $28
Young Roosters	lb. 18 to 20
Manitoba flour	$13.00
Ontario flour	10.10
Cheese	23
Hens	20
Wool, unwashed	.52
washed	.06

—Waxed paper for wrapping parcels to soldiers can be had at the Review office for 5c. a package



Ask T. W. Chris... about the lates... up-to-date Milkers on the mark...

Churchill's Sure Death to Bed-Bugs

25c a bottle

Vince's Popular Drug Store

Ladies' Ready-to-Wear Store
Madoc

Try us for the following lines:

Wash Dresses,
Middy Dresses,
Hosiery,
Corsets,
Blouses,
Suits,
Coats.

Everything in ladies' and children's wear

FRED CURRY

Up-to-Date Machine Shop

Having one of the most complete and up-to-date Machine Shops in Hastings County, I am now prepared to do machine work of all description, such as repairing Sawing Machines, Gasoline Engines, Threshing Outfits, Threading Bolts, Pipes, etc., and in fact anything that needs expert workmanship and up-to-the-minute machinery.

Give Us A Call And Be Convinced

We also cater to the Autoists and have a full line of Auto Accessories on hand. Our Bowser Gasoline Tank is always ready to supply your wants.

AGENCY FOR THE McLAUGHLIN MOTOR CAR

P. H. NAYLER

Machine Shop and Garage Phone 88 Opposite Blue's Hotel, Madoc

WATER-PROOF
WEAR-PROOF

FLOORS, woodwork and furniture treated with Campbell's Varnish Stain have a surface permanent in color, water-proof, wear-proof. The stain is dragged deep into every crevice of the wood as shown in the illustration. It dries smooth and hard, and gives a beautiful, transparent finish, easily cleaned with dry mop or cloth.

CAMPBELL'S VARNISH STAIN
DISSOLVES GREASE SPOTS

Color and Varnish are so perfectly unified there can never be a sediment, so you are sure to have an even, satisfying job.

There are 13 colors: Natural wood color, light oak, dark oak, walnut, cherry, mahogany, green, rosewood, white enamel, flat black, gloss black, piazza green and piazza red.

Sold by the following progressive merchants

Frank Dafoe, - Madoc

Made by
CARPENTER-MORTON CO. 77 Sudbury Street, Boston, Mass.

HOME NEWS

Mr. Peter Conlin and his son, Eddie, gave the Review a call last week.

—Eavestroughing and Job Work at G. A. Rollins'.

Pte. John W. Connor has been invalided home and is now in a Convalescent Hospital in Kingston.

Miss Ida Bronson, of the Dominion Bank Staff, is spending her holidays in Belleville and Presque Isle.

Mr. M.W. Connor has received word that his son, Pte. Russel Connor, has been wounded in the head and is at present in a base hospital in France.

Rev. A. Poulter, of St. Ola, will occupy the pulpit of the Methodist church on Sunday next in the absence of Rev. W. B. Tucker, who will attend the Camp Meeting at Oak Lake.

Pte. Charles P. Conlin, son of Peter Conlin, of Ormsby, was killed in action the 31st of May. Mr. Conlin has another son, Lawrence, who was wounded in action and is at present in a Convalescent Hospital.

—Old Auto Tires at 5c. per lb. trade or 6c. cash at G. A. Rollins'.

The Masonic Grand Lodge of Canada, in the Province of Ontario, meets in the City of Belleville on Wednesday and Thursday, 18th and 19th of this month. All the members of No. 49 should take advantage of the opportunity of attending.

The re-opening services of the Moira Methodist church took place on Sunday last, Rev. W. B. Tucker, B.A., B.D., President of the Bay of Quinte Conference, was the special preacher for the day. He was assisted in the services by Rev. C. G. Rydick, B.A., the Pastor of the circuit. Mr. Tucker's sermons, both morning and evening, were most able, impressive and schol-

Mr. W. E. Connor spent Tuesday in Belleville.

Mr. Ford Tumelty, of Hamilton, is home for the holidays.

Miss Edythe Tudhope, of Toronto, is the guest of Miss Ida Brown.

Miss Hazel Carson, of Hamilton, is visiting Miss Gertie Ockerman this week.

The boys, who have been camping at Cottage Cove, have left to resume their duties.

Miss Hilda Pine, of Eldorado, has this week been the guest of Miss Minnie Phillips.

Mrs. John Osborne and son, Percy, are spending a few weeks with her sister in Bancroft.

Mr. and Mrs. W. P. J. Alexander, of Toronto, are the guests of the latter's father, Mr. Benson O'Hara.

Miss Ora Wickware returned home on Monday after spending a couple of weeks with friends in Cloyne.

A Red Cross Bazaar will be held by the Madoc Women's Patriotic League in October. Kindly prepare for it.

Mr. A. E. Hopper, a student attending Albert College, Belleville, preached in the Methodist church here on Sunday last.

The following names appeared in the casualty list this week:—Wounded, C. W. Mitts, Stirling; W. I. Potter, Bannockburn.

—The Anglican Church at Millbridge purpose having their Annual Lawn Social on the Town Hall grounds on Wednesday, July 25th; proceedings to commence about 8 o'clock. A good program is being provided by outside talent consisting of recitations, instrumental duets, choruses and patriotic addresses. After the program tea will be served. Admission to grounds and for tea, adults 25c., children 15c. During the evening ice cream, lemonade, etc., will be sold on the grounds. A hearty welcome is extended to all.

Mrs. Manley Tufts is visiting friends in Belleville.

Miss Esther Wagner, of Belleville, is visiting Miss Morna Wallbridge.

The Rev. G. Scott and family have taken up their residence in Bannockburn.

Mrs. Harry Bulpit, of London, is the guest of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. S. Wellington.

Messrs. H. Blakely and A. Nicolson are attending a Short Course in Judging at Ottawa this week.

Mr. and Mrs. C. N. Wellington, of Port Arthur, are renewing acquaintances in town this week.

Misses Melba and Thelma Doughty, of Peterboro, were the guests of Misses Edythe and Grace Vince this week.

Mr. and Mrs. E. C. Tufts and family and Mr. and Mrs. Garnet Tufts visited friends in Tweed on Sunday.

Mrs. A. Kent and two little daughters, of Toronto, are guests of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. N. Bristol.

The name of Central Ontario Junction, two stations west of Tweed, has been changed to "Bonar Law."

The recent rains have had a very beneficial effect on the crops, and all kinds of vegetation is looking fine.

Mrs. Alex. Milne, of Toronto, arrived in town on Saturday and will renew acquaintances here for a few weeks.

Mrs. J. Jeffrey and son, Jack, of Toronto, are spending a week with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. W. H. O'Flynn.

Mr. and Mrs. S. Belshaw and Master Roy and Mrs. J. Gordon, of Stirling, were Sunday guests of friends in town.

Mr. and Mrs. Garnet Tufts, of Harris, Sask., have been visiting the former's parents, Mr. and Mrs. E. C. Tufts.

Sale of Home-cooking

The Ladies' Aid of the Methodist Church will hold a Sale of Home-cooking on

Saturday, July 14th

in the

Corner Store of the O'Flynn Block

Tea will be served in the afternoon.

Misses Helen and Marion Moore, of Campbellford, are visiting their cousin, Miss Grace McCoy. Mr. C. A. Moore is also in town.

Bancroft Times:—Messrs. Chas. Mullett and E. Maxwell went down to Madoc Monday and brought back a Ford car for the latter.

Rev. A. E. Smart attended Ontario Library Institute meetings in Lindsay on Tuesday as the delegate of the Madoc Public Library Association.

Mr. William H. Nugent, Reeve of Wollaston township, who, at the June session of the County Council, was appointed County Clerk, has assumed his new duties.

The many friends of Miss Kathleen Diamond will be pleased to hear of her success in having obtained her A.T.C.M. in the recent Toronto Conservatory examinations.

—Have you any portraits that require framing? Don't be soaked by agents and pay from $5 to $10 for a frame when you can secure beautiful ones from us at $2.50 to $5, including glass. Call and inspect them. The Ludbrook Shoe Store.

Miss Margaret Kerr left last week to spend a month with her brothers at Midland and Penetanguishene. Mrs. Geo. Kerr is visiting her daughter, Mrs. Campion, at Marmora.

Misses Lola Lummiss, Elsie Bitter and Reta Gallenger, also Mr. and Mrs. Hutchinson and little son, James, all of Toronto, are spending a few weeks with their cousin, Mrs. Ida Gray.

I. O. D. E.

will hold

A Lawn Tea

at Miss Breakell's Home

...on...

Monday, July 16th

at 3 p.m.

Silver collection. Everybody welcome.

The great clothing manufacturers who determine the styles for men's garments are agreed that the war will considerably modify next year's fashions. Because of anticipated scarcity and high price of wool, there will be no patch pocket, no cuffs on coat sleeves and no turn-up trousers. If the war lasts two or three years there will be no pockets of any kind; they will not be ne

Cheese Board

At the cheese board on Wednesday, July 11th, 525 boxes were boarded. All sold to Cook & Son at 21 3/16c.

Following are the amounts boarded:

1 Alexandria	55
2 Spring Hill	
3 Oak Leaf	75
4 Queensboro	50
5 Rose	
6 Madoc	50
7 Brook Valley	35
8 Cold Spring	40
9 Spring Creek	40
10 Champion	50
11 White Lake	
12 Beulah	
13 Marble Spring	40
14 Daisy	50
15 Deloro	
16 Eldorado	40

Oak Lake, B.Q. Confce. Tent Meeting.

Large tent seats 800, overflow seats 300. We provide seats, electric light and grounds.

You bring baskets, grain or gasoline.

For the first week services nightly, except Saturday, at 7.45, and all day for three days.

On Sunday, July 15, services at 10.30, 2.30 and 7.—Revs. W. B. Tucker, S. C. Moore, C. T. Scott, G. M. Sharpe and Dr. Yeomans.

Monday, July 16, Ministers' Day.—Revs. Dr. Hazelwood, M. E. Sexsmith, W. P. Rogers, C. W. DeMille, G. M. Sharpe and others.

Wednesday, July 18, Church Officials Day.—T. F. Harrison, Cobourg; J. W. Crews, Wooler; M. S. Madole, Napanee; Revs. Bick, Reddick, Dixon, Terrill and G. M. Sharpe.

If you want to hear people sing, come along.

If you want a blessing, come along.

If you want to be a blessing, come along.

Follow signboards on all roads.

H. A. Yeomans, M. D., Belleville, chairman; Rev. A. J. Terrill, Bus. Mgr.

Does It Pay to Advertise?

Many people claim that an article sells itself—that it is the quality of the article that makes the sale possible. There are merchants who believe that their reputations are sufficient. One of the best replies to such statements is the wonderful success of the flotation of the U. S. Liberty Loan. The Government of the U. S. undertook to sell $2,000,000,000 of bonds carrying only 3½ per cent. interest. This many experienced financiers believed to be impossible. At this time good bonds were selling at 6 per cent. Saving banks were paying 3½ and 4 per cent. Now, what was the result? The result was that at the end of the fourth week over $3,000,000,000 was subscribed —$1,000,000,000 more than was asked. How was it done? It was done after the greatest publicity campaign ever conducted in the United States. Every known method of getting public attention was used freely, the newspapers, the moving pictures, bill-boards, electric signs, wagon and window posters, meetings, bands, parades, soapbox oratory, airplanes, bells, whistles, theatres, automobiles, dinners, novelties, boy scouts, and every other conceivable method of bringing the matter to the notice of the public.

—Don't forget the Institute work meeting for Red Cross sewing at the Armouries on Friday afternoon at 2.30. A full attendance of the Executive is asked for to transact important business.—Secretary.

Dr. Binns and Mrs. Binns, of Welland, Dr. Brown and Mrs. Brown, of Toronto, Mr. and Mrs. John Brown and Miss Brown, of Lakefield, were guests at the home of Mrs. J. A. McCoy last week.

The memorial service in honor of Private Edward Canniff, postponed on June 17th, will be held in St. Columba's Presbyterian Church, Cooper, on Sabbath afternoon, July 15th, at 3 p. m. Brethren of Orange Order attend with funeral badges.

Rierdon's Red Cross Drug Store

FOR

Pure Drugs--Prompt Service

Moderate Charges

PHONE 73

Cook with Comfort

with one of our new blue flame oil stoves No waiting for a fire to burn up, just light and the heat is ready. Just where it is wanted, too. No smell, no smoke and perfectly safe. You certainly should have one for quicker and better cooking.

Frank Dafoe

Hardware, Plumbing and Tinsmithing, Paints & Oils. Madoc

Summer is alive with invitations to

Kodak

And picture-making is so easy with a Kodak—there's no trick to the click of its shutter. Anyone, even the youngsters, can make good pictures the Kodak way.

Kodaks from $1.00 up.
Brownies from $1.25 up.

Geo. F. Maybee

Fly Time Is Here

We have a full line of Screen doors, window Screens and wire Screening. You will find our prices right on these lines.

We also have a complete range of Straw Hats for men and boys, for everyday wear as well as for best.

A complete range of summer Shirts, Pants, and Knickers.

If you are going to do any painting this season give us a trial. We carry a full range of Martin-Senour's paints and varnishes.

Plenty of Flour and Feed.

Phone 60 r2

Vandervoort Bros.
M. Vandervoort, Mgr.
Eldorado, Ont.

McINTOSH BROS.

Opportunity Sale

Summer Wash Fabrics

50c values.

Thursday, Friday and Saturday---your choice 39 C. YD.

Just think of these price reductions, and so early in the season. What woman could not afford at least one pretty wash dress at this low price? The materials are the essence of newness, being the latest striped and flowered Voiles. Your choice for - - - - - - - - - - **39c yard**

Children's Dresses in a great range of styles and prices to select from. If you have dress problems to solve you will find this department a source of convenience. All sizes and newest styles. Prices 49c to $1.75.

Ladies' White Wash skirts, special values at 97c up to $2.50.

McINTOSH BROS.

WILLIAM HOCKING
PIANOFORTE AND ORGAN TUNER
MADOC
Representing
C. W. Lindsay, Ltd., Belleville.
24-13 Phone 637

A. B. COLLINS
BARRISTER, SOLICITOR, NOTARY, ETC.
Solicitor for Bank of Montreal
TWEED ONTARIO
Will visit Madoc Court days.

G. FRASER, D. D. S., L. D. S.
Graduate of Toronto University, Licentiate of the Royal College of Dental Surgeons of Ontario.
Plates, Crowns and Bridges a specialty.

MIKEL, STEWART & BAALIM
BARRISTERS, SOLICITORS, ETC.
Offices: Belleville, Madoc and Tweed
W. C. MIKEL, K.C. D. E. K. STEWART
FRANK BAALIM.

FRALECK & ABBOTT
Barristers, etc.
Offices—Robertson Block, Front Street, Belleville, East side.
E. B. Fraleck. A. Abbott.

DR. WM. FIELDING
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON
Graduate University of Toronto Medical College.
Office:—St. Lawrence st., Phone 21

DR. EAGLESON
PHYSICIAN, SURGEON AND ACCOUCHEUR
Graduate of Trinity Medical College. Post Graduate of Moorefield's Eye Hospital London, Eng., and Central London Nose and Throat Hospital.
Special attention given to diseases of the Eye, Ear, Nose and Throat and fitting of Eye Glasses.
Coroner for Hastings County.
Phone 32.

DR. W. J. GARDINER
Coroner For Hastings County.
GRADUATE OF TORONTO UNIVERSITY
Late a resident Physician and Surgeon of Toronto General Hospital.
Special attention given to the diseases of women and children.
Eldorado. Phone 50 R5.

DENIS GILLEN
NOTARY PUBLIC
Conveyancing, Fire Insurance.
Money to loan on farm property.
No commission, no valuation fee.
Office—One door southof Masonic Hall
MADOC — ONT.

Veterinary Surgeon
MADOC
J. WARING, V.S.
Graduate of Ontario Veterinary College, Toronto; twenty-three years' experience as a practitioner.
Charges moderate. Terms—30 days.
Special attention to Veterinary Dentistry.
Office—Elgin street, near Whytock's store. Phone No. 34

WILLIAM CROSS, LL. B.
BARRISTER AND SOLICITOR
NOTARY PUBLIC, CONVEYANCER
Appraiser at Madoc for The Canada Permanent and Western Canada Mortgage Corporation
Money to loan at 5 per cent. on good farm security. No commission. No valuation fee
Office—Wood Block, Madoc

E. C. TUFTS
Licensed Auctioneer
For Hastings County.
Terms moderate.
MADOC — — ONT.

PORTER & CARNEW
Barristers and Notaries Public, etc. Office, Robertson Block, East Front St., Belleville, Ont.
E. GUSS PORTER, K.C., M.P.
WM. CARNEW
Solicitors for Union Bank.

J. ARCHER & SON
ENGINEERS AND CONTRACTORS
All kinds of Building and Construction Work.
Plans and Estimates Furnished.
DELORO — — ONT.

Madoc Lodge, No. 179, I.O.O.F.
Meetsin Oddfellow's Hall Wilson Block, every Monday evening at the hour of 8 o'clock. Visiting brethren will always be cordially welcomed.
W. A. REID, Rec.-Sec. S. EMBURY, Noble Grand
W. H. KELLY, Fin.-Sec.
Oakdale Rebekah Lodge, No 134, meets First and Third Fridays at 8 o'clock in the Oddfellow's Hall.

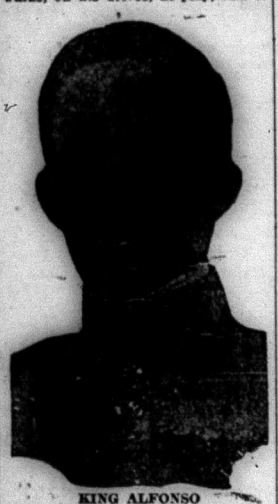
String Instruments Wind Instruments
WM. SCRUTTON
MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS
Of All Kinds.
Sheet Music of Every Description.
MADOC — ONT.

Popular King of Spain

Is One European Ruler Whose People Admire Him

THERE is no more popular monarch in all Europe today than King Alfonso of Spain. Republicans and Conservatives, Clericals and anti-Clericals, hold a place of affection for him in their hearts. He is referred to fondly as Alfonsito, "dear Alfonso," because he is the King of the people. The posthumous child of Alfonso XII., he was born their king, and grew up familiarly among them. His infant portrait adorned their postage stamps. The citizens of Madrid were so accustomed to see him in his daily promenades with his admirable mother, the Queen Regent, a blond, curly-haired, smiling child, that they paid little heed to him.

On the Plaza of San Sebastian, he romped and tossed a ball and played like any other human child. Never did he show any wilfulness or ill temper. He bore a remarkable likeness to his attractive mother, who accompanied him always, in his walks, on his drives, at play, and to



KING ALFONSO

divine service. Now that he is king he is a republican among monarchs, a friend of the people and their popular idol. They have laughed at the pranks of his youth, and now they praise and sympathize with the serious work of humanity which he has taken upon his shoulders since the world's war has deluged the rest of Europe with blood.

According to correspondence from Madrid, King Alfonso has under his personal direction one of the most stupendous humanitarian works created by the war. In addition to looking after the interests of those nations which have broken with the Central Empires, through his legations in the latter countries, he has organized in his own palace at Madrid a system of research for the lost, missing, or wounded on the battle front, besides interceding for those in the hands of the Huns who may yet be saved.

The published cablegram of an agonized mother and father appealing to His Majesty to obtain information of their son of the British Royal Aviation Corps, who was last seen flying over the English Channel, is given as a single example of the two hundred thousand cases which have come before him. Of these, one hundred and fifty thousand are reported as disposed of, while fifty thousand are still under investigation. Many of the soldiers reported missing have been found alive in prison camps, while thirty thousand civilians in the invaded sections of Belgium and France have been located for their families. Nor is this all. A great number of seriously wounded have been returned to their respective Governments through his intercession, at least forty-four pardons have been granted at his request, of which nearly half were death sentences, mostly of women accused of being spies.

It is a vast amount of work that this monarch is doing, showing how seriously he can take a grave task to heart. It may be remembered that it was not long ago that in the exuberance of youth he rode his horse up the palace stairs. Now in that same palace it is hurry, worry, and work with him.

With such a King, revolution in Spain is a dead issue. That country is already a democracy with a democratic monarch at its head. Proof of this was given not long ago when Alfonso refused to accept the resignation of his ministry, which was a Liberal one, and now that the same cabinet has again resigned because of the division in public opinion with regard to its foreign policy, the King still favors a continuance of Spanish democracy as is shown by the new cabinet, which continues to be a Liberal one.

Quail Fad in Japan.

The latest fancy among the wealthy people of Japan is the collecting and breeding of rare species of quails. It threatens to rival the mania for tulip bulbs that once seized the Hollanders. Enormous prices are paid for rare birds. Mr. Yoshida, a millionaire, recently gave 17,000 yen ($8,500) for a white quail—king of the race in beauty and price. One of the large Tokio shops has caught on the idea as a fashion novelty and is selling kimonos embroidered with white and golden-hued quail designs. The modiste had Mr. Yoshida's king quail sketched and is reproducing the splendid bird in high-priced garments.

LONDON MISSES NEWSBILL.

Change Was Result of Wartime Paper Shortage.

London finds it hard to reconcile itself to the loss of its old newsbills. It is resigned, of course, since paper shortage is paper shortage, but it loves to talk about the matter; to stop its neighbor at the street corner and make remark as to how this loss has changed things, and to recount the ways in which it has learned of the striking things that have happened during the preceding twenty-four hours. The casual visitor to London could never fully appreciate what the loss means to a Londoner. The newsbill is one of those things which he had grown so accustomed to, and took so much for granted, that he never realized, until they went, how largely they constituted for him an ever-open door to the world's happenings. "What news on the Rialto?" was a question which, in London, until recently, found an answer at every street corner or public place in the busy parts of the great city. Newsbills, several of them, all easily distinguished from one another by the practiced eye as the advertisement of this or that well-known paper, were, indeed, part of the outfit of every newsboy. In days of stress, or on any day, he might be seen bursting out of some side street, or rushing through some swing door into Fleet street, hastily adjusting in front of him, as he ran, the latest newsbill, wet from the press, and crying out, after the manner of his kind, the great news he had to sell.

Then, his devices for displaying his bills when he had a regular "pitch" were many and wonderful. They would be impaled on railings, strapped to lampposts and the old iron corner posts, so familiar a feature of the London streets; or they would be laid flat on their backs close to the pavement, weighted down with stones and watered in order to make them more sedentary in their habits; but, whatever the device resorted to, they were always so placed that all who passed by might gather at a glance the latest new thing.

It was not only, however, that they kept one in touch with the news of the world and the rumors of the world, from hour to hour; they were a constant study in ingenuity. Every now and again, one particular newspaper would secure the services of a past master in the art of newsbill writing, and it would become a thing to look for, how this paper would announce this or that startling piece of intelligence. The bills were dependent, of course, for their wit and point upon their utter oppositeness to the thought and feeling almost of the moment. To be really effective they demanded all the immediateness of repartee. There was no time for the newsbill writer, after the manner of a certain famous "night watchman," to think out "back talk" in the darkness of the night. And so there could be no rule about it. It was a field for genius. The newsbill writer on that momentous morning of August 5th, 1914, knew his business when he sent out his bills showing the single word "War," just as surely as he will one day know his business well enough to send them out bearing the single word "Peace"; for, on that day, he will take the law into his own hands, and send out newsbills, all regulations to the contrary, notwithstanding. Of course, the newsboy has not tamely acquiesced in the deprivation. It is always possible to get a piece of chalk, and one can write on most things; and many of them resorted to this expedient. He has, moreover, as always, been notably cheerful, not to say facetious, about it. The very word "bill" opens the door to great possibilities. There was a man, for instance, for your London newsboy is often a man, who has walked down Fleet street many summers and many winters, who chalked across the board on which he was wont to display his news, the laconic legend, "Bill gone"—to the front, maybe, or to make munitions. London is getting used to it, of course, just as it, long ago, got used to darkened streets; but it will be glad when the lights are turned on again, and the newsboy girds himself, once more, with his apron of news.—Christian Science Monitor.

No Excuse.

There's something there's no excuse for—scientists can't figure up any alibi for them. It seems they were just invented along with filibusters, mosquitoes, and many other like pests just to make existence miserable. There are five of 'em on each foot, situated on the end you push into the sock first. They are very quarrelsome and there's much friction amongst them and they raise more fuss than a bushel of Mexican revolutions. They are very ungrateful creatures. Toes really owe us a lot for letting them live. They're useless, and what do they do but harvest corns, encourage ingrown nails, freeze up on us and have a mean way of sneaking under somebody else's heel to be stepped on? Can you beat it for ingratitude? Ballet dancers have the right idea, getting even with the toes. They make their toes support them physically and financially.

A Little Nervous.

Lord Charles Beresford tells a story about his stay at a country inn near Oxford. His lordship arrived over night quite alone, and told the host who he was. That worthy thus admonished the hot water boy: "Look here," said he earnestly, "we have got a lord here—a real live lord. We never had one here before, and I don't suppose we will ever again. When you take his lordship's water up in the morning knock several times, and if a voice says: Who is there?' mind you say: 'It's the boy, my lord!'" The unfortunate boy was so flustered, however, next morning that shivering outside the door with his hot water when Lord Charles cried: 'Who's there?' he blurted out. 'It's the lord, me boy.'"

The General's Orderly

A Story of the Pan-European War

By ALAN HINSDALE

During a lull in the fighting in Flanders, when the Germans were making their onslaught upon the allies, Hans Schrieber, who had been called to the colors from his father's farm in Westphalia, had marched away as a private and had through the killing off of officers and his own bravery been promoted to be captain, was one morning ordered before the colonel of his regiment.

"Captain," said his commander, "it has been reported to me that you have been caught fraternizing with a private soldier in your company. Possibly you may not know the customs of the army in this respect. In the army there can be no familiarity whatever between an officer and a soldier. This war has necessitated the promotion of many men from the ranks, which is contrary to the spirit of the military forces, and doubtless there are officers who do not realize the great gulf that lies between them and their former companions. I have sent for you to warn you that if you are again caught conversing familiarly with Fritz Oelrich you will be court martialed, and the punishment will be severe."

"But, colonel," the captain protested, "Private Oelrich is from the same locality as I. He is very young and requires a friend to cheer him, to prevent his falling a victim to homesickness, which will impair the value of any soldier. I feel it to be my duty"—

"Your duty is to obey orders. Go, and do not again let me hear any more of this breach of military discipline."

The colonel turned away from Captain Schrieber, who saluted and went back to his command. The very next day the Germans made a drive in which the captain again distinguished himself. One of the field officers of his regiment was killed, and his colonel was about to recommend him for promotion to be major when it was reported that young Oelrich had been slightly wounded and the captain, forgetting that his position was at the head of his company, had carried the private to the rear in his arms.

The colonel, as he considered this act of gallantry on the one hand and dereliction of duty on the other, knit his brows. Had it not been for the necessity of supplying the gaps constantly occurring among the officers he would have made short work of Captain Schrieber, notwithstanding his efficiency as a leader. As it was, he felt compelled to recommend his subordinate for promotion. Indeed, he knew of no other man that he could put in the place of the officer who had been killed in whom he would have confidence.

The necessities of the service and not a yielding to any tenderness he might feel induced the colonel to ignore the report of Schrieber's having carried Fritz Oelrich off the field and to give him a higher command than a single company.

"Captain," he said to Schrieber, "Major Heckler having been killed, you will assume his position and the command of the companies that were intrusted to his care. I shall only add that the higher the rank of an officer the more incumbent it is upon him to remember the gap between him and the men of the ranks whom he commands. The discipline of the army is of the highest order. This cannot be attained or kept up except by the officers being absolute masters of the men."

Captain—now Major—Schrieber saluted, but said nothing and again left his commander without that punishment which he knew except for necessity would have been meted out to him.

A combination of bravery and tenderness has always captivated the world. Major Schrieber the moment a fight opened was a lion; the moment it ended he became a lamb. He went about with the Red Cross workers succoring the wounded and was never known to prefer the case of a German to a Frenchman. It was this that led his comrade officers into a tacit unacknowledged agreement to turn the other way whenever the major's sympathetic nature overcame his sense of duty and he went beyond the limits in expressing that sympathy to a common soldier.

In the case of Fritz Oelrich he never offended openly. Toward Fritz, when others were there to see, he maintained an unapproachable dignity. But unfortunately he had been surprised speaking earnestly to the boy, and on one occasion had taken Fritz's hand in his while speaking words of encouragement and comfort. He did not know how often he had been seen in such position, for those who saw him kept the secret.

There was fighting all this time, and Schrieber's efficiency as a leader was constantly being demonstrated. On a reorganization of a certain force that had been very much depleted he was made colonel of a regiment. Another fight took the general of his brigade, and Colonel Schrieber was put in his place.

When those officers and soldiers who understood their general's weakness heard that he had made Fritz Oelrich, who was still a private, his orderly there was a feeling of dread among them. They feared that Schrieber's affection for the boy might place him in a position to bring his honors tumbling about his head. If Oelrich had put enough of the qualities of a soldier to promote him to the lowest rank of officer there would be no danger. There was no military law to prevent a general from hobnobbing with a lieutenant, but there was a very stringent law against his having anything of a social nature with a private. When men have confidence in a leader they are anxious that that leader should continue to command them. General Schrieber's troops were fearful that his partiality for young Oelrich would end in his being degraded and they obliged to accept another untried commander.

Their fears were not groundless. One day General Wenz, commanding one of the brigades, went to General Schrieber's headquarters—they were at the time in a farmhouse—for the purpose of arranging with him certain features of an attack that was to be made upon the enemy. He found Schrieber bending over his orderly, who was lying on a bed in an adjoining room in a high fever. The visitor called Schrieber out for consultation, but found it impossible to secure his attention.

"I understand, general," he said to Schrieber, "that my brigade and yours are to advance upon the enemy as soon as the artillery has demolished their defenses."

"What enemy?" asked Schrieber.

"What enemy? Why, the French, of course. There's no other enemy in our front. The British are far north of us."

"Oh!" was the only reply. A groan from the rear room carried the general there. When he returned he said:

"Please excuse me, general. My orderly is very ill. He comes from the same region as I, and we came to the war together, both in the ranks. I feel it obligatory on me to take especial care of him."

"Certainly. The orders are that we shall advance under a curtain of fire"—

Another groan. General Schrieber heard it and did not hear the speaker. The visitor arose impatiently. "I perceive, general," he said, "that your mind is centered upon your orderly, and the army must wait till the orderly recovers."

This was said with bitter tone, and the man who said it clanked out of the house.

The next morning the two brigades were drawn up in mass and at a given signal advanced to capture a French position that had been pounded by the German heavy guns. The attacking force became confused and were driven back.

"General," said Wenz savagely, "this comes of my being unable to get your attention yesterday when I called to talk over this attack. Your mind was on a single private soldier instead of on the welfare of the fatherland."

"Let us try again," Schrieber replied. And, moving out to the front of the line, he seized a standard from a color bearer and led a charge that was not only successful, but was maintained.

Soon after this fight Schrieber received an order from the general commanding the division to send Private Oelrich back to his regiment. It was evident to the recipient that General Wenz had reported the failure of his effort to secure his colleague's attention when he had called to arrange the details of the coming attack and the cause. Had not Schrieber by his gallantry accomplished the object of the charge he would not have got off so lightly.

Nothing was heard of the stumbling block in the way of General Schrieber's efficiency till the Germans began their attempt to reduce Verdun. Then after one of the terrible and unsuccessful charges in mass made on the French works the general was seen by his division commander leaning over Private Oelrich, who was lying on the ground in a pool of his own blood.

"General Schrieber, what are you doing here? Your brigade is forming with others to make another attack. We are expected to take the position if we have to try a hundred times."

There was no response except a moan. The man addressed quite likely did not know that he was addressed. The other was about to pour forth some stinging rebuke when he saw Schrieber fall lifeless across the body before him. He had been struck by the fragment of a shell.

When the Red Cross workers went over the battlefield they took up the bodies of General Schrieber and Private Oelrich together and carried them to the rear. Their identification tags were examined, and it was found that they hailed from the same place in Westphalia. Their bodies were sent home addressed to the same person, an old farmer, the father of General Schrieber.

The neighbors got together to do the last honors to the dead. Some troops in the neighborhood were detailed to carry the general's body to the grave and fire the customary salute over it. Old Schrieber took the commander of the escort aside and told him that Fritz was to be buried with the general and it would please the family if his body could go on the same gun carriage. The officer said no, but when the old man whispered a few words in his ear he consented.

The funeral cortege attracted more than usual attention, not only on account of the high military rank of General Schrieber, but because the secret of his attachment to his comrade was known to many of his fellow citizens who lined the route over which it passed, some of them shedding tears.

The two bodies were lowered into the same grave, and a volley was fired over them, and the mourners dispersed. In due time a headstone was placed over them, on which was inscribed, "In Memory of Carl Schrieber and Gretchen, His Wife."

TWO LONG YEARS HE SUFFERED

"Fruit-a-tives" Made Him Feel As If Walking On Air

ORILLIA, ONT., Nov. 28th, 1914.

"For over two years, I was troubled with *Constipation, Drowsiness, Lack of Appetite and Headaches.* One day I saw your sign which read "Fruit-a-tives make you feel like walking on air." This appealed to me, so I decided to try a box. In a very short time, I began to feel better, and *now I feel fine.* I have a good appetite, relish everything I eat, and the Headaches are gone entirely. I recommend this *pleasant fruit medicine* to all my friends".

DAN McLEAN.

50c. a box, 6 for $2.50, trial size, 25c. At all dealers or sent postpaid by Fruit-a-tives Limited, Ottawa.

Eat Fish and Help Win the War

Ontario's citizens can help to win the war by eating fish, and particularly by eating the cheaper, though scarcely poorer, kinds of fish. Our soldiers and kinsmen overseas need every pound of food we can send them and the purest patriotism would suggest that we should eat the food which we cannot possibly export in preference to that which can be exported and upon which our allies rely. Eat fish because it is a wholesome, palatable food. Eat fish and reduce the cost of living. Eat fish as a patriotic duty.

The best fresh-water fish to bake are Whitefish, Pickerel, Pike, Burbot, Carp, or any having white flesh. If fish is slimy, like Pike, scald with hot water before attempting to clean. Clean, wash and wipe the fish. Rub with salt inside and out.

To keep the fish moist as well as to season it, stuff with any good dressing and sew up with soft cotton, leaving knot at one end so that the cotton can easily be removed before serving. Rub the fish all over with soft butter, salt and pepper. Put gashes about two inches apart and place narrow strips of salt pork in them. Dredge with flour and put in hot oven without water, basting with hot water and butter as soon as it begins to brown. Baste every ten minutes. Serve on a hot platter, removing the string and the pieces of pork.

If desired, a drawn butter sauce may be served with the fish and the fish may be garnished with parsley or watercress.

Preserve these recipes.

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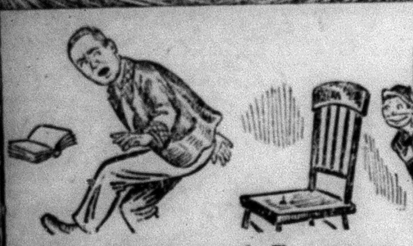

The Point of Contact.

The merchant who is alive to his opportunities will keep in constant touch with his customers, and with others whom he hopes will become his customers. He will keep them informed of the arrivals of new goods, the prevailing tastes or fashions, the latest improvements in things to eat or to wear, or to make housework easier.

And the point of contact is advertising. To advertise intelligently, is an evidence of progressiveness. It is safe to conclude that you will receive the best service and best value from the merchant who seeks your patronage by modern methods.

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The Review

Madoc, Ont.

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French Women Get the Vote

FRANCE is to grant suffrage to its women. Female electors twenty-eight or more years of age will have a voice in municipal elections in cities of the first and second class on or before July 15 of this year.

This is a stupendous reform, both from the European and Latin perspective. It is positively assured through a substantial majority in both the Chamber of Deputies and the Senate and is to be granted in gratitude and recognition of the devotion and sacrifice of the women of the nation to the cause of France during the war.

Details surrounding these facts were disclosed in a joint interview with Mesdames Schlumberger and Seigfreid, presidents, respectively, of the French Union for Suffrage for Women and the National Council of French Women. This in substance is what they said:

"We are about to experience very presently, in late June or early July, a success in seeking votes for women that will be unique in the world history of this reform," said Madame Schlumberger. "Under restricted conditions our sex is to receive the vote and our nation to be the first in Europe to grant this justice to its women.

"So far as the world generally is concerned, this information will be as lightning from a clear sky. For aside from those directly interested, the question of suffrage for the women of France has been a sealed book to other nations. Twenty years ago in France it was the butt of jest and ridicule and a favorite theme with cartoonists. Ten years ago it had here and there a partisan among men in and out of official life and virtually none among women, save perhaps 10,000 members of our two associations. Six months before the war sympathy with the project had increased perhaps 10 per cent. among French people of both sexes. Eighteen months after the war's beginning both the nation and the world had fully recognized the patriotism and devotion displayed by the women of France, and suffrage for our sex found its partisans doubled, although a strong majority against votes for women remained.

"Now, thirty-odd months after the beginning of hostilities and, as it were, spontaneously following a great wave of admiration, gratitude, and appreciation due to the role played by women in these trying times, suffrage for French women, without a fight, won its first victory, and finds the majority in and out of official life in favor of making it in some form a law of the nation. From this sentiment has come the concrete proposition that is to become a law. A canvass of members in both houses of Parliament denotes that the bill about to be presented by Alexander Varenne, Deputy from Havre, awaits only legalized formality to become incorporated in the laws of France. It proposes, and we have accepted, as the entering wedge that the vote shall be given to women of twenty-eight years of age and over and in matters of municipal election only in gratitude for the services rendered the nation by its women during the war.

"We frankly want universal suffrage without restriction upon the basis of justice and equity, but we are willing and glad to take in restricted form at the outset a feminine right to vote, believing it will only be a question of time, and little time relatively at that, when the women of France will be free to vote upon all matters.

"How long have you had an active organization working for suffrage?" was asked.

"For about ten years," replied Madame Schlumberger, "eighty active groups of Suffrage for Women Societies have existed in France, to which women in all walks of life were attached. We have worked quietly and persistently within our own land, so much so that, aside from official relation with the international association in the United States, little has been heard of our efforts beyond our frontiers. We were working upon lines that we felt would end in success, but we realized that success was far off. Now, through the war, it is coming to us in a modified form. We welcome it in the gratitude it expresses, as well as in partial justice to a just cause."

The Use of Opium.

Opium is the dried juice of the white poppy, a flower that grows in many parts of Asia. A few days after the flowers have fallen off the plants men go through the fields in the afternoon and make little cuts in the poppy-head. Out of these cuts a milky juice oozes, which dries into a brown sticky paste. Every morning the men go through the fields again and scrape off this paste, which they put into jars. Later on it is made into half-pound balls and then packed for shipment. In China it is usually used for smoking, either with tobacco or pure. In America and in Europe it is used chiefly for making laudanum and paregoric. Opium quiets the nerves and allays pain, and for that reason is a valuable drug, but it should not be touched except as ordered or by a physician.

Wedding Presents.

Wedding-presents in Hungary are only given to poor couples, to help them to get their home together. The girl friends of the bride show attention by making cakes of various kinds to be partaken of at the marriage feast. There is no [illegible] cake, as we understand it. [illegible] guest receives a kind of [illegible] of the substance of [illegible] made in the form of a ring [illegible] inches in diameter.

RESTORING FRENCH LAND.

Our Soldiers Were Among the Men in Khaki Who Became Farmers.

The beginning of spring this year has produced the spectacle of thousands of soldiers of the French army together with their comrades of the British and Belgian armies, forsaking the rifle, the bayonet, the hand-grenade, and the machine-gun to take in hand temporarily the hoe, the spade, the harrow, and the plow in many of the districts of eastern and north-eastern France.

The reconquest of large tracts of territory from the Germans and the return of the civilian inhabitants from the places where they had taken refuge confronted the authorities with the problem of restoring these lands to cultivation. Farming implements to the value of hundreds of thousands of dollars, it was found had been damaged or destroyed since the beginning of the war in what is known as the zone of the armies." The young peasants were all serving in the ranks and the older men, even with the aid of the women and children, were unable to fill their places for the proper cultivation of the land.

The army decided to step into the breach. The greatest proportion of the soldiers in the French ranks come from the peasant or farming class. It was therefore an easy task to find capable hands. The organization was more difficult, but co-ordination between the civil and military authorities was affected very rapidly. A military officer with agricultural experience was appointed by each army to consult with the prefects of the departments in which the troops were stationed and to find out what work was to be done and how many hands were required to do it.

The zone occupied by each army was subdivided into small districts, each containing about 25 villages or hamlets. The commanding officer of the troops stationed in each district was directed to get into touch with the civil official and place at his disposal as many men as were needed or could be spared for agricultural labor.

The artillery and engineering repair shops of the army were ordered to mend damaged farm implements and replace missing parts, and army farriers to shoe free of charge all horses working on the land.

The result of these arrangements is that, almost up to the firing line, all available land in France is now in cultivation, and soldiers in uniform, whenever they can be spared from the trenches and dugouts and their main task of destroying the Germans, work cheerfully with the women, children, and older men behind the lines.

The system has been extended to that part of the line—150 miles in length—held by the British and Belgians, but here the task is a more difficult one, as most of the northern allies are, in civil life, engaged in industrial work in the cities. The Canadians and Australians, however, have been of immense assistance in restoring French land to productiveness.

Trophies From Vimy.

A varied assortment of Vimy trophies, machine guns, mortars, and field guns, are being prepared to be shipped out to Canada. These will be a feature of the fall fairs.

From the dugouts of Vimy ridge and from prisoners taken there were obtained many letters, diaries, and other documents indicating the efficiency of our preparatory artillery fire, as well as the accuracy of our information on which it was based. Some of these have been translated. They prove that the enemy had heavy losses in man and material before the infantry were loosed upon him, and that even more serious was his loss of confidence as he saw his trenches blown away and his guns buried.

"Hell is let loose." In this phrase a German gunner chronicled on March 31st the opening of our artillery attack.

The record of a trench mortar battery shows that day after day the mortars were buried. Day after day the patient gunners dug out their weapons only to have them buried again deeper than before. In despair, the day before the assault, a gunner writes:

"Everything is buried, the entrance to our shelter, the gun emplacements, the whole trench ammunition supply and fuses—all buried."

Just before the assault an infantryman made this record:

"Nobody imagines how frantic it is here. It is almost worse than the Somme. There is no longer a trench; only shellholes and mine craters. Losses on losses. We are now only a third, and two-thirds are missing. Here one can only give up hope, as if this lasts a fortnight longer nothing will remain of the division, and one is up to the middle in mud and filth. One almost despairs, but there is nothing one can do, unless one wishes to ———." Here the diary ends.

Nursed Her Brother.

A cablegram received by an Owen Sound friend conveyed the information of a curious coincidence met by Miss Mary Pollock, who, with other nurses, had been assigned to duty at Orpington Hospital. The first patient that she was sent to attend proved to be her brother, Pte. Stewart Pollock, whom she did not know had been wounded. Pte. Pollock enlisted with a Western battalion and had been in the trenches for several months. Frequent letters from him intimated that he had escaped the casualty list, in which he regarded himself as being exceedingly fortunate, considering all he had come through. The surprise of Miss Pollock can be imagined when meeting her brother in the hospital, as this was the first time in several years.

Fish Destroy Malaria.

A very small fish, known locally as "millions," is said to keep the island of Barbados free from malaria by eating the fever-carrying mosquito in the early stages of its development.

Marie, the Medal A French Model

IT was between Chaton and Bongival, near Grenouillere, that Marcellin, the engraver of medals, first met his model, Marie, in the year 1870. Perhaps there never were two human beings more fitted to understand one another. He with his reddish beard, his velvet clothes, his great soft felt hat and his clay pipe, seemed a dauber or collector of romantic old lithographs; she with her little sailor hat, trimmed with a two-cent ribbon, shod in low shoes and dressed in a printed calico skirt, had all the liveliness, charm, and grace of those last grisettes painted by Courbet, a little before the time when he painted them lying on the banks of streams, lying among the rushes simply dressed in cornflowers, above which fluttered dragon flies.

"A girl on the banks of the Seine," such was Marie in those days; and the trips in rowboats near Asnieres, the parties in the out-of-door restaurants, these innocent amusements Marie adored in her childish way, never dreaming of being shut up in a studio in Batignolles.

Marcellin did not only love the sunlight and gold of the grain, but also when it crowned a woman's head. He was astonished, he went up to her and spoke; and in those happy days artists were not proud, but gay and frank. Marcellin and Marie talked under a green arbor, and there before a little table with Argenteuil wine and Manterre cakes they formed a friendship.

A word, which Gustave Courbet, the gifted artist, had formerly said, then possessed him, and notwithstanding the enticing smell of the luncheon, the dancing couples under the trees, it sang in his memory: "Ah! my old one! When we shall have excavated all the world. . . . we shall then need other money than theirs. . . . Then there will no longer be an emperor crowned with laurels and pretended victories, but a beautiful young girl, a daughter of the people, with an ample brow, a straight nose, a little chin and on her hair the Phrygian cap—"!

It was in 1873—the prophesied days had come, the days foreseen by the man in his leather belt and clay pipe, the bold Jean-Comtois, Gustave Courbet, who in his beautiful dream had thought to revolutionize the world, as he had revolutionized paintng. It was a tryng moment, certainly, and the last groans of the enemies' cannon, the last bursting discharge of musketry silenced the insurrection, and echoed still mingling with booming bells and drums in Marcellin's brain.

He was quickly asked, as the most capable artist, during those first days, to make the designs for the money of the republic. Marcellin, fired with zeal for the work, began to work at once.

He sought, meditated, tried and tried for a long time; then suddenly in a few days with all the application, love, and inspiration of his art, he engraved that perfect medal, which bears that sweet profile, crowned with ears of corn, so pure—the living profile of Marie.

The great success was not alone for Marcellin; but Marie also had her part in the hour of glory and joy. "Marie—the medal!" That was the name given to the young girl by the last habitues of that Bohemia. The deadly winter of "Pannee terrible," worse than any she had ever experienced, aggravated that mysterious pain, which already shook the delicate chest, turned the thin arms and sometimes suddenly colored Marie's high cheek bones.

Then during the first beautiful days of the new-born summer, guided by an obscure instinct, which [illegible] dicted the future, the poor little Marie wished, in remembrance [illegible] years gone by, that the medalist should take her to Bongival, near Grenouillere. But returning, when both of them walked slowly, Marcellin realized that never again could Marie be dressed as "la jeune fille au Vords de la Seine," crowned with golden grain, leaning on his arms under the shady trees. The time had come for her, who was but twenty years old, to pay for those long years of deprivation and sadness in her childhood, those luncheons for two cents, all those terrible hours, when her lovely face [illegible] did not glow with the happiness brought by the engraved medal for the money of the republic.

The morning when Marie's body was taken to the cemetery was several weeks later. All her friends of Montmartre were there. All those who, like the birds, have their nests and studios on the "Butte," near the mills; those from Batignolles, accustomed to the people and their sonorous songs; those from Montparnasse hung about silently. All in that long procession wore only velvet trousers, large berets of cloth, ample cloaks, and carried natty canes. Here and there were good-natured little women, models with pale, powdered faces, children of the ball, just as Marie had been formerly, they followed the long line as it wound away to the cemetery.

Leading that melancholy procession Marcellin walked, bowed with genuine grief. And as the sun mounted in the sky and flooded the procession with its joyous light, the artist, lover, and medalist thought of the dear, silent young girl, and consoled himself with the thought that she could never entirely disappear from the world, for in the coming ages men would seek for the medal bearing her profile, respect, honor and admire it, as the savants of his day did the wonderful medal of the Greek goddess Athena. The unchangeable bronze [illegible] [illegible] flowers of France.—Translated from the French of Piles.

ARTIFICIAL DIAMONDS.

Largest of These About One-Fiftieth Inch Across.

Experiments have shown that real diamonds can be produced by artificial means though the gems so produced are very small. Diamonds in nature appear to be formed by the separation of carbon from molten iron under pressure, and experiments in large metallurgical works have shown that when a special form of steel is made by cooling the molten metal under intense hydraulic pressure microscopic diamonds are formed.

"The largest artificial diamond yet formed," says the latest edition of the Encyclopedia Britannica, "was found in a block of steel and slag from a furnace in Luxembourg. It is clear and crystaline, and measures about one-fiftieth of an inch across."

A striking confirmation of the theory that natural diamonds have been produced from their solution in masses of molten iron, the metal from which has gradually oxidized and been washed away under cycles of atmospheric influences, is afforded by the occurrence of diamonds in a meteorite. The Encyclopedia Britannica thus interestingly describes this remarkable phenomenon:

"On a broad open plain in Arizona, over an area of about five miles in diameter, lie scattered thousands of masses of metallic iron, the fragments varying in weight from a ton to a fraction of an ounce. There is little doubt that these fragments formed part of a meteoric shower, although no record exists as to when the fall took place. Altogether ten tons of this iron have been collected, and specimens of the Canyon Diablo meteorite are in most collectors' cabinets.

"Dr. A. E. Foote, a mineralogist, when cutting a section of this meteorite, found the tools injured by something vastly harder than metallic iron, and an emery wheel used for grinding it was ruined. He attacked the specimen chemically and soon afterwards announced to the scientific world that the Canyon Diablo meteorite contained diamonds, both black and transparent."

The Superwoman?

On all sides, these days, we hear much about the superwoman. Poets and preachers and prophets are talking about the great day when the new woman will become part and parcel of the world at large, and through her will be created a new kind of people.

The superwoman idea is the result of the war and feminist movement, as well as ultra propaganda that is being preached everywhere.

Contrary to the soothsayers and superwoman alive—very much alive. In fact there are hundreds of her. She has many earmarks. There are various ways of recognizing her. You will find the element of the superwoman in:

The woman who practices what she preaches.

The mother who believes that other people's children may be as wonderful as her own.

The wife who is the real helpmate of her husband as well as his playmate.

The girl who does not steal her best friend's sweetheart.

The daughter who does not make her mother's life miserable because she has to support her.

The sister who thinks herself not too good to grasp the hand of one of her sex who has fallen.

The woman who gives charity quietly without being a brass band reformer.

She who does not persist in being a parasite because she has a legal claim on her husband.

The girl who has the strength to keep her virtue and self-reliance when women all around her are losing theirs and blaming it on society.

The girl who pays her way through college by hard work.

The woman who rises above the demon jealousy even though she has cause.

The mother-in-law who realizes that her daughter's first duty is to her husband.

The woman who has no time or use for the gossiper.

The rich lady who is not so lost in luxury as to forget there is a world of poor that need her.

She who tries to live up to the old Chinese motto of "hear not, see not, speak not evil of anyone."

And above all, she is the woman who so lives that no one can make her keep hate in her heart.

Trial by Ordeal.

If a theft takes place in a Japanese household all the servants are required to write a certain word with the same brush. The conscience is supposed to betray its workings in the waves of the ideographs written. Tracing an ideograph involves such an effort of muscular directness and undivided attention that this device often leads to the discovery of the guilty party. The test is, at all events, more humane than the ordeal of boiling water, to which accused persons were formerly submitted in Japan.

Alcohol and Marksmanship.

It is stated that experiments made by the Bavarian Ministry of War have shown that even a slight amount of alcohol exerts a very unfavorable effect upon rifle shooting. Tests were made with the firing of over thirty thousand shots, and it was found that men who had been given forty grammes of alcohol, or about a pint and a half of beer, registered from three to ten per cent. less hits than those who had taken no intoxicants.

Growth of Mahogany.

The rate of growth of mahogany is shown in Southern Nigeria, where the site of a town destroyed sixty years ago has been covered with a forest containing mahogany-trees, some of which are [illegible] feet in diameter.

Crops at End of June

A special press bulletin issued recently by the Census and Statistics Office gives the following report on the condition of field crops throughout Ontario at the end of June :

Ottawa : The grain crops promise well, having a good stand and being even and well stooled. Hay is an average crop. Corn is good and roots are first class. All crops are from ten days to two weeks late.

Peterboro : Fall wheat will average only half a crop. Early sown spring grains are promising but from 10 to 15 days late. The hay crop is light : corn, potatoes and roots are coming well.

Waterloo, N. R. : Wheat crop small, just heading out. Spring crops promise well. Corn shows poor growth. Potatoes look fairly well.

Hyde Park : All crops making great headway though six weeks late. Potatoes variable, bugs voracious. No apples. A great crop of strawberries.

Petrolia : Season late. Fall wheat and spring grains promise a heavy crop. Hay, clover and alfalfa average. Winter apples not over 5 p. c. Fall apples 15 p.c., peaches only fair. June wet.

New Liskeard : In Temiskaming district crops are slightly below average, and later than last year. Fall wheat, peas and hay are good, oats fair, spring wheat average, clover and pasture excellent. With good growing weather future prospects are good.

Mental Products

As this is the season of the year for submitting the mental products of school pupils to the reading public we insert the following gems :

Ithaca, at the foot of Cayuga Lake, has a large university for the insane.

The main provision of the Mayflower compact with potatoes.

The function of the stomach is to hold up the petticoat.

Pompeii was destroyed by an eruption of saliva from the Vatican.

Six animals peculiar to the frigid zone are three seals and three polar bears.

Three kinds of teeth are false teeth, gold teeth and silver teeth.

The permanent set of teeth consists of canines, eight bicuspids, 12 molars and four cuspidors.

Typhoid can be prevented by fascination.

Guerilla warfare is where men ride on guerillas.

The Rosetta Stone was a missionary to Turkey.

Three heavenly bodies are the Father, Son and Holy Ghost.

The invention of the steamboat caused a network of rivers to spring up.

The qualification of a voter at a school election is that he must be the father of a child for eight weeks.

Changes in Law for Motorists

Changes in the law governing motors and motorists have come into force as a result of the legislation passed at the last session of the Ontario House.

One of the more interesting is the clause relating to reckless driving, exceeding the speed limit and the driving of motors by persons who are intoxicated. In the past, violators of the law under these heads had to be summoned to appear befor a magistrate. Now, any peace officer may arrest offenders on the spot without a warrant, provided he has reasonable and probable grounds for believing an offence has been committed. A change has been made in the penalties for infractions of the law. Hitherto a straight penalty of $50 was prescribed for violation of the law referring to markers as, for example, failure to exhibit the number in a proper way, for intoxication when running a motor, for running a motor before the legal age, and for omitting to report an accident. Under the amended law the penalty is left to the discretion of the magistrate, who may impose a fine "not exceeding $50" for the first offence.

Fall Fair Dates

The following dates have been fixed for the Fall Fairs in this district for 1917 :

Campbellford	Sept. 25 and 26
Ameliasburg	Sept. 6
Wooler	Sept. 6th and 7th
Colborne	Sept. 10 and 11
Napanee	Sept. 12 and 13
Brighton	Sept. 13 and 14
Belleville	Sept. 17 and 18
Lindsay	Sept. 17, 18 and 19
Picton	Sept. 18, 19 and 20
Frankford	Sept. 20 and 21
Peterboro	Sept. 20, 21 and 22
Marmora	Sept. 24 and 25
Bancroft	Sept. 27 and 28
Stirling	Sept. 27 and 28
Odessa	Sept. 28
MADOC	Oct. 2 and 3
Castleton	Oct. 2 and 3
Warkworth	Oct. 4 and 5
Tweed	Oct. 4 and 5
Millbrook	Oct. 4 and 5
Norwood	Oct. 9 and 10

Substantial Incomes

What did your best cow earn for you last year? A seven-year-old grade in a herd near Oxford Mills, Ont., that milked from March 30, 1916, to January 30, 1917, gave 363.9 lb. fat, which at 45 cents per pound equals the substantial sum of $163.75. Perhaps you got more.

Fortunately, the owner of this herd is keeping records of each cow that he owns and has the satisfaction of knowing that six out of his fifteen cows earned over $150 each.

With milk weighed every tenth day and a composite sample tested once a month, the actual yield of each cow for her full period of lactation can be found with but little trouble.

Milk and feed record forms are free on application to the Dairy Division, Ottawa. A study of records should mean an increase in your cows earning capacity by at least fifty per cent. in three years.

OLD TIME HARVESTS.

A Reminder of the Days When You Were a Boy on the Farm.

If you were a boy on the farm you will recall vividly what harvest meant to you, for you had to carry water, and harvest hands were a thirsty set, nor did they seem to care how far it was to the spring or how badly chapped your feet.

When not carrying water you were busy gathering sheaves, which was about the hardest work in sight, or at least you thought it was.

When dinner came you would be so hungry that there did not seem to be enough on the table to satisfy you, to say nothing of the hungry bunch. In this you would be somewhat disappointed, for there was always enough for all.

Then for an hour's rest, during which the men would sprawl out in the shade of a tree or on the porch in the greatest comfort. And maybe you would have found a good place to rest your weary bones and about to settle into it when one of the cradlers would come along with a leaky bucket in one hand and a dull scythe in the other and order you to come along and turn the grindstone while you were resting.

Didn't it seem that they had a spite at a boy in harvest time on the farm?—Erasmus Wilson in Pittsburgh Gazette-Times.

TWIN BORDER TOWNS.

They Sit Right on the Line That Separates Us From Mexico.

Along the lengthy frontier separating this country from Mexico, which extends from the Pacific ocean to the gulf, there are seven or eight towns which sit right upon the line.

Half of each of these towns is American, the other half Mexican. Sometimes the Rio Grande cuts them in the two halves, sometimes only a shallow arroyo and sometimes nothing at all but the imaginary mathematical line. These are what I call the twin towns.

El Paso has for its twin Juarez, Douglas has Agua Prieta, Presidio is sister to Ojinaga, Eagle Pass to Piedras Negras, Brownsville to Matamoros, and Laredo, Naco and Nogales, United States, are one with Nuevo Laredo, Naco and Nogales, Mexico.

Usually the American town is larger and of more importance than the Mexican town. It is bigger, more hustling, cleaner, ever so much more enterprising. But the little salamander sister across the way, indolent in the golden dust and the sun, achieves in some mysterious way and without effort a beauty, a color and a grace foreign, perhaps for always, to the big hustler. —James Hopper in Collier's Weekly.

He Met the Note.

Once upon a time a landlady in Washington called on President Andrew Jackson and told of a government clerk who owed her a big bill for board. In those days it was easy to have access to the White House. President Jackson listened to her story and advised her to get a promissory note from the clerk and put it in bank. She replied:

"I've done that twice, general, and he won't pay even then."

"Is that so?" said the president in surprise. "Now, you go and get his note and bring it to me. I simply want to see it, and I'm sure that the clerk will pay that note. Go and bring it to me."

The landlady did so and soon returned with the promissory note. The president turned it over and wrote across the back of it his own indorsement, "A. Jackson."

The note was paid at maturity.

Aptitude.

My observation in life leads me to believe that nearly every human being has an aptitude—that is, there is something that he or she can do better than all other things. One in a hundred, again, has a remarkable aptitude, and in one in a thousand this aptitude is developed into something extraordinary. It then amounts to natural insight and constitutes genius. Now, a perfect system of education, if it could be devised, would be one which, while developing to the fullest extent all the faculties, would allow free play to the special aptitude.—From "The Autobiography of Charles Francis Adams."

Music In Plants.

There is music in plants. The fern leaf of the varieties common here represents a bit of music. From the tip of the fern to the center there is a crescendo, from there to the root there is a diminuendo, and as we reach the last we should have to mark a retard. It is beautiful. Flowers grow rythmically.—Henry Turner Bailey.

Famous Fables.

"My ancestors came over in the Mayflower."

"This is our family coat of arms."

"Oh, I had plenty of chances to marry, but I preferred to remain single!"

"My kid got off an awfully funny remark yesterday. Listen"—

—New York World.

More Effective.

"I see ye've invested in a vacuum cleaner," a neighbor said to Mrs. Jones. "Do ye like it better than the old fashioned broom?"

"You bet yer life I do," Mrs. Jones answered. "I kin knock Jones twice as far with it."—Exchange.

Something in His Favor.

"There's one thing I will say for that fellow whose mistakes cause so much trouble."

"What is it?"

"He doesn't claim that his intentions were good ones." — Duluth Superior.

THE MODERN GAZA.

Ancient City Has Great Past to Look Back Upon.

Gaza, south of which the British forces, in the course of their advance on Jerusalem, inflicted a severe defeat upon the Turks, is amongst the oldest towns in the world. It was one of the five princely Philistine cities, and mention of it occurs, frequently, in Bible history. Figuring prominently in the wars between the Israelites and the Philistines, it is intimately associated with the story of Samson. Indeed, to this day there is pointed out a strange, isolated hill to the south of the city called El Muntar, "the watch tower," which is claimed to be the hill to which Samson carried the doors of the gate of the city, and the two posts, "and went away with them bar and all," on the night when the Philistines of Gaza lay in wait to slay him.

The town lies beyond the sand dunes about two miles from the sea, at the meeting point of the old trade routes from Egypt, Arabia, and Petra to Syria, and in ancient times, as indeed it is again to-day, it was a place of considerable importance. It was ever a border fortress and a place of trade, and, in spite of the repeated attacks which the Israelites launched against it, it never for long came into their hands. In the time of Hezekiah, it is true, the men of Judah gained possession of the city, but it quickly passed from them into the control of the King of Assyria. Then, in the centuries which followed Gaza shared the vicissitudes of all the cities thereabouts. It was besieged and ultimately taken by Alexander the Great, in 332 B. C., although not until it had withstood his greatest efforts for five months, and was razed to the ground by Alexander Jannæus in 96 B. C. Some forty years later, Aulus Gaminius rebuilt the town; but he chose a new site for it, and the old site came to be spoken of as "Old" or "Desert Gaza," and is, indeed, so referred to in the eighth chapter of the Acts of the Apostles: "the way that goeth down from Jerusalem unto Gaza, which is desert."

The second and third centuries A. D. found Gaza a flourishing Greek city, with good schools and famous temples, but given over to the worship of the local god Marna. The people stanchly opposed all efforts to achieve their conversion, and it was not until the beginning of the fifth century that they finally accepted Christianity. For the next 200 years the city grew steadily in importance and influence. It became a place of learning, and was held in high repute far and near. The coming of the Moslem in 635, however, put out the light, as it were, here as in so many other places. Gaza lost everything, save its commercial importance, and at no time during the period of the Crusades did it experience, as did Jerusalem, even the smallest return of its ancient glory. It was finally captured by the Mohammadans in 1244. The only other notable event in its long history is the taking of the city by Napoleon, in 1799.

The modern Gaza is, in almost every particular, an Egyptian rather than a Syrian town. It is full of rich vegetation, and its many glistening minarets show up bravely against the dull green of innumerable olive trees. Gaza is still, as of old and always, a place of trade, of camels and caravans, and its bazaars are forever loud with traffic and filled with merchandise.

Volcanoes Are Harnessed.

Volcanic steam is now used in Italy to operate power plants. This is not a chapter from an unpublished romance of Jules Verne, but apparently a bit of sober realism. This sensational use of subterranean heat is reported by Prof. Luigi Luiggi, of the University of Rome, Italy. According to Prof. Luiggi, volcanic steam now operates three 3,000-kilowatt steam plants at Larderello, in Central Tuscany, where numerous cracks in the ground permit powerful jets of superheated steam to escape in the air, besides boric acid and other mineral substances.

It is reported that Prince Ginori-Conti first tried to utilize this superheated steam for the production of motive power by applying a strong jet to a small rotary motor, and then to a very modest reciprocating steam engine connected to a dynamo, which generated sufficient electricity to light part of a borax works. Later, holes were bored in the ground and iron pipes driven down to the very source of the steam, which is under a hard stratum of rock about 300 to 500 feet below the surface. These bore holes vary from twelve to twenty inches in diameter, and give forth steam with a pressure of from two to three, and exceptionally up to five, atmospheres, and temperatures varying from 150 deg. C. to 190 deg. C.

Encouraged by these results, Prince Ginori-Conti next applied the steam to an ordinary steam engine of about forty horsepower. It is claimed that experience has shown that this arrangement works well so far as the mechanical power of the steam is concerned, but that the borax salts and the gases mixed with the steam—especially sulfureted hydrogen and traces of sulfuric acid—have a corrosive action on the iron parts of the engine and are the cause of frequent repairs.

The Zuyder Zee.

The Zuyder Zee, or Southern Sea, was formerly a lake surrounded by fens and marshes, its present extent being chiefly the result of floods which occurred in the thirteenth century. Its area is about two thousand square miles, and the average depth from ten to nineteen feet. It has always been the work of the Hollanders to recover as much as possible of the land lost to them in this manner in past ages, and in the literal sense they can be said to have made half their country, having reclaimed over one million acres from sea, lake, and river since the thirteenth century.

SLACKERS ARE WORRIED.

Find Themselves Between the Devil and the Deep Sea.

Miss E. Cora Hind, correspondent of the Montreal Journal of Commerce, and agricultural editor of the Manitoba Free Press, is, and deserves to be, esteemed a perfectly trustworthy authority on all manner of farming affairs in West Canada. As travelling inspector and estimator of preparations and crops of all kinds, including cattle, she has been accustomed for years to beat the band of male rivals. Of late she has been touring Alberta and Saskatchewan. She reports a season backward by reason of an unusually hard winter, but soil in good condition generally, and with abundant moisture to carry seed wheat, etc., forward to the rainy time of June. There the one adverse factor was a notable shortage of labor, which has been amended in a way that can't but interest observant people. The wise lady, dating from Calgary, says in the Journal of Commerce, "The fact that the United States has entered the war, and that there is every prospect of conscription in that country, has materially helped the labor situation in Western Canada. Numbers of Americans, who rushed away from Canada when the National Service cards began to circulate, are now rushing back again, fearing conscription in the States. They are between the Devil and the Deep Sea, but they seem to have decided that the Devil of National Service in Canada is less to be dreaded than the Deep Sea of Conscription in the U. S. A. Canadian Government officials are not saying much, but they have the number of many of these weak-kneed patriots."

Also she reports that high prices of grain in the States, which are now open to receive Canadian wheat free of customs taxation, will increase production in West Canada, one evidence of which is the suddenly increased demand and prices for heavy work-horses in that region. People throughout both the Republic and the Dominion are now "all in one box" in respect of being alike threatened with a serious shortage of necessary food next winter. Against which danger they are alike to be insured, as far as possible, by increase of production in any and every region of either country. Since the coming crop is to be pooled, big yield anywhere will more than usually tend to ease supply everywhere within the pool.

Another effect of the Republic's war policy is advantageous to Canada, inasmuch as some forty thousand young "slackers" of this country, who skipped to the States for fear of conscription, are now reported to be hurrying back to hard work for high wages at home. Here they can be safe from "the draft."

A Lucknow Veteran.

There is no place in Toronto of more human interest than the House of Providence in Power street, where those who have been disabled in life's battle find a hospital and a home. Among its four hundred and odd inmates at the present time there are many whose life histories prove the proverb that truth is stranger than fiction. One of the elite of the House is an old soldier who fought through the Indian Mutiny. He is Lieut. Henderson. He held the King's commission in the Inniskilling Dragoons at a time when, as he tells you, commissions were not so cheap or plentiful as they are now. How much an officer paid for his course at Sandhurst, how much for his vividly colored uniform with its rich braiding in the days before khaki, how much for the mess fees, etc., this veteran will tell you in detail down to a penny. "And if you could not stand your share the officers of the mess would not think it worth their while to look at you. No, sir."

"You fought at Delhi?"

"Yes, sir. I served under Havelock. He was a man. He never went into battle without singing the ninety-first Psalm. No, sir, though the enemy were charging right on top of us he would not let us fire until that Psalm had been sung. They said of him that he drilled his men not only on the golden sands of India, but the golden shores of heaven. I was wounded in the side at Lucknow and I sold out my commission. My uncle was colonel in the 17th Lancers, the skull-and-crossbones, death-or-glory boys, and another uncle was colonel in the 19th Lancers. So I was born in a soldier family. God hates a coward, sir."

Our Immigration.

A total of 75,395 immigrants were admitted to Canada during the fiscal year 1916-17, Hon. Dr. Roche told Dr. Paquet, of L'Islet, in the Commons recently. Of the number 61,389 came from the United States, 8,282 from Great Britain, and 2,935 from Continental Europe. During the same period 17,988 persons proposing to settle in the Dominion were denied admission at the International boundary line between this country and the United States, 172 were rejected at seaports, and 605 immigrants were deported. In the fiscal year 10,246 Canadians were repatriated from the United States, as compared with 11,084 in 1915-16; 18,011 in 1914-15, and 17,638 in 1913-14.

A War Romance.

One of the most pathetic romances of the war culminated in St. Alban's church at Ottawa, when Lieut. A. G. Viets, blind veteran of the Princess Pats, married Miss Mary Moody, a bride he has never seen. Lieut. Viets hails from Digby, N.S., and was one of the first to enlist when war broke out. He received the wound which blinded him during the early stages of the war, and was sent to London to recover. While convalescing there he met Miss Mary Moody, daughter of the late Thomas Moody, of Yarmouth, N. S., who was doing volunteer work in the Old Country. Together they went to theatres and concerts and their friendship gradually ripened.

"How Did You Like the Sermon?"

Perhaps that is the very commonest of after-church questions—and, one might think, the most innocent. But it is denounced as a "demon" by The Epworth Outlook, organ of the Epworth Methodist Episcopal Churches in Cleveland, and as a question which injures the speaker and debauches the one who answers. The observations of this parish paper are passee on to a large circle of readers by The Northwestern Christian Advocate, Chicago, which thus quotes the condemnation of this "careless and indiscriminating habit of sermon-hearers":

"Asking that question has become a habit which it will probably take centuries to eradicate. It is a demon which can be cast out only by prayer and fasting. No wonder spiritual results of preaching are so meager. What can be expected from preaching unless laymen realize that they are to follow up the work of persuasion by driving home the word set forth by the preacher? Sermons are not toys to be played with, or pretty pieces of rhetoric on which every member of the congregation is expected to pass judgment. A sermon is not an exquisite bit of literary bric-a-brac to be chatted over and judged by the technical rules of art. It is not a dumpling into which every self-constituted critic is invited to stick his fork that he may praise or condemn the cook. A sermon is a solemn warning, a bugle-call to duty, a burning condemnation, an earnest stroke against a giant wrong, an exhortation to high endeavor, the illumination of a majestic truth. Sermons are preached not to be liked, but to be accepted and lived. Suppose, pray, you did not like the sermon! What of it? The preachers in the New Testament were not anxious that their sermons should be liked.

Never ask that insipid question, 'How did you like the sermon?' Such a question injures the one who asks it, and debauches the person who answers. It trains men to measure sermons by false standards, and to seek for entertainment rather than for truth."

Dates Named for the Series of Shows

At the sessions of the Ontario Poultry Association held at Guelph, dates were set for holding the different poultry exhibitions throughout the province. The convention passed a resolution asking the Government for increased grants to local poultry associations, according to the membership and size of show. It was also decided to petition the Government to continue with the work of organizing the resources of the country and to start earlier next year. Among the resolutions passed was one urging the Dominion Government to locate and if necessary purchase for redistribution such reasonably priced foods as are available in this and other provinces for the adequatn feeding of poultry, an official to be appointed to take charge of the work and a bulletin to be issued giving location and prices of these supplies. The Dominion and Provincial Governments were urged to continue the campaign for increased poultry production and for having a proper system of records of egg laying.

It was resolved that the convention should be an annual affair and it was also decided that the time is opportune for a Canadian convention leading up to the formation of a national Canadian poultry association.

In connection with the distribution of provincial grants it was recommended that before a grant is made the association must be a member in good standing of the Confederation of Local Poultry Associations on or before May 1st.

Among dates set for local exhibitions were the following: Kitchener, Nov. 5, 6, 7, 8; Waterloo, Nov. 26, 27, 23; Galt, Nov. 13, 14, 15; St. Catharines, week Jan. 1; Brantford, Nov. 22 to 26; Hamilton, 1st wk. November; Beamsville 3rd week December; Dunnville, 2nd week January; Toronto, 4th week January; Waterdown 3rd week December; Guelph 1st week December.

A Congregation in a Toronto church burst into hand-clapping applause on Sunday, when the preacher said he hoped to see the Kaiser and those associated with him hanged for their misdeeds. He won further applause when he said that after Germany had done penance for severel decades, he hoped to see her take her place among the democracies of the world; and as for infamous Turkey, he hoped to see that Empire chased out of Europe, "bag and baggage, boots and breeches."

And the scripture reading preluding the sermon had read, in part: "But I say unto you, that ye resist not evil . . . love your enemies."

Notice to Creditors

In the Surrogate Court of County of Hastings

In the matter of the estate of William Thomas, late of the Township of Madoc, in the County of Hastings, Yeoman, deceased.

Notice is hereby given pursuant to R.S.O. 1914, chapter 121 and amending acts that all persons having claims as creditors or otherwise against the estate of William Thomas, late of the Township of Madoc, in the County of Hastings, Yeoman, deceased, who died on or about the 21st day of February, 1916, are required to send by post, prepaid, to the undersigned solicitor for George Wesley Thomas and Simeon Fox, Executors of the said estate, on or before the 17th day of August, 1917, their names, addresses and descriptions and a full statement of the particulars of their claims (duly verified by affidavit) and the nature of the security, if any, held by them.

And take notice that after the said date the said Executors will proceed to distribute the assets of the said estate having regard only to the claims of which they shall then have had notice and the said Executors will not be liable for the said assets or any part thereof so distributed to any person or persons of whose claim or claims they shall not have had notice at the time of the distribution thereof.

Dated at Madoc 7th day of July, A.D. 1917. 28-4

WILLIAM CROSS, Madoc, Ont., Solicitor for George Wesley Thomas and Simeon Fox, Executors of the said estate.

New Advertisements.

Advertisements under this head, one inch space,—50c. first insertion, 25c. each subsequent insertion 75c. per month after first month.

For Service

A pure bred Tamworth Sire Hog, $1 payable at time of service.

A. H. HOUSER,
28-3p Bouck Farm.

Wool Wanted

Highest market prices paid in cash at the Madoc Woolen Mills.

18 S. J. DANFORD & Co

Wool Wanted

Highest market price for washed and unwashed.

MRS. R. CLARK,
21-tf Madoc.

Teams Wanted

To haul ore from the Wallbridge Fluorspar Mine, lot 4, 1st con. of Madoc, to Madoc station.

Apply to
27-tf C. M. WALLBRIDGE.

Lost

One yearling bull, red and white, with bell on.

HENRY DAVIDSON,
27-3 Lot 3, Con. 11, Lake

For Sale

That large 8-roomed solid brick electric lighted dwelling house on the south side of St. Lawrence street, Madoc. The grounds consist of 4 quarter acre lots on which there is a frame barn, a garage, a plentiful supply of hard and soft water. Terms easy.

Apply to
JAMES ENGLISH,
27-tf Madoc

Auction Sale !

The large brick Hotel and premises known as Blue's Hotel in the Village of Madoc will be sold by Public Auction at 2 o'clock in the afternoon of

Saturday, 4th day of Aug., 1917

together with large stables, outbuildings and premises.

This is one of the finest hotels in North Hastings and fitted with all modern improvements.

TERMS OF SALE—10 per cent. cash ; 40 per cent. within 30 days and balance secured by mortgage on the premises.

Subject to reserve bid.

Dated 19th of June, 1917.

T. F. BLUE,
R. McKENZIE, } Owners
Ira Simmons, Auctioneer, Foxboro. 25-7

Whytock Bros.

BUTCHERS

DEALERS IN

Groceries and . . Provisions

MADOC — — ONTARIO

WANTED CREAM

We have again advanced our prices for good quality Cream. We could use yours. It will be worth your while to write us.

TORONTO CREAMERY CO. Ltd,
13 Church st. Toronto

PAINTING

I am prepared to paint Automobiles, Carriages and all kinds of vehicles.

Second block west of the Dominion Bank.

ALEX. ROBERTSON

ARE YOU IN NEED OF A MONUMENT !

If you are, we are prepared to fill your order promptly from our new and well equipped shop, formerly of Tweed, now under the same management but a new name. We will give you good stock and workmanship, prompt delivery and perfect satisfaction call and see us or ask for quotations.

The McCallum Granite Co., Ltd.
397 Princess St., Kingston.

THE HIGHEST PRICE PAID FOR

SCRAPIRON COPPER BRASS RAGS RUBBERS

WRITE FOR PRICES

SAM LAPAM. MADOC

PATENTS

THE DATE ON YOUR LABEL
Is the date of the year, not of the month.

LOOK AT THE LABEL
This label shows to what date your paper is paid. Subscribers who wish to secure the $1.50 rate must pay for their paper in advance.

North Hastings Review.

$1.50 a Year — "PARTY IS THE MADNESS OF MANY FOR THE GAIN OF A FEW" — $1.50 a year

40TH YEAR—No. 29 — Madoc, Hastings County, Ontario, Thursday, July 19, 1917 — POSTAGE PREPAID

Events of The War in Brief

Germany's dissatisfaction with the present course of the war is shown by important changes in Government officials. Von Bethmann-Hollweg, who for the last 8 years has held the position of Chancellor, has been succeeded by Georg Michaelis, who was formerly Prussian Under Secretary of Finance. Zimmerman is succeeded as Foreign Secretary by Count Brockdorff-Rantzau. Unconfirmed reports that the Kaiser has abdicated in favor of his son have been in circulation during the last few days.

The surprise of the war is the come back of Russia. During the last two weeks she has taken 36,643 prisoners and 93 guns. The present objective of Russia is Lemberg, the capital of Galicia. It is believed that the capture of Lemberg would necessitate the falling back of the whole enemy line from Riga to the Carpathians. Latest reports that the Russians have taken the towns of Dolina and Lodziany would bring them to within 30 miles from Lemberg.

The allies are preparing for a tremendous stroke on the Western front from which important results are expected.

The Germans are making frequent and desperate attempts to break through the French lines but so far with very little success.

Four of the largest and most modern German submarines were destroyed by American warships which were convoying the first instalment of American troops to France.

Crookston

Mr. James Johnston has returned to Trenton.

Mrs. Geo. Vincent and Mr. Cecil Vincent have returned from Napanee.

Misses Lena Tummon and Gladys Blue are attending the meetings at Oak Lake.

Mr. Chas. Johnston spent Sunday with his parents.

Mr. Walter Mitts spent Sunday with friends in this vicinity.

Mrs. Phillips, Misses Marguerite and Ruby, of Madoc, are visiting Mr. and Mrs. W. Dafoe.

KEEP OUT
of your
KITCHEN
this summer—Use
Hotpoint
TABLEWARE

Performs any cooking operation right on the dining-table.

No discomfort or inconvenience.

Let us show you all about Hotpoints.

John Burkitt
Electrician - Madoc

Madoc Council

Adjourned meeting of Madoc Village Council held June 29th, all members present.

Minutes of last meeting read and approved.

Moved by Councillors Whytock and Blair that collector's roll be extended to next meeting. Carried.

Moved by Councillors Whytock and Blair that communications from Ontario Municipal Association, C. D. McDonald and the Ontario Gazette be received and fyled. Carried.

Moved by Councillors Whytock and Ross that Madoc village become affiliated with the Ontario Municipal Association. Carried.

The following accounts were received:

Robert Rollins, cedar	$30.87
Connor & Son, accts	1.85
Geo. Bassett, drying hose	2.80
" " " "	1.50
" " " "	1.50
F. Demarsh " "	2.25

Moved by Counc. Atkins and Blair that these accounts be paid. Carried.

Moved by Counc. Whytock and Blair that the Reeve and Clerk be authorized to sign agreement between the Minister of Public Roads and the Village of Madoc, re proposed roadway. Carried.

Moved by Counc. Whytock and Blair that the Reeve and Clerk be authorized to sign a motion recommending the extension of the proposed object lesson road for one mile instead of ½ mile as recommended by the County Council. Carried.

Court of Revision, continued.

Moved by Counc. Ross and Atkins that assessment of Can. Bank of Commerce for business purposes be reduced to $1000. Carried.

Court of Revision concluded.

Moved by Counc. Whytock and Blair that Council adjourn til first Monday in August at 8 p.m. Carried.

Wedding Bells

A most pleasant event took place at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Spry, of Rawdon Township, on Tuesday, July 10th, when their daughter Miss Florence Spry, was united in marriage to Mr. Loomis Sanfield Reeves, of Madoc Village.

The house and lawn were tastefully decorated with ferns and flowers. Promptly at seven o'clock p.m. to the strains of the wedding march the young couple took their places on the beautiful lawn in the presence of one hundred and fifty guests and friends, The Rev. W. S. MacTavish ot the Presbyterian church performed the ceremony.

The bride was given away by her father and looked beautiful in a gown of white Georgette crepe over white satin, carrying a large bouquet of white carnations and roses. She was assisted by her sister, Miss Myrtle Spry, who wore peach crepe-de-chene with silk over lace. She also looked beautiful. The ring was contained in a basket of violets and fern and was carried by the younger sister, Miss Irene Spry, who was daintily clothed in white satin.

The groom was supported by Capt. F. Burrows of the aerial corps, Kingston.

After the interesting ceremony the guests were invited to partake of a dainty and sumptuous luncheon, after which a toast to the bride was proposed by Rev. W. S. MacTavish, and responded to by the groom, and also by the bride's father.

The Madoc band were in attendance and furnished music during the evening. The presents to the bride were both numerous and costly, which speaks well of the high esteem in which the young couple are held. Mr. and Mrs. Spry left on the C.P.R. midnight train for western cities. Upon their return they will take up their residence in Mr. Reeve's beautiful home, Durham St., Madoc.—Belleville Ontario.

Berlin's bank clerks to-day set an example in patriotic self-sacrifice. To aid the movement in economy of leather the clerks discarded their shoes. Scores of bare-footed individuals were seen on the principal streets gingerly stepping along and saving their tender feet as much as possible.

Berlin's shoe stores are now selling wooden sandals, the only leather being in the toe guards.

Junior High School Entrance Results

Centre Hastings

Candidate	School Section	Teacher
ELZEVIR TOWNSHIP		
Teresa Erwin	S. S. No. 1	Mrs. J. H. Roberts
Olive Frost	"	"
Margaret Sexsmith	"	"
Minnie Green (Hon)	S. S. No. 3	Mrs. C. S. Allen
Sadie McCoy	"	"
Mary Squire	"	"
Vera Squire (Hon)	"	"
Lenora Bouck	S. S. No. 4	Miss E. McMechan
John W. Moore	"	"
Hilda Dion	S. S. No. 7	Miss S. Huffman
HUNGERFORD TOWNSHIP		
Edna Morton	S. S. No. 1	R. A. Morton
Helen Mouck	S. S. No. 3	Miss M. Campbell
Margaret Flynn (Hon)	S. S. No. 4	Miss S. Donovan
Millicent Whalen	"	"
Della Coulter	S. S. No. 5	Miss E. A. Cassidy
Lottie Phillips	S. S. No. 9	Miss N. Thompson
Florence Carleton	S. S. No. 10	Miss L. Rowan
Katie Doyle	S. S. No. 12	Walter Cranley
Francis Farrell	"	"
Winnifred Flynn	"	"
Carmel Hunt	S. S. No. 13	Miss M. Mullen
Lillian Courneya (Hon.)	"	"
Mary Lusk	S. S. No. 16	Miss E. Lynch
Mike Mulroney	S. S. No. 17	G. A. Meiklejohn
Douglas Davis	"	"
Luella Gould (Hon.)	"	"
Beatrice Winters	"	"
Ovila LaFontaine	Tweed Sep. School	Miss L. Carrol
Willie Murphy	"	"
Elma Coon (Hon)	Tweed Pub. School	R. C. Brogden
Marion Coulter (Hon.)	"	"
Lillian Cobb	"	"
Thelma Fitz-Gerald (Hon.)	"	"
Milton Patterson	"	"
Lois Richardson (Hon.)	"	"
Minnie Doyle	S. S. No. 20	Miss Nellie Larkin
Thomas Doyle	"	"
J. T. Rush	"	"
HUNTINGDON TOWNSHIP		
Lilian Haggerty	S. S. No. 1 & 3	R. Beatty
Clarence Jeffrey	"	"
Luella Brown	S. S. No. 2 & 5	S. H. Connor
Fanny Lidster	S. S. No. 10	Miss A. Fettes
Lilian Vincent (Hon.)	"	"
Harry Lovibond	S. S. No. 12	Harold Welsh
Harold Reid (Hon.)	"	"
Kathleen Birkett	S. S. No. 15	Miss Agnes Walsh
MADOC TOWNSHIP		
Cora Devolin	S. S. No. 2	Miss Florence Linn
Albert Miller	"	"
William Glover	S. S. No. 4	Miss Alma Davis
Bessie Hamilton	"	"
Willie Anderson	S. S. No. 5	Miss Clela Holmes
Rayburn McCoy	"	"
Charlie Allen	S. S. No. 6	J. E. Clement
Clifford Bailey	"	"
Winnifred Ferguson	"	"
Frederick Ferguson (Hon)	"	"
Jennie Thompson	"	"
Gladys Johnson	S. S. No. 7	G. B. Hood
Elgin Jones	"	"
Annie Sinclair	"	"
Albert Nickle	S. S. No. 8	Miss M. Redick
Grace Wilson (Hon.)	S. S. No. 14	Miss B. Scammell
Annetta Nicol	S. S. No. 19	Miss E. Crawford
Carrie Stapley	"	"
Bernice Winters	"	"
Clive Atkins	Madoc Public School	R. A. A. McConnell
Jennie Blair (Hon.)	"	"
Carl Caskey (Hon.)	"	"
Eric Cross (Hon.)	"	"
Ned Cross	"	"
Myrtle Forestell	"	"
James Keene	"	"
William Kells	"	"
Eleanor Nickle	"	"
Tessie Spry (Hon.)	"	"
Vera Taylor	"	"
Edward Tayler	"	"
Helen Tumelty	"	"
MARMORA TOWNSHIP		
Keitha Long	S. S. No. 3	Miss Sarah McGorman
Sara Leonard	S. S. No. 7	Miss Olive Jones
Saimo Alto	S. S. No. 11	Miss T. Oswald
Chas. Thornton	"	"
Nancy Wright	Marmora Sep. School	Miss L. Brennan
Clara Burns	"	"
Stafford Clement (Hon.)	"	"
Reggie Lynch	"	"
Agnes McFarlane (Hon.)	"	"
Marion Shannon (Hon.)	"	"
Loreen Connor (Hon.)	Marmora Pub. School	C. S. Haig
Mary Keene	"	"
Gertie Potts	"	"
Gena Warren (Hon.)	"	"
Elsie Williams (Hon.)	"	"
RAWDON TOWNSHIP		
Donald Fargey	S. S. No. 1	Miss C. Farewell
Mary Fargey	"	"
Annie Bell	S. S. No. 5	Miss C. Chambers
Douglas Brown	"	"
Thelma Neal	"	"
Claude Reid	S. S. No. 6	Miss M. Matthews
Iyah Kemp	S. S. No. 7	Miss J. Bateman
Spencer Hagerman	"	"
Lulu Richardson	S. S. No. 8	Miss F. Hinchliffe
Mae Totton (Hon.)	"	"
Merle Todd (Hon.)	S. S. No. 11	Miss T. Conley
Edna Tanner	S. S. No. 13	Miss L. Laventure
Willie Bailey (Hon.)	S. S. No. 16	Miss M. Nickle
John W. Reid	S. S. No. 20	Miss C. Mosher
Nellie Joyce	"	"
Ellen Lodge	"	"
Thomas McConnell	"	"
Rena Scarlet	"	"
Gertrude Ackers (Hon)	Stirling Public School	E. T. Williams
Gladys Burkit (Hon.)	"	"
Lilian Dixon	"	"
Earl Heard (Hon.)	"	"
Bessie Henson (Hon.)	"	"
Jack Leigh (Hon.)	"	"
Rosa Magee (Hon.)	"	"
Frieda Matthews (Hon.)	"	"
Percy McGuire	"	"
Ada Montgomery	"	"
Anna Forestell	"	"

The Red Cross picnic at Eldorado on July 12th was a splendid success. It was estimated that about 600 people were on the grounds, a fair proportion wearing the distinctive badges of the Orange Order. Dinner and supper were served and numerous booths supplied ice cream, fruit, etc. The cash proceeds, amounting to about $150, were for Red Cross purposes. On the platform were Dr. MacTavish, Rev. E. A. Saunderson and Rev. A. E. Smart, of Madoc, W. B. Northrup, M. P., East Hastings and Rev. P. U. Sinclair, of Eldorado. A splendid procession was led by Mr. Angus Nicholson, Director of Ceremonies, who also had charge of the platform meeting.

THE CANADIAN BANK OF COMMERCE

SIR EDMUND WALKER, C.V.O., LL.D., D.C.L., President — SIR JOHN AIRD, General Manager — H. V. F. JONES, Ass't. Gen'l. Manager

CAPITAL PAID UP, $15,000,000 — RESERVE FUND, $13,500,000

LOANS FOR THE PURCHASE OF LIVE-STOCK

This Bank is desirous of assisting farmers to acquire live-stock and is prepared to give careful consideration to applications for loans for this purpose.

Madoc Branch - - A. Y. SNIDER, MANAGER

Ford — THE UNIVERSAL CAR

Prices to Aug. 1, 1917

The following prices for Ford cars will be effective

Chassis . . .	$450.00
Runabout . .	475.00
Touring Car .	495.00
Coupelet . .	695.00
Town Car . .	780.00
Sedan . . .	890.00

f. o. b. Ford, Ontario

These prices are positively guaranteed against any reduction before August 1st, 1917, but there is no guarantee against an advance in price at any time.

Frank Smith, Madoc.

THE DOMINION BANK

Established 1871
Capital and Reserve $13,000,000

A GENERAL BANKING BUSINESS TRANSACTED

Savings Department

Deposits of One Dollar and upwards received. Interest paid or added to accounts twice a year. Efficient service.

MADOC BRANCH: G. P. LYND, Manager.

Tweed Planing Mills

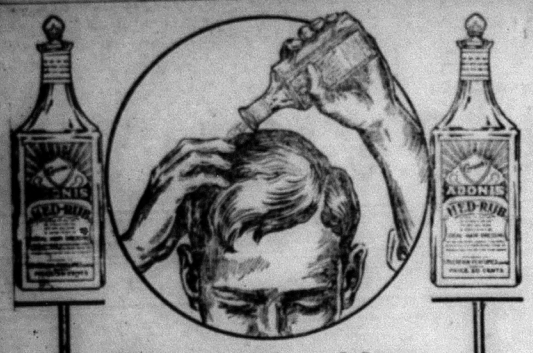
Now is the time to shingle your barns. We have three carloads of shingles coming. Get our prices on lath, lime, pulpstone, cement, lumber of all kinds, doors, sash, mouldings, columns, etc.

The Houston Co. Ltd.
TWEED, ONT.

Madoc Sash & Door Factory

If you are thinking of building this spring be sure and get our estimates. We always carry a good stock of lumber of all description.

JOHN ROBERTSON



Hair with Life and Lustre

Nothing responds so readily to a little care as the hair. We all—men and women—are irritated when our hair becomes brittle, dry and colorless.

ADONIS HED-RUB

is an invigorating hair tonic which keeps the hair in excellent condition and is cooling and refreshing to the scalp.

Barbers have been using it for years. They find it makes the hair thicker, softer and brighter in color. Adonis Hed-Rub contains no sediment or grease.

50C AND $1 SIZES.

For sale at All Druggists

Sovereign Perfumes, Limited

146-148Brock Avenue Toronto.

Butter Paper

You will be requiring some of this from now on. Why not leave your order now. Printed in quantities of 500 sheets, also plain.

15 Sheets, plain - 5 Cents.

500 " printed - $2.75

REVIEW OFFICE.

Some of the Leading Features

in the Policies of

The Policy Holders Mutual Life Ins. Co.

of Canada.

Head Office - - Temple Building, Toronto

No Other Policy Nearly So Good

1. Premium rate from 10 to 25 per cent. lower than any other company in Canada for the same class of Policy.
2. Our Guaranteed Loan or Surrender Values are as good as the best.
3. Our Policies participate in the profits of the Company; all dividends are paid to you in cash, yearly, after the third year.
4. Every policyholder has the privilege of a thorough medical examination every year at the Company's expense.
5. Total abstainers are insured in a class by themselves, and will receive the larger profits their good habits insure.
6. This is a strong mutual Company, with all the security of a full Government Reserve, one vote in the management of your Company with every $1,000 of insurance.
7. Premiums may be paid yearly, half-yearly, quarterly or even monthly, at your convenience, without consulting the Company.
8. Free insurance for face value of Policy, for a specific term of years after the third year in force, if you are sick or are unable to pay premium, etc., etc.

A. H. Watson, Madoc, Local Agent

ONTARIO'S RICHES.

Its Agricultural, Fishery, and Mineral Possibilities.

Mr. J. L. Englehart, manager of the Temiscaming & Northern Ontario Railway, recently gave an address on the riches of Greater Ontario, the agricultural, fishery, and mineral possibilities of which equal the very best in the world. The climatic conditions are all that are to be desired; the rainfall well distributed throughout the area, with temperate summers, delightful autumn, and sunshine at Haileybury equal to that at Toronto. There are virtually three soils—mould, created by leaves and forests for countless ages; below this clay which on test compares favorably with that of Lambton county, except for fall wheat and corn; underlying the clay is limestone—a reservoir into which roots descend and refresh themselves, create growth, ripen grain, roots, vegetables, etc. Greater Ontario has twenty millions of acres of alluvial soil—the greatest expanse of fertile territory in the world so far as known. This does not include vast stretches of agricultural possibilities south and west of James Bay.

Farms taken up by settlers at fifty cents per acre are now valued at from $100 to $150 per acre. Temiscaming took the highest mark in 1916 for potatoes in the standing field crop competition. An exhibit of spring wheat from Uno Park was awarded first honors in competition with counties from York east and Parry Sound north. Settlers can get $36 per acre for pulpwood cut, drawn and peeled; thus settlers are paid for clearing their own land, the work being easy as compared with old Ontario, as there are no tap roots, while uncleared spruce-wood forms a savings-bank for settlers on which they may draw as needed.

The approximate value of pine on crown lands is $150,000,000; on licensed lands, $10,500,000; pulpwood, approximate value, $300,000,000.

Fisheries are important, with annual value of four millions. The largest fresh-water fisheries on the continent are within the Province of Ontario. The salt waters in James Bay and Hudson Bay are teeming with fish—a virgin field. The speaker predicted that that region would form the future summer resort of the Province, with motoring from Pacific to Atlantic along the shores of bays.

Between Cochrane and James Bay there are more than a million horse-power. In that secluded part of the world are ideal conditions for munition factories that may be of imperial importance, as minerals are plentiful which furnish nitrates for explosives and also for the very best fertilisers, which will be needed in our Canadian west.

The production of nickel, copper, silver, cobalt, and gold in Northern Ontario equals the world-record today; to the end of 1916 these mineral products netted over five hundred million dollars.

The mileage of the Government railway is 427 miles. Plans are ready for electrification of the road, which has been held up by the war; but the Government has reserved 10,000 horse-power for this purpose, to be used as required. From 1905 to 1916 the railway has carried more than six millions of passengers, without one being killed or seriously injured.

MEMBERS IN KHAKI.

Twenty-seven Soldiers From Canadian Parliament.

Nearly one-eighth of the members of the Canadian House of Commons, 27 in all, belong, or have belonged, to the Canadian Expeditionary Force. Of the number, 22, including Lieut.-General Sir Sam Hughes, have been overseas; twelve of the twenty-two have returned to Canada, and one, Lieut.-Col. G. H. Baker, has died of wounds received in action. All of the 27 who have been members of the Expeditionary Force, with the exception of Sir Sam Hughes and Lieut. W. F. Carroll, of South Cape Breton, received pay during their period of service and nine of the number received separation allowances. Thirteen are still in receipt of pay.

Those who went overseas in receipt of pay and separation allowances were: Lieut.-Col. James Arthurs, Col. J. A. Currie, Lieut.-Col. G. W. Fowler, Lieut.-Col. B. R. Hepburn, Major E. N. Lewis, Lieut.-Col. W. R. Smythe, and Lieut. L. P. Gauthier.

Those who went abroad in receipt of pay, but not of separation allowances were: Lieut.-Col. G. H. Bradbury, Hon. Capt. J. H. Burnham, Col. J. J. Carrick, Lieut.-Col. S. J. Donaldson, Lieut.-Col. H. F. McLeod, Capt. D. B. Neely, Lieut.-Colonel S. Sharpe, Lieut.-Col. W. H. Sharpe, Lieut.-Col. John Stanfield, Lieut.-Colonel J. D. Taylor, Lieut.-Col. H. B. Tremain, and Capt. G. V. White.

Those who served in Canada and received pay and separation allowance are: Hon. Capt. J. A. Douglas and Hon. Col. W. F. Cockshutt.

Those who have served in Canada and received pay, but not separation allowances, are: Brig.-General H. H. McLean, Captain F. L. Shaffner, and Major D. Stewart.

Those whose pay has been stopped are: Lieut.-Colonel G. H. Bradbury, January 1, 1917; Hon. Capt. J. H. Burnham, Jan. 9, 1917; Col. J. J. Carrick, Sept. 30, 1915; Hon. Col. W. F. Cockshutt, Jan. 9, 1917; Col. J. A. Currie, Jan. 9, 1917; Lieut.-Col. S. J. Donaldson, Feb. 9, 1917; Lieut. L. F. Gauthier, Jan. 9, 1917; Capt. D. B. Neely, Jan. 24, 1917; Lieut.-Col. W. H. Sharpe, Jan. 1, 1917; Lieut.-Col. John Stanfield, Dec. 8, 1916; Col. J. D. Taylor, Jan. 6, 1917.

Plenty of Rest Days.

The public holidays in Russia number eighty-six in a year.

Feats for Six Months.

During the winter a toad becomes torpid and takes no food for from four to six months.

The General's Orderly

A Story of the Pan-European War

By ALAN HINSDALE

During a lull in the fighting in Flanders, when the Germans were making their onslaught upon the allies, Hans Schrieber, who had been called to the colors from his father's farm in Westphalia, had marched away as a private and had through the killing off of officers and his own bravery been promoted to be captain, was one morning ordered before the colonel of his regiment.

"Captain," said his commander, "it has been reported to me that you have been caught fraternizing with a private soldier in your company. Possibly you may not know the customs of the army in this respect. In the army there can be no familiarity whatever between an officer and a soldier. This war has necessitated the promotion of many men from the ranks, which is contrary to the spirit of the military forces, and doubtless there are officers who do not realize the great gulf that lies between them and their former companions. I have sent for you to warn you that if you are again caught conversing familiarly with Fritz Oelrich you will be court martialed, and the punishment will be severe."

"But, colonel," the captain protested, "Private Oelrich is from the same locality as I. He is very young and requires a friend to cheer him, to prevent his falling a victim to homesickness, which will impair the value of any soldier. I feel it to be my duty"—

"Your duty is to obey orders. Go, and do not again let me hear any more of this breach of military discipline."

The colonel turned away from Captain Schrieber, who saluted and went back to his command. The very next day the Germans made a drive in which the captain again distinguished himself. One of the field officers of his regiment was killed, and his colonel was about to recommend him for promotion to be major when it was reported that young Oelrich had been slightly wounded and the captain, forgetting that his position was at the head of his company, had carried the private to the rear in his arms.

The colonel, as he considered this act of gallantry on the one hand and dereliction of duty on the other, knit his brows. Had it not been for the necessity of supplying the gaps constantly occurring among the officers he would have made short work of Captain Schrieber, notwithstanding his efficiency as a leader. As it was, he felt compelled to recommend his subordinate for promotion. Indeed, he knew of no other man that he could put in the place of the officer who had been killed in whom he would have confidence.

The necessities of the service and not a yielding to any tenderness he might feel induced the colonel to ignore the report of Schrieber's having carried Fritz Oelrich off the field and to give him a higher command than a single company.

"Captain," he said to Schrieber, "Major Heckler having been killed, you will assume his position and the command of the companies that were intrusted to his care. I shall only add that the higher the rank of an officer the more incumbent it is upon him to remember the gap between him and the men of the ranks whom he commands. The discipline of the army is of the highest order. This cannot be attained or kept up except by the officers being absolute masters of the men."

Captain—now Major—Schrieber saluted, but said nothing and again left his commander without that punishment which he knew except for necessity would have been meted out to him.

A combination of bravery and tenderness has always captivated the world. Major Schrieber the moment a fight opened was a lion; the moment it ended he became a lamb. He went about with the Red Cross workers succoring the wounded and was never known to prefer the case of a German to a Frenchman. It was this that led his comrade officers into a tacit unacknowledged agreement to turn the other way whenever the major's sympathetic nature overcame his sense of duty and he went beyond the limits in expressing that sympathy to a common soldier.

In the case of Fritz Oelrich he never offended openly. Toward Fritz, when others were there to see, he maintained an unapproachable dignity. But unfortunately he had been surprised speaking earnestly to the boy, and on one occasion had taken Fritz's hand in his while speaking words of encouragement and comfort. He did not know how often he had been seen in such position, for those who saw him kept the secret.

There was fighting all this time, and Schrieber's efficiency as a leader was constantly being demonstrated. On a reorganization of a certain force that had been very much depleted he was made colonel of a regiment. Another fight took the general of his brigade, and Colonel Schrieber was put in his place.

When those officers and soldiers who understood their general's weakness heard that he had made Fritz Oelrich, who was still a private, his orderly there was a feeling of dread among them. They feared that Schrieber's affection for the boy might place him in a position to bring his honors tumbling about his head. If Oelrich had but enough of the qualities of a soldier to promote him to the lowest rank of officer there would be no danger. There was no military law to prevent a general from hobnobbing with a lieutenant, but there was a very stringent law against his having anything of a social nature with a private. When men have confidence in a leader they are anxious that that leader should continue to command them. General Schrieber's troops were fearful that his partiality for young Oelrich would end in his being degraded and they obliged to accept another untried commander.

Their fears were not groundless. One day General Wenz, commanding one of the brigades, went to General Schrieber's headquarters—they were at the time in a farmhouse—for the purpose of arranging with him certain features of an attack that was to be made upon the enemy. He found Schrieber bending over his orderly, who was lying on a bed in an adjoining room in a high fever. The visitor called Schrieber out for consultation, but found it impossible to secure his attention.

"I understand, general," he said to Schrieber, "that my brigade and yours are to advance upon the enemy as soon as the artillery has demolished their defenses."

"What enemy?" asked Schrieber.

"What enemy? Why, the French, of course. There's no other enemy in our front. The British are far north of us."

"Oh!" was the only reply. A groan from the rear room carried the general there. When he returned he said:

"Please excuse me, general. My orderly is very ill. He comes from the same region as I, and we came to the war together, both in the ranks. I feel it obligatory on me to take especial care of him."

"Certainly. The orders are that we shall advance under a curtain of fire"—

Another groan. General Schrieber heard it and did not hear the speaker. The visitor arose impatiently. "I perceive, general," he said, "that your mind is centered upon your orderly, and the army must wait till the orderly recovers."

This was said with bitter tone, and the man who said it clanked out of the house.

The next morning the two brigades were drawn up in mass and at a given signal advanced to capture a French position that had been pounded by the German heavy guns. The attacking force became confused and were driven back.

"General," said Wenz savagely, "this comes of my being unable to get your attention yesterday when I called to talk over this attack. Your mind was on a single private soldier instead of on the welfare of the fatherland."

"Let us try again," Schrieber replied. And, moving out to the front of the line, he seised a standard from a color bearer and led a charge that was not only successful, but was maintained.

Soon after this fight Schrieber received an order from the general commanding the division to send Private Oelrich back to his regiment. It was evident to the recipient that General Wens had reported the failure of his effort to secure his colleague's attention when he had called to arrange the details of the coming attack and the cause. Had not Schrieber by his gallantry accomplished the object of the charge he would not have got off so lightly.

Nothing was heard of the stumbling block in the way of General Schrieber's efficiency till the Germans began their attempt to reduce Verdun. Then after one of the terrible and unsuccessful charges in mass made on the French works the general was seen by his division commander leaning over Private Oelrich, who was lying on the ground in a pool of his own blood.

"General Schrieber, what are you doing here? Your brigade is forming with others to make another attack. We are expected to take the position if we have to try a hundred times."

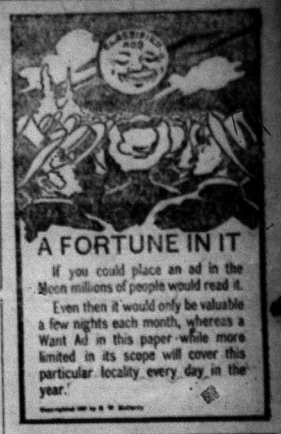
There was no response except a moan. The man addressed quite likely did not know that he was addressed. The other was about to pour forth some stinging rebuke when he saw Schrieber fall lifeless across the body before him. He had been struck by the fragment of a shell.

When the Red Cross workers went over the battlefield they took up the bodies of General Schrieber and Private Oelrich together and carried them to the rear. Their identification tags were examined, and it was found that they hailed from the same place in Westphalia. Their bodies were sent home addressed to the same person, an old farmer, the father of General Schrieber.

The neighbors got together to do the last honors to the dead. Some troops in the neighborhood were detailed to carry the general's body to the grave and fire the customary salute over it. Old Schrieber took the commander of the escort aside and told him that Fritz was to be buried with the general and it would please the family if his body could go on the same gun carriage. The officer said no, but when the old man whispered a few words in his ear he consented.

The funeral cortege attracted more than usual attention, not only on account of the high military rank of General Schrieber, but because the secret of his attachment to his comrade was known to many of his fellow citizens who lined the route over which it passed, some of them shedding tears.

The two bodies were lowered into the same grave, and a volley was fired over them, and the mourners dispersed. In due time a headstone was placed over them, on which was inscribed, "In memory of Carl Schrieber and Gretchen, His Wife."



A FORTUNE IN IT

If you could place an ad in the Moon millions of people would read it.

Even then it would only be valuable a few nights each month, whereas a Want Ad in this paper while more limited in its scope will cover this particular locality every day in the year.

THE FLYING SQUIRRELS.

How They Are Able to Sail Through the Air Like a Parachute.

Of all the tenants of the woods the flying squirrel is perhaps the most seldom seen, yet this is not due to any scarcity of the little animal, which, in fact, is among the most numerous of the squirrel family, but to its habit of moving almost entirely at night. Should you doubt this last statement, enter some patch of forest convenient to your home and strike solidly upon the trunks of such trees as appear to be dead and have one or more holes in the trunk; in about one time out of five your efforts will be rewarded by the appearance in the opening, as if by magic, of the bright eyes and upstanding ears of a flying squirrel.

These squirrels do not, of course, fly, but their legs are connected at the "wrists" with a light membrane which serves as a sort of parachute, although it has some of the possibilities of an aeroplane. Before making a flight the squirrel will run rapidly up the trunk of a tree and, when he has attained a sufficient height, spring boldly off into space.

With legs spread wide apart, so as to present the greatest possible surface to the air, and his extraordinarily wide and fluffy tail serving as a rudder, the squirrel sails swiftly through the air, often for 100 feet or even more, until he reaches the trunk of another tree, up which he runs in order to attain height for a new flight.

By this method flying squirrels are able rapidly to cover long distances with little exertion, for often, when nearing the end of a long sail, they will point themselves upward and by means of their "rudders" and the impetus given will rise almost to the height at which they started—just as a boy riding down hill may be carried over a lesser upgrade at the foot.—A. E. Swoyer in St. Nicholas.

Maseppa.

Maseppa, according to some authorities, was by birth a Cossack, becoming when very young a page at the Court of John Casimer, King of Poland. Being discovered in an intrigue with a noble lady, the jealous husband caused him to be bound to the back of a wild horse. The animal bore him off to his native woods in the Ukraine, where some Cossacks released the exhausted youth. He became their leader, was made a noble by Peter the Great, but deserted the cause of Russia during the invasion of the Swedes under Charles the Twelfth, and after the disastrous battle of Poltava killed himself by poison. Pushkin made Maseppa the hero of his drama, "Poltava," and Victor Hugo wrote a poem on the subject. A portrait of Maseppa, painted from life, was discovered in 1886 at Kiev, in Southern Russia.

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The Miracle Man

FRANK L. PACKARD

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SYNOPSIS

The Flopper, a fake cripple, after crawling about the Bowery in New York city, returns to the "Roost," where he meets his pals, Helena, Pale Face Harry and Doc Madison, the latter the brains and leader of the gang. Doc unfolds a novel bunko plan.

Madison tells them of a healer called the Patriarch in Needley, a village in Maine. He proposes to gain his confidence and then get the others on and have an apparent miracle pulled off by a cure of the fake cripple. Madison proceeds to Needley.

Arrived at Needley, Madison secures information about the Patriarch from natives, telling them that he has come to Needley for his health.

Madison visits the Patriarch and finds him simple, earnest and a firm believer in his own healing powers. He is deaf and dumb and going blind. He communicates by means of a slate and pencil.

Madison pretends to put himself under the care of the Patriarch. Gaining his confidence, he learns that the Patriarch's only living relative is a niece whose whereabouts are unknown to him. Madison promises to find her if possible so she can care for the failing old man.

Madison writes to Helena to come and impersonate the niece. She arrives, and Madison takes her to the Patriarch, who has become entirely blind.

"There ain't enough pickin's to keep a doctor here, though some of 'em's tried," chuckled Mr. Higgins. "Have to have 'em for some things, of course—an' then he drives over from Barton's Mills, seven miles from here."

"And do all the people in Needley believe in the Patriarch?" Madison's voice was full of grave interest.

"Well," admitted Mr. Higgins, "to be plumb downright honest with you, they don't. Folks as was born here an' are old inhabitants do, but the Holmeses, bein' newcomers, is kinder set in their ways. They come down here eight years ago last August with newfangled notions, which they ain't got rid of yet. You can see the consequences for yourself—got a little boy, twelve year old, walking around lame on a crutch, an' I reckon he always will. Doctor looks at him every time he comes over from Barton's Mills, but it don't do no good. Folks tried to get the Holmeses to take him out to the Patriarch's till they got discouraged. 'Pears old man Holmes kinder got around to a common sense view of it, but the womenfolks say Mrs. Holmes is stubborner than all get-out an' that old man Holmes' voice ain't loud enough to be heerd when she gets goin'. 'Tain't but fair to mention 'em, as I dunno of any one else that's an exception."

Mr. Higgins pointed ahead with his whip.

"See them woods over there beyond the town?"

"Yes," assented Madison.

"That's where the Patriarch lives," explained Mr. Higgins. "On the other side of 'em, down by the seashore. An' here we be 'most home. Folks 'll be glad to see you, Mr. Madison, and, now you're here, I hope you'll make a real smart stay—we'll try to make you feel to home."

"Thank you. I haven't any idea, of course, how long I'll be here—it all depends on circumstances."

"No," said Mr. Higgins, "I don't suppose you have. Anyway, I hope you'll take a notion to go out an' see what the Patriarch can do for you. An' now you ain't told me which hotel you're goin' to."

"Oh!" said Madison gravely. "Well, since you recommend it, I guess we'd better make it the Congress."

CHAPTER IV.

The Patriarch.

"BET you a cooky," shrilled Hiram Higgins, in what he meant to be a breathless whisper.

"that there's where he's goin' now, only he don't want us to know he's give in."

"Shet your fool mouth, Hiram!" cautioned Walt Perkins, the proprietor of the Congress hotel. "He kin hear you."

"Get out!" retorted Mr. Higgins. "No, he can't neither. He ain't feelin' no ways perky, any one can see that, an' I'm tickled 'most to pieces that he's come 'round—I've took up with him consid'rable, I have. Patriarch 'll just make a new-born critter outer him—you watch through the window where he goes. Bet you a quarter that's what he's up to!"

John Garfield Madison, outside on the veranda of the Congress hotel, smiled at the words as he lighted his cigar and turned up his coat collar. He stepped off the veranda, crossed the little lawn to the village street and began to saunter nonchalantly and indifferently oceanward.

"I have arrived," he said, "not at a cemetery, but at an El Dorado and a land flowing with milk and honey."

Madison sniffed luxuriously at his thoroughbred Havana. He had passed out of sight of the hotel window now, and he swung into a brisk walk. It was a mile to the Patriarch's by a wagon track through the woods that led off from the road to the left just across the bridge. He had not needed to ask directions. With magnificent inadvertence Hiram Higgins had mentioned the exact way to reach the Patriarch's a dozen times if he had once. Also by now Madison had learned all that the town knew about the Patriarch, which after all, he reflected with some satisfaction, wasn't much.

The Patriarch was over eighty years of age, and he had come, deaf and dumb, to Needley sixty years ago—nobody knew from where nor his previous history nor his name. They had called him the Hermit at first, for immediately on his arrival he had gone out to the shore of the ocean, away from the village, and built a crude hut there for himself, which in the after years he had made into a more pretentious dwelling. The cures had come "kinder gradual-like an' took the folks mabbe forty years to get around to believin' in him real serious," as Hiram Higgins put it. And then as the Hermit grew old and the local reverence for him had become more deep seated they had changed his name to the Patriarch. That was about all, but it seemed to suit Madison, for his smile broadened.

"I wonder," said he to himself as he stepped on to the bridge to cross the little river, "if I'm not dreaming. This is like being let loose in the United States treasury with nobody looking."

"Hello, mister!" piped a young voice suddenly out of the dusk.

"Hello!" responded Madison mechanically, and turned to watch a small figure going in the opposite direction thump by him on a crutch.

Madison stopped and stared after the cripple and removed his cigar very slowly from his lips.

"That's that Holmes boy," he muttered. "I don't know as he'd look well on the platform when the excursion trains get to running. Wonder if I can't get a job for his father somewhere about a thousand miles from here and have the family move!"

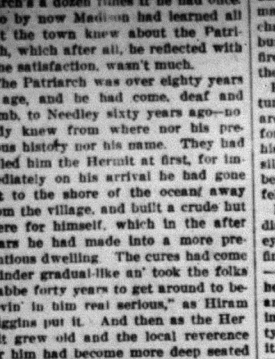
The cripple disappeared down the road, and Madison resumed his way. Just across the bridge he found the wagon track and turned into it. It ran through a thick wood of fir and spruce, and he found the going far from good.

Still reflecting, but arrived at no conclusion other than first to size up the Patriarch and see how best to handle him, Madison reached the end of the wagon track and halted.

It was a little lighter here, now that he had left the woods, and what appeared to be a sweep of snow covered lawn was before him. Around this, forming a perfect square, was a row of full grown, magnificent maples—a regal hedge, as it were, bordering the four sides—planted sixty years ago. Madison's imagination fired at the inspiring thought of these in leaf, in another few weeks. He shook hands with himself cordially.

"Behold the amphitheater!" he said. "This is where we stage the greatest act of the century!"

Behind the row of trees, directly across the lawn in front of him, loomed the dark shadow of a long, low, cottagelike building, and from a window a light twinkled out between the tree trunks, while from beyond again came the roll of surf, low, rhythmic, like the soft accompaniment of orchestral music.



He Was Gazing Upon the Sweetest Face He Had Ever Seen.

"Wonderful!" breathed Madison. "I feel as though I had just had a drink!"

He walked across the lawn, passed between the trees and reached the end of the cottage away from where the light showed in the window.

"The Patriarch being deaf," he remarked, "I might as well explore."

From the row of trees to the house was perhaps twenty feet. Everywhere Madison turned were trelliswork frames for flowers. The walls of the cottage were covered, literally covered, with bare, slumbering shoots of Virginia creeper. In a little while now the place would be a veritable paradise. Madison raised his hat reverently.

"Fancy this on a New York stage!" he murmured. "Could you beat it? I could play the Patriarch myself with this setting, and everybody would fall for it. There's nothing to it but his makeup, and I'll guarantee to take care of that. And now we'll have a look at Aladdin's lamp and see just what kind of rubbing will invoke the genie."

Madison walked along the length of the cottage past the door and, as he reached the lighted window, drew well away from the wall and stared inside.

Surprise and incredulity swept across his features, then his face beamed and his gray eyes lighted with the fire of an artist who sees the elusive imagery of the great picture at last transferred to canvas, vivid, actual, transcending his wildest hopes. He was gazing upon the sweetest and most venerable face he had ever seen.

Here and there were strewn old fashioned, round rag mats that would enrapture a connoisseur, and the floor, where it showed between the mats, was scrubbed to a glistening white. The furnishings were few and homemade, but full of simple artistry—a chair or two and a table, upon which burned a lamp. In a fireplace a log fire glowed, sputtered, and now and then leaped cheerily into flame.

Between the table and the fire, half turned toward Madison, sat the Patriarch. He was reading; his head bent forward, his book held very close to his eyes. Hair, a wealth of it, soft, silky and snow white, reached just below his coat collar—a silvery beard fell far below his book.

But it was the face itself, no single distinguishing feature, neither the blue eyes, the sensitive lips, nor the broad, fine forehead that held Madison's gaze—it seemed to combine something that he had never seen in a face before, and to look upon it was to be drawn instantly to the man. There was purity of thought and act stamped upon it with a seal ineffaceable, and there was gentleness there and sympathy and trust and a simple, unassuming dignity and self possession—and, too, there was a shadow there, a little of sadness, a little of weariness, a background, a relief, as it were, a touch such as a genius might conceive to lift the picture with his brush into wondrous, lingering, haunting consonance.

Madison's eyes slowly, as though loath to leave the Patriarch's visage, traveled over the gray homespun suit that clothed the man, the white wristbands of the home washed shirt, unstarched, but spotlessly clean, and his fancy of flowing Grecian robes with rope girdles seemed to hold him up to mockery as a crude and paltry bungler before the perfect, unostentatious harmony of reality.

"There's nothing to it," whispered Madison softly to himself—"nothing to it. There isn't a thing left to do, not even a chance of making a bluff at earning the money—it's just like stealing it. Why, say, it would get me if I weren't behind the scenes. Honest, now, it would."

Madison drew back from the window and walked toward the door of the cottage.

"It should take me about fifteen minutes to establish myself on the basis of a long lost son with the Patriarch clinging confidingly around my neck," he muttered. "If it takes me any longer than that I'd feel depressed every time I met myself in the looking glass."

He reached the cottage door and, lifting the brass knocker that shone dimly in the darkness, knocked once, lifted it to knock again, and his hand fell away as he smiled a little foolishly.

"I forgot the Patriarch was deaf," he muttered. "Wonder what you're supposed to do? Walk right in, or"—

The door swung suddenly wide open, and upon Madison's face, usually so perfectly at its owner's control, came a look of stunned surprise. The Patriarch was standing on the threshold and, with a gesture of welcome, was motioning him to enter.

Madison, quite in command of himself again, stepped, smiling, into the cottage. He took the Patriarch's extended hand in a cordial grip and nodded understandingly as the other, with quick, rapid motions, touched lips and ears to signify that he could neither hear nor speak. Inwardly puzzled, Madison searched the Patriarch's face. Was the other playing a part? Could he hear after all—and perhaps speak as well if he wanted to? There was certainly no guile in the venerable, gentle features, or was it guile of a very high order?

The Patriarch closed the door and, drawing his own armchair to the table, offered it to Madison with a courteous smile.

Madison refused by gently forcing the old man into it himself, pulled another up to face the Patriarch, sat down and fixed his eyes suddenly on the ceiling above his head. Swaying slowly back and forth was a sort of miniature punka of waving white canvas. He studied this for a moment, then his eyes shifted to the Patriarch, who was regarding him humorously.

The Patriarch rose from his chair, walked to the door, opened it, moved the knocker up and down and pointed to the ceiling. The canvas was waving violently now, and Madison traced the cord attachment, on little pulleys, across the ceiling to where it ran through the door and was affixed to the knocker without.

It was very simple, even primitive—every time the knocker was lifted the cord was pulled and the canvas waved back and forth. Madison nodded his head and smiled approvingly as the Patriarch once more closed the door and resumed his seat.

"And to think," he mused reproachfully, "that I could have doubted him for a single instant. He certainly hung one on me that time."

The Patriarch reached into the drawer of the table beside him, took out a slate and pencil, scratched a few words and handed both pencil and slate to Madison.

"Your name is Madison, isn't it?" Madison read. "From New York? Hiram told me about you."

"Hiram," said Madison to himself, "is a man of many parts and the most useful fellow I have ever known. Hiram, by reflected glory, will some day become famous." On the slate he replied: "Yes; that is my name—John Madison. It was good of Mr. Higgins to speak of me."

The Patriarch held the slate within a bare inch or two of his face and moved it back and forth before his eyes to follow the lines. As he lowered it Madison reached for it politely.

"I am afraid you do not see very well," he scribbled. "Shall I write larger?"

Again the Patriarch deciphered the words laboriously. Then he wrote and handed the slate to Madison.

"I am going blind," he had written. "Please write as large as possible."

"Blind!" Madison's attitude and expression were eloquent enough not only to be a perfect interpretation of his exclamation, but to convey his shocked and pained surprise as well.

The Patriarch bowed his head affirmatively, smiling a little wistfully.

Madison impetuously drew his chair closer to the other, laid his hand sympathetically upon the Patriarch's sleeve and, with the slate upon his knee, wrote with the other hand impulsively:

"I am sorry—very, very sorry. Would you care to tell me about it?"

The Patriarch's face lighted up while reading the slate, but he shook his head slowly as he smiled again.

"By and by, if you wish," he wrote. "But first about yourself. You are sick, and you have come to me for help?"

The slate now passed from hand to hand quite rapidly.

"Yes," wrote Madison. "Can you cure me?"

(To be Continued.)

PERSISTENCE

THERE are two reasons for the necessity of persistence in advertising.----One of them is the ease with which the human mind forgets, and the other is the necessity of teaching the good points of your products a little at a time. It is a general experience, not only in advertising, but in all the different phases of business, that the concern which does not constantly remind its customers of its existence soon has no existence of which to remind them.

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When you come here for a suit of clothes or an overcoat our object is to make you a permanent satisfied customer of this store.

We know no better way to do it than by selling you

ART CLOTHES
COOK BROS. & ALLEN LIMITED

GEO. WEST
LOCAL AGENT

C&B LINE DAILY BETWEEN BUFFALO & CLEVELAND

3 — MAGNIFICENT STEAMERS — 3

The Great Ship "SEEANDBEE"—"CITY OF ERIE"—"CITY OF BUFFALO"

BETWEEN

BUFFALO—Daily, May 1st to Nov. 15th—CLEVELAND

Leave Buffalo 9:00 P. M. (Eastern) Leave Cleveland 9:00 P. M.
Arrive Cleveland 7:30 A. M. (Standard Time) Arrive Buffalo 7:30 A. M.

Connections at Cleveland for Cedar Point, Put-in-Bay, Toledo, Detroit and all points West and Southwest. Railroad tickets reading between Buffalo and Cleveland are good for transportation on our steamers. Ask your ticket agents for tickets via C. & B. Line. Rate Tourist Automobile Rate—$5.00 Round Trip, with 2 days return limit, for cars not exceeding 127 in. wheelbase.

Beautifully colored sectional puzzle chart of The Great Ship "SEEANDBEE" sent on receipt of five cents. Also ask for our 36-page pictorial and descriptive booklet free.

The Cleveland & Buffalo Transit Company
Cleveland, Ohio

The Great Ship "SEEANDBEE" — the largest and most costly passenger Steamer on Inland waters of the world. Sleeping capacity, 1400 passengers.

FARE $3.50

Free A Pair of Running Shoes Free

THE boy or girl under 15 years of age, finding the greatest number of mistakes in this advertisement, in language, punctuation or arrangement, will receive a present of a pair of running shoes. All answers must be in by August first.

We cater too the Shoe requirements of evry body, We've Shoe for every member of the Family. from granbpa down baby:

For Father

We've splendid Shoe of Dull. or Bright leathars, Shoes of comfort, and Durability? Shoe built by Man's Shoe Specialist and guarante

For Mother

Street or House Shoes, Regular or High cut, buton or lace model; Hansome and stylesh. Dul or breight lether,

For Harry

Sturbey School Shoes, Dul Cafe, anp Box Calf leather: then, they is Pat leather- Dulltap, Sunday boots or dress boots, Goob looking or commfortable.

For Mary

Nature shaped Shoes, just wright for growing feet. soft leaher, and low heels: just the Shoes she ought to ware

For Baby

Soft soles Flat heels shoes, made of vary soft leather in several styles, just the shoes for tendre smal feat, com. Sea our Baby Shoes

We do neet Shue repiaring.

Bizy Kornir — Fone 61

A. Cincade

THE

North Hastings Review

IS PUBLISHED

THURSDAY MORNING

AT THE

REVIEW PRINTING OFFICE, MADOC, ONT.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.—One dollar and a half per year, [illegible] advance, or [illegible]

No paper will be stopped until all arrearages are paid, except at the option of the publisher. A year's notice is not sufficient unless a settlement to date has been made. Subscribers desiring their address changed should immediately notify the publisher, giving old and new address. Subscribers outside the limits of the County must pay in advance.

ADVERTISING RATES.—Transient advertising such as Legal Notices, Public Notices, Public Meetings, Municipal Advertisements, etc., inserted at the rate of 10 cents per line Nonpareil space for the first insertion and 3 cents per line for each subsequent insertion. All advertisements of this class measured from rule to rule and by the scale of solid Nonpareil, 12 lines to the inch.

Condensed advertisements of Estray Stock, Articles Lost, Found, or For Sale, Teachers Wanted, Situations Wanted, Help Wanted, To Let, Business Chances, and others of a like nature, not exceeding 12 lines Nonpareil, inserted at the rate of 50 cents for first insertion and 25 cents for each week afterwards. Ads. of this class must be paid in advance.

Any notice, the object of which is to promote the pecuniary benefit of any individual or company, is considered an advertisement and must be charged as such.

Notices of Births, Deaths and Marriages will be charged at the rate of 25c. per insertion.

A. H. WATSON, Proprietor

MADOC, JULY 19, 1917

One Cent's Worth of Electricity

At 10 cents per kilowatt hour electricity will operate the following for 1 cent:

A 25 w. tungsten for 4 hours, a 6 lb. iron for 15 minutes, a toaster long enough to make 10 slices of toast, a sewing machine for 2 hours, a 12-inch fan for 2 hours, a percolator long enough to make 3 cups of coffee, a warming pad 3 hours, a radiant grill for 12 minutes, an electric curling iron once a day for 2 weeks, a luminous 500 watt radiator for 12 minutes, a vacuum cleaner 45 minutes, a washing machine for 1 hour.

Lower School Examinations

The following are the successful candidates at the Departmental Examinations this June:—Kenneth W. Connor, Alice Harston, Alice M. Howe, Minnie L. O'Hara, Carl Tumelty, Ora G. Wickware, Herbert G. Bullied (may carry over History). The certificates of the successful and the works of the unsuccessful candidates may be obtained from Mr. W. A. Reid, Secretary-Treasurer H. S. Board, by either calling or sending the address. The following were successful at the Madoc High School Easter Test exams. and will be granted their certificates on completion of farm service: Ida Fox, Alma Howser, Kathleen Laffan, Mary McBeath, Bernice McCoy, Mary McGhee, Mabel Comerford, Jennie Brown, Joseph Barrons, Bert Gunter, Bert Simmons, Gladys Danford.

Mrs. Edwin Holland is visiting at the home of Mr. Paul Twiddy, Belleville.

Summer Model Students

The following are the names and addresses of students attending Madoc Model Summer School:

Ball, Geo., Denbigh
Both, Eva M. "
Coulter, Aletha, Brighton
Easton, Libby, Belleville
Greaves, P., Millbridge
Herr, Margaret, Norwood
Leslie, Evelyn, Belleville
McLaughlin, Marion, Erinsville
Murphy, Margaret, Tamworth
Murray, Myrtle, Belleville
Palmer, Minnie, Madoc
Pigdon, Virginia "
Pringle, Laura "
Rikley, Nellie, Selby
Trotter, L. B., Madoc
Duquette, Marie, Maynooth
Finnigan, Helena, Trenton
Fisher, Olive, Tweed
Foley, Annie, Madoc
George, Ada, Bancroft
George, Gertrude "
Gordon, Elizabeth, Napanee
Hawley, Elizabeth "
Miller, (Mrs.) F. "
Murphy, Lizzie, Marlbank
Rorke, Laura, Tamworth
Wannamaker, Marion, Round Lake
Whiting, Annie, Cannifton
Abbott, Florence, Mountain Grove
Brintnell, Theresa, Brighton
Cameron, Effie, Gilmour
Creighton, Velma, Napanee
Dalton, Gertrude, Indian River
Doughty, Freda, Madoc
Hannah, Edna, Camden E.
Jones, Clara, Tweed
Keegan, Nora, Cloyne
Lapum, James, Centreville
MacLaughlin, Margaret, Erinsville
McNeill, Carmel, Napanee
Maloney, Herbert, Lakefield
Pattrick, Lelia "
Rankin, Jean, Belleville
Rikley, Gladys, Selby
Spier, Josephine, Wilberforce
Sutherland, Flora, Gravenhurst
Tufts, J. M., Gilmour
VanLuven, Leda, Erinsville.

The teaching staff are: R. A. A. McConnell, Principal of Madoc Model School, Principal of the Summer School, T. E. Moffatt, B.A., Principal of Campbellford High School and S. Nethercott, Woodstock.

Moira Lake News

Miss Eleanor Nickle spent a few days the guest of Miss Helen Tumelty at the lake.

Miss Verna Christie has been spending a few days at "Sagonaska camp."

Miss Vivian Nickle spent the week-end at "Sagonaska camp."

Miss Mae Timmerman has opened her camp at Moira lake.

Misses Morna Wallbridge and Ester Wagner spent Saturday at "Sagonaska."

Mr. Grier Roberts, of Belleville, is camping with Mr. Ned Cross.

Mr. and Mrs. W. Culligan and children, of Stratford, are spending their vacation at the lake.

Mr. John Mouncey and Miss A. Tumelty were Sunday guests at "Sunrise Point."

Misses Jessie Campbell and Ora Wickware were Sunday guests at "Sagonaska."

Master Wesley Peacock spent Tuesday with Master Jim Watson.

Messrs. Leslie Wilson and Roy Tumelty called at "Sunrise Point," before leaving for Philadelphia.

Mr. and Mrs. Gauthier are camping at "Angel's Rest."

Mr. and Mrs. McGowan, of Belleville, spent the week-end with their daughter, Mrs. Gauthier, at "Angel's Rest."

Mrs. Cochran and two daughters, Mrs. G. Foot, Mary and Jack, spent Thursday at "Sunrise Point."

Mr. and Mrs. Fred Phillips, of Eden Grove, are spending their vacation at Miss Timmerman's camp.

Mrs. Timmerman, of Stratford, is spending the summer at "U-Kum-In."

Marriage of Former Madocer

Daily Province, Vancouver:—A wedding was celebrated in Wesley church on June 28th at 8 o'clock by Rev. Ernest Thomas, when Lillian LeMoyne Eldridge, sister of Mrs. F. L. Hacking, was united with Henry Herbert Hotson, of this city. The bride's brother-in-law gave her away and the wedding music was played by Mr. J. Deane Wells. Her costume was a robe of shell pink Georgette crepe worn with turquoise blue hat and gloves and a shower bouquet of pink roses and sweet peas. The church was prettily decorated with flowers and wood ferns by members of Wesley Epworth League, of which the bride is President. During the signing of the register Mrs. Frank Pence sang "Love's Question." After the ceremony the bridal party, accompanied by the intimate friends of the families, returned to the home of Mr. and Mrs. Hacking, Casa Loma, where the wedding supper was served. Mr. and Mrs. Hotson will take up residence in Vancouver after a short honeymoon down the coast.

Red Cross Picnic at Eldorado

In the beautiful grove of Mr. Chas. Thompson at Eldorado the Glorious Twelfth was celebrated under the auspices of the Florence Nightingale Red Cross Society of Eldorado. The weather was very threatening but it in no wise dampened the enthusiasm of the willing workers. At 1 o'clock a parade was organized by the members of the L.O.L., about 40 in number, two lodges being represented. On the conclusion of the march speeches were delivered by Rev. Dr. MacTavish, Rev. E. A. Saunderson, Rev. P. U. Sinclair, Mr. W. B. Northrup, M. P., and Rev. A. E. Smart, D. G. C. Rev. Dr. MacTavish gave an address on "Lessons Learnt from the War, which was full of interest and much appreciated. Mr. Northrup gave an excellent address on "War Conditions" and in reply to questions explained some of the clauses of the Conscription Bill. Mr. Angus Nicholson filled the chair with good grace and efficiency. The gross receipts for the picnic were $219.40, the disbursements $68.15, net receipts $151.25. The Red Cross Society wish to thank all those who helped to make the picnic a success. Expression of appreciation was made of Mr. Northrup's attendance and his willingness to explain any questions which were offered, and also to Mr. Thompson for the use of the grove, coupled with the hearty and sincere wish that Sgt. Thompson be restored fpeedily to health and strength. God Save the King.

FOR

TWO WEEKS

Commencing Saturday, July 14th

20% DISCOUNT

Off all Men's, Women's and Children's

FINE SHOES

G. C. MOON

Specials for this week

One dozen Men's Fine Shirts with soft cuffs and separate collar, size 16 only, regular $1 and 1.35, on sale for 75c.

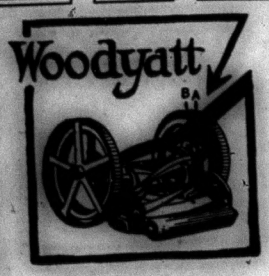
Six pairs of Boys' Patent Leather Shoes, sizes 1, 2, 3, and 5. Regular price $2.50. on sale $1.50.

15 pairs Men's Heavy Tan Work Boots, sizes 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, worth $3.50, special price while they last $2.90.

Three doz. Men's Straw Hats in flat rims and snap brims. Regular prices 75c to 1.50. On sale at 50c.

GEORGE WEST

Gentlemen's Furnisher



For the Lawn's Sake

You like to see your lawn looking well. You appreciate a good piece of machinery. You need a strong, durable, well-built lawn mower. The answer is our WOODYATT Mower. Runs with no noise except the swishing of the grass, and won't get "rattely" after you've used it a season or two. The Woodyatt has been on the market since 1888 and the makers have always kept the quality up. Several sizes.

The Mower we Guarantee

M. W. Connor & Son

Madoc

EXECUTORS' SALE

of Farm Stock and Machinery

The Executors of the late Wm. Thomas will offer for sale by Public Auction at Lot 24, 4th Con., Madoc Township, on

Tuesday, July 31st

at 12 o'clock, the following Farm Stock and Machinery.

3 general purpose horses,
Bay hackney colt, 3 yrs. old
4 milk cows,
3 dry cows,
3 two-yrs. old,
3 yearlings,
2 brood sows, 7 shoats,
14 H.-P. Boiler
Circular saw
Set 2000 lb. scales,
Fanning Mill,
Top Buggy
Democrat with top,
2 Cutters, 1 cutter pole.
1 long sleigh,
2 lr. bob sleighs,
3 sets heavy harness,
1 set democrat harness,
Binder. (Massey-Harris)
Horse Rake
Mower, (Deering)
Hay Loader,
Disc Seed Drill (McCormick)
Cultivator, (Massey-Harris)
Disc Harrow (Massey-Harris)
Spade Harrow,
Spring-tooth Harrow,
Finishing Harrow
2 walking plows, 1 gang plow,
1 roller,
2 wagons, 1 wagon box,
2 wagon racks, 1 hog rack,
2 sets light single harness,
275 sap buckets and spiles,
2 sap pans,
4 milk cans, 1 churn,
Washing machine,
A quantity of lumber,
Logging chains, forks, shovels,
Whiffle-trees, etc.

TERMS—All sums of $10 and under, cash; and over, four months credit will be given by furnishing approved joint notes at 6 per cent.

E. C. Tufts, Auctioneer — **Geo. W. Thomas, Simeon Fox** Executors

Weekly Saturday Sale

Our values are as follows:

Men's fine gun metal calf lace boots,
worth $5.00, Saturday $3.95 pr.

Women's white canvas pumps,
size 5, worth $1.95, Saturday $1.30 pr.

Misses' fine gun-metal button boots,
worth $3.75, Saturday $2.75 pr.

First come, first served. This is your opportunity.

The Ludbrook Shoe Store, Madoc

THE HIGHEST PRICE PAID FOR

SCRAPIRON
COPPER
BRASS
RAGS
RUBBERS

WRITE FOR PRICES

SAM LAPAM, MADOC

ARE YOU IN NEED OF A MONUMENT!

If you are, we are prepared to fill your order promptly from our new and well equipped shop, formerly of Tweed, now under the same management but a new name. We will give you good stock and workmanship, prompt delivery and perfect satisfaction. call and see us or ask for quotations.

The McCallum Granite Co., Ltd.
397 Princess St., Kingston.

Churchill's Sure Death to Bed-Bugs 25c a bottle

Vince's Popular Drug Store

Ladies' Ready-to-Wear Store
Madoc

Try us for the following lines:

Wash Dresses,
Middy Dresses,
Hosiery,
Corsets,
Blouses,
Suits,
Coats.

Everything in ladies' and children's wear

FRED CURRY

Up-to-Date Machine Shop

Having one of the most complete and up-to-date Machine Shops in Hastings County, I am now prepared to do machine work of all description, such as repairing Sawing Machines, Gasoline Engines, Threshing Outfits, Threading Bolts, Pipes, etc., and in fact anything that needs expert workmanship and up-to-the-minute machinery.

Give Us A Call And Be Convinced

We also cater to the Autoists and have a full line of Auto Accessories on hand. Our Bowser Gasoline Tank is always ready to supply your wants.

AGENCY FOR THE McLAUGHLIN MOTOR CAR

P. H. NAYLER

Machine Shop and Garage Phone 88 Opposite Blue's Hotel, Madoc

Grease Sinks In But—

that makes no difference if you use Campbell's Varnish Stain on your floors and woodwork. It dissolves grease spots—wipes them out. The illustration shows a greasy board, and beside it a picture of the same board after Campbell's Varnish Stain has been used. The grease spots are gone.

It comes in a yellow can with the famous camel picture on it. Sold everywhere. Ask your dealer for

CAMPBELL'S VARNISH STAIN

— DISSOLVES GREASE SPOTS —

There are 13 colors: Natural wood color, light oak, dark oak, walnut, cherry, mahogany, green, rosewood, white enamel, flat black, gloss black, piazza green and piazza red. A post card brings a color card *free*.

Sold by the following progressive merchants

FRANK DAFOE, - - MADOC

Made by
CARPENTER-MORTON CO. 79 Sudbury Street, Boston, Mass.

Ask T. W. Christie about the latest up-to-date Milkers on the market

Toronto Markets

Hogs, fed and watered	$16.25
Cattle	11.50
Spring Lambs	16.00
Barley	1.25
Wheat	2.35
Oats	75
Butter	37
Eggs	36
Potatoes, per bag	$4.25
Turkeys	lb. 19
Geese	lb. 13
Ducklings	lb. 20
Bran	ton $32
Shorts	ton $38
Young Roosters	18 to 20
Manitoba flour	$13.00
Ontario flour	10.10
Cheese	.22
Hens	.20
Wool, unwashed	.32
washed	.06

—Waxed paper for wrapping parcels to soldiers can be had at the Review office for 5c. a package

HOME NEWS

Mr. Gavin Wallbridge, of Toronto, is visiting his brother, Mr. C. Wallbridge.

Messrs. Brooks and Hill entertained the Model students Saturday at the picture show.

Mrs. Raymond O'Hara and two children, of Elbow, Sask., are visiting Mrs. H. Blakely.

Mr. J. E. Minns, of Tweed, Public School Inspector of Central Hastings, was in town Friday.

Mr. Ezra Smith was in Foxboro on July 12th and also assisted Foxboro band at Frankford.

Mrs. Chas. Barragar and children, of Napanee, are visiting her sister, Mrs. H. Taylor, and other relatives.

Mr. Herbert E. Polson, of the Dominion Bank, Lindsay, has been renewing acquaintances in Madoc.

Mrs. George Wilbur and little son, of Flushing, Mich., has been visiting her uncle, Mr. A. Thompson, and other relatives.

Mr. Chas. N. Whytock and family accompanied by Mr. Robt. Wickham, visited Napanee and Mohawk Camp, Deseronto, on July 12th.

The many friends of Mrs. Susan Walker will be glad to hear that she is recovering after spending some time in Kingston hospital.

Services on the Bannockburn Mission are as follows: July 22nd, Glanmire 10.30, Bannockburn 3, Queensboro 7.30. Service at Millbridge at 8 o'clock Saturday, July 21st.

—The members of Madoc Women's Institute are invited to meet at the home of Mrs. Jas. Kincaid on Friday afternoon, July 27th, at 3 p.m., for the regular monthly business meeting. Weekly work meeting at the Armouries on Friday at 2 p.m.

Mr. P. H. Nayler was out of town for the week-end.

Miss Nettie Feeney is camping at Mrs. Coe's cottage.

—Old Auto Tires at 5c. per lb. trade or 4c. cash at G. A. Rollins'.

Miss Winnie Sleeper, of Tweed, is visiting friends in town.

Miss Bertha Green, of Rawdon, has been visiting Mrs. S. Hoard.

Miss Eleanor Nickle is spending the week with friends in Coe Hill.

Mr. A. Kent, of Toronto, is visiting at the home of Mr. M. Bristol.

Mr. Hugh M. Blair, of Weyburn, Man., is visiting friends here.

Miss Peck, of Belleville, is visiting her cousin, Mrs. Leslie Ashley.

Miss Hope Ludwick, of Toronto, is visiting her aunt, Mrs. Gillespie.

Miss Carrie Rollins, of Winnipeg, is the guest of her mother in town.

Mrs. W. Hudgins, of Toronto, is visiting friends in town this week.

Miss Ruby Pym, of McIntosh Bros., who has been quite ill, is improving.

Miss Jessie Campbell, of Oshawa, is this week the guest of Miss Ora Wickware.

Miss Mae Blakely, of Chatham, is visiting friends in Madoc and Queensboro.

—**Electric Irons to Rent** by the month. John Burkitt. 29-tf

Mr. Tom Burkett and family motored to Belleville on Sunday to visit friends.

Tweed Advocate:—Mr. Jas. Callery, of Madoc, paid a visit to town on Tuesday.

Miss Essa Dafoe, of Toronto, is spending the holidays under the parental roof.

Mrs. Fred Nayler and children are visiting relatives in Deloro and Campbellford.

Mrs. Sam McGuire, of Belleville, is the guest of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. John Macdonald.

Miss Reta Stevens, who has been visiting Miss Annie Hart, has returned to her home in Belleville.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred Blakely, of Ormstown, Quebec, are visiting friends in Madoc and Queensboro.

Misses Rose Quinn and Rose Brennan have been visiting friends in Warkworth and Pembroke.

Messrs. Edgar Irwin and W. Watson, of Deseronto, spent two weeks visiting friends and relatives in Madoc.

—Eavetroughing and Job Work at G. A. Rollins'.

The following name has appeared in the casualty list this week:—wounded, Frederick Feeney, Marmora.

Norwood Register: — Rev. J. E. Glover, B.A., left on Friday to take up pastoral work at Centreton and Grafton.

—Dr. W. H. Tummonds, Veterinary Surgeon, will be in Madoc every Tuesday and Saturday. Dentistry and all veterinary work attended to. 29-1p

Farmers in the Kingston district are offering $100 a month and board to helpers for the hay crop, and even at this wage it is impossible to get men.

Messrs. James English, Angus Nicolson, H. Blakely and Dr. Waring have been attending Ottawa Experimental Farm, taking the Short Course in Judging; Messrs. English and Nicolson in cattle, H. Blakely in field crops and Dr. Waring in horses.

—Have you any portraits that require framing? Don't be soaked by agents and pay from $5 to $10 for a frame when you can secure beautiful ones from us at $2.50 to $5, including glass. Call and inspect them. The Ludbrook Shoe Store.

—Lost, on July 9th, on Tweed road, within 2 miles of Madoc, a pair of navy blue Trousers belonging to new suit. Reward given by returning them to the Review Office. 29

Somebody has written the following which, unfortunately, is liable to be true anywhere: Never judge a person by his outside appearance. A shabby old coat may enwrap a newspaper publisher, while a man wearing a plug hat and sporting a gold-headed cane may be a delinquent subscriber.

Noah was the first man to advertise. He advertised the flood and it came through all right. The fellows who laughed got drowned and it served them right. Ever since Noah's time the advertiser has been prospering, while the other fellow is being swallowed up in the flood of disaster.

Mr. Andrew Pringle, storekeeper at Melrose, passed away on July 7th. Although ailing for a long time his death came very unexpected at last. Services were held in the Methodist church on Monday afternoon, conducted by present pastor, Rev. P. P. Jones, assisted by Rev. Mr. Conrod, of the Presbyterian church. Interment took place in Melrose cemetery. Deceased was for a number of years a blacksmith at Mullett's Corners and is well known around Madoc. Mr. and Mrs. Fred Davis, of Madoc township, attended the funeral.

Cheese Board

At the cheese board on Wednesday, July 18th, 525 boxes were boarded. All sold to Cook & Son at 20 1c.

Following are the amounts boarded:

1	Alexandria	65
2	Spring Hill	
3	Oak Leaf	60
4	Queensboro	50
5	Rose	50
6	Madoc	50
7	Brook Valley	25
8	Cold Spring	35
9	Spring Creek	40
10	Champion	30
11	White Lake	
12	Beulah	
13	Marble Spring	30
14	Daisy	50
15	Deloro	
16	Eldorado	40

B. Q. Confce. Tent Meeting

Going Strong at Oak Lake

Sunday, July 22, 2.30 and 7.
Wednesday, July 25, 2.30 and 7
Monday, Tuesday and Friday nights at 7.45.

Finest scenery, best of music.
Bring the whole family.
Services every night except Saturday.
Open until and including Sunday, Aug. 5.

H. A. Yeomans, M.D. Chairman
Rev. A. J. Terrill, Stirling, Bus. Mgr.

Mr. John Winters, of Cloyne, was in Madoc on Saturday.

Mr. Fielding, of Toronto, is visiting his brother, Dr. Fielding.

Miss Vivian Nickle left yesterday to visit relatives near Marmora.

The Madoc Band attended the wedding at Mr. Wm. Spry's last week.

I. O. D. E.
will hold
A Lawn Tea
at Miss Tillie Thompson's Home
...on...
Monday, July 23rd
at 3 p.m.

Silver collection. Everybody welcome.

The Daughters of the Empire have plans under way for the Annual Celebration of Trafalgar Day. Please remember the date, Saturday, Oct. 20th.

One of our exchanges last week reported the visit of a farmer to town for the purpose of selling a hog, a sack of beans and a bushel of wheat. After disposing of these he bought a Ford car, a new suit of clothes, a dress for his wife and each of his four daughters. The balance of his money, after paying his taxes and seventeen years back subscription to the local paper, he put in the bank for safe keeping. He has two more hogs, but does not intend to sell them until the family is ready to take a trip to Europe to see the battlefield where the war is in progress.

—Picnic Plates on sale at the Review Office, 10c per dozen.

BORN

MacGREGOR—At Bridge street, Napanee, on Thursday, June 5th, 1917, to Mr. and Mrs. Alex. MacGregor, a daughter.

FLIES!

FLIES!

"War on the pest" is the cry everywhere. Flies carry disease wherever they go and cannot be stamped out too quickly. Get to work now and kill them off as fast as they appear. There is every aid you could want in our stock of Poison Papers, Sticky Papers, Insect Powder and Fly Swatters.

Everything is so cheap that everyone can enlist in "swatting the fly."

Rierdon's Red Cross Drug Store PHONE 73

Cook with Comfort

with one of our new blue flame oil stoves No waiting for a fire to burn up, just light and the heat is ready. Just where it is wanted, too. No smell, no smoke and perfectly safe. You certainly should have one for quicker and better cooking.

Frank Dafoe Hardware, Plumbing and Tinsmithing, Paints & Oils. Madoc

Get Your
Kodak
and Films at
Maybee's

It's worth while getting your Kodak supplies at Maybee's, where more than usual care is taken to suit your precise needs.

If you are about to try your hand for the first time at picture-making it will be to your interests to come to Maybee's, where you will meet with helpful suggestions.

We try to assist our customers through the little difficulties which beset their path.

Let us send you a catalogue of Kodaks and other interesting literature on picture-making.

Let us do your developing and printing. The better pictures will please you.

Geo. F. Maybee

Mr. Farmer

How about your Binder Twine? We have it 650, 600, 550 and 500 feet to the pound. We would advise you to buy early.

We also have a good supply of Paris Green, and Arsenate of Lead; also Sprayers and Sprinklers.

How about a pair of Harvesters Booth at $2.50. We have them.

Phone 60 r2

Vandervoort Bros.
M. Vandervoort, Mgr.
Eldorado, Ont.

McINTOSH BROS.

Opportunity Sale

Summer Wash Fabrics

50c values.

Thursday, Friday and Saturday---your choice **39 C. YD.**

Just think of these price reductions, and so early in the season. What woman could not afford at least one pretty wash dress at this low price? The materials are the essence of newness, being the latest striped and flowered Voiles. Your choice for - - - - - - - - - **39c yard**

Children's Dresses in a great range of styles and prices to select from. If you have dress problems to solve you will find this department a source of convenience. All sizes and newest styles. Prices 49c to $1.75.

Ladies' White Wash skirts, special values at 97c up to $2.50.

McINTOSH BROS.

WILLIAM HOCKING
PIANOFORTE AND ORGAN TUNER.
MADOC.
Representing
C. W. Lindsay, Ltd., Belleville.
84-13 Phone 637.

A. B. COLLINS
BARRISTER, SOLICITOR, NOTARY, ETC.
Solicitor for Bank of Montreal
TWEED ONTARIO
Will visit Madoc Court days.

G. FRASER, D. D. S., L. D. S.
Graduate of Toronto University, Licentiate of the Royal College of Dental Surgeons of Ontario.
Plates, Crowns and Bridges a specialty.

MIKEL, STEWART & BAALIM
BARRISTERS, SOLICITORS, ETC.
Offices: Belleville, Madoc and Tweed
W. C. MIKEL, K.C. D.E.K. STEWART
FRANK BAALIM.

FRALECK & ABBOTT
Barristers, etc.
Offices—Robertson Block, Front Street, Belleville, East side.
E. B. Fraleck. A. Abbott.

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PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON
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Visited Heroes of Vimy Ridge

THAT portion of the Canadian front from which the point of the attack on Vimy Ridge appears to have been projected happens to have been the place which I chose for my visit on Feb. 21, says the correspondent of The New York Times. I wanted to meet General David Watson, and I was glad that this distinguished officer, whose career has been one of the many romances of the war, was holding a line that touched such historic spots as Carency, Lorette Ridge, Souchez sugar refinery, and the Labyrinth.

Canadians are optimists unashamed. They told me that day, with shining eyes, that the British and French were going to dig Fritz out. In the face of such faith as they had it was a sin to doubt. I didn't doubt, but I made a show of it.

"You are doing wonderful things here on your side of the line. But do you know what the Germans are doing on their side?"

"We don't give a damn," came back in clear Canadianese. "Fritz has got to go."

That is what all those miles of munitions meant to the Canadians. Above all, that is what the seventeen-inch guns meant. There were seventeen lines of defense between the Canadian front and the Douai-Cambrai line; these were concrete dugouts. The only openings were for the guns, and against the old artillery the German dugouts were practically shellproof.

The gun openings were the only vulnerable spots in the vast underground network of steel and concrete. But on the whole front there was something new in the way of artillery. The seventeen-inch gun fired shells that turned dugouts upside down and inside out. We stopped on the road to look at one of these in process of erection under some trees about 100 yards from the road.

"Those guns are the guns that will do the trick," said an officer. "But they are not much good at a distance less than eight miles," he added, by way of apology. They seem to be in the way of doing the trick.

There are four Canadian divisions in the Vimy neighborhood. The Canadians were delighted when they were assigned to what was expected to be, and what has turned out to be, the hottest corner on the whole British front. Major General David Watson's Fourth Division occupied the very heart of the hottest spot. This division held the area between the Souchez sugar refinery and the Labyrinth where the very flower of France had fallen in order to stem the German tide.

This was the right kind of territory for the heroes of Hill 60 at Ypres. There it was that the then Colonel Watson's troops had received their historic baptism of fire.

The French line had withered under the first application of poison gas; the surprise of it had stampeded them. The Canadians relieved them and held the line. Not many of these particular Canadians survived to climb up Vimy Ridge, a mere handful. But the tradition has lived and put the heart of a lion in every raw recruit.

General Watson smiles broadly when he tells how little he and the rest of his battalion knew when they yielded to the patriotic impulse to join the colors in September, 1914.

"We had this advantage," he said, "the nothing we knew was as much as anybody else knew. It was a brand-new game and had to be learned. There was mighty little about soldiering that we had to unlearn, which was to the good."

They put the battalion through all the training that could be had in England for six months, and then shot it straight into the thick of the Ypres show. (That is the word universal for everything in the way of a fight on the British front.) If of the thousands of great episodes of this war one had to be singled out for heroism, it would be that of Hill 60 at Ypres.

Gen. Watson's headquarters were in a house three miles from the actual front and within range of gas as well as guns. He went in the trenches almost daily and mingled with his men. When he raised some question as to the danger of my going under fire, I said that it was much more to the point that he should take no risks. His reply was that he couldn't get along without intimate contact with his soldiers. New headquarters were then being got ready a mile nearer the front.

But for the fog that hung over the scene that day I would have had a good view of the west slope of Vimy Ridge. I was in the trenches near Souchez sugar refinery, the foundations of which are still standing.

There had been an incident at the division headquarters at Ablain that I missed by a few minutes, much to my regret. They had brought in a lot of German prisoners. They expected to be stood up against a wall and shot. Instead, they were given kind words and cigarettes. Thereupon they assured the Canadian officers that if the German soldiers only knew the kind of reception they would get they would walk across the lines and surrender in such numbers that the Kaiser would be compelled to quit.

General Watson used his bedroom for his workshop. I imagined that the room had something of the atmosphere of a newspaper office. The General couldn't have been more modest in his ways if, instead of examining war maps, he had been glancing at the proofs in the office of his newspaper, the Quebec Chronicle. He and his staff were a very happy family. I should like to spend an hour in that friendly circle after what has happened!

WEALTH FROM MUNITIONS.

Enormous Amount of Money Coming to Canada From Europe.

The immensity of Canada's achievements in supplying the Empire with munitions is strikingly shown in a statement just issued to the press by Mr. J. W. Flavelle, chairman of the Imperial Munitions Board:

"Mr. J. W. Flavelle, chairman of the Imperial Munitions Board, has furnished the Minister of Finance with a statement showing the extent of the business in munitions which has been built up in Canada. The figures are very striking as evidencing both the industrial power of Canada and the extent to which the present favorable financial and commercial conditions have been created by this gigantic business.

The total value of orders received by the Board is $850,000,000, which is equal to the entire international trade of Canada (imports and exports) of 1912. The value of munitions shipped to April 30th was $470,000,000, the total disbursements to April 30th being $542,000,000. The number of employes is divided as follows: Headquarters staff, 800; inspection, 4,000; workers, direct and indirect, 250,000 to 300,000. Six hundred and thirty factories, chemical and loading plants are in operation in carrying out the orders of the Board. The products covered by these orders include shells and their component parts, which represent an immense tonnage of steel, brass, copper, lead, etc. They include propellants and fuses, also ships, locomotives, and cars. An idea of the financial magnitude of the business is obtained from the fact that the cash disbursements for March were $41,000,000 and for April $43,000,000.

Towards the financing of this immense business which means so much to the Empire from the standpoint of the successful prosecution of the war and to our troops at the front as well as to the prosperity of Canada, the Dominion Government has contributed $200,000,000 as a loan to the Imperial Treasury and arranged with the Canadian banks for advances aggregating $100,000,000. Of the co-operation of the Finance Department in providing these huge sums Mr. Flavelle says: "The advances made were not only of great value in themselves in assisting the Treasury to meet the ever present problem of exchange, but they gave evidence of so earnest a desire on the part of the Government and people of Canada to co-operate and assist in bearing the burdens of the war that to an increasing extent those who had the control of the placing of this business turned to Canada first because they desired to give as much business to us as possible, and second because they knew they would receive immediate and tangible assistance in paying for the products ordered. Before orders are placed by the Ministry of Munitions the Treasury's approval of the transaction has to be secured; you can understand, therefore, what a powerful ally we had in securing the business in the knowledge which the Treasury possessed that they would secure sustained support from the Government of Canada in rendering assistance in providing funds to meet these added obligations."

Decorated by King.

A Canadian woman with much experience as a military nurse, now serving her country overseas, is Matron Elizabeth Russell, formerly of Hamilton, now in charge of the Cleveden Hospital at Taplow, England. Miss Russell, who is a daughter of Dr. James Russell of Hamilton, and a sister of Mr. John Russell, the Canadian artist, was trained in the Presbyterian Hospital at New York, and between wars has filled various posts in that institution. She served in the Spanish-American war and made nine trips to the Philippines. A little later she was with the Canadian troops in South Africa, where she served for fifteen months. At the outbreak of the European war she first served in charge of Mrs. Whitney's hospital at Juilly. But preferring to be with the Canadians she transferred and was engaged at Moore Barracks before going to Taplow. Matron Russell was recently decorated by the King at Buckingham Palace with the Royal Red Cross of the First Class. Besides possessing much executive ability she has tact and a genial way which wins favor with the soldiers.

A Canadian Honored.

A special cable despatch to The World from London a few days ago says: "Major Campbell Stuart, of the Canadian army, has been appointed Second Military Attache of the British Embassy in Washington. Major Stuart has done much valuable work in London of a semi-diplomatic character, and has just returned from Rome, where he had a personal interview with the Pope. He displayed signal ability in arranging a welcome from all parties in Ireland for the Irish-Canadian battalion, which he accompanied on its successful tour of that country. Of Ulster descent himself, his Canadian upbringing has imbued him with democratic principles, and he has made himself acceptable to the leaders of the Irish Nationalist party."

Mutes as Farmers.

In future agricultural training is to figure more largely in the curriculum of the Ontario School for the Deaf, Belleville. Upon the recommendation of the Minister of Education the Government of Ontario has purchased a farm adjacent to the school, and the increased acreage will not only be used to supply the institution, but also to increase the facilities for agricultural education.

Occupied Land.

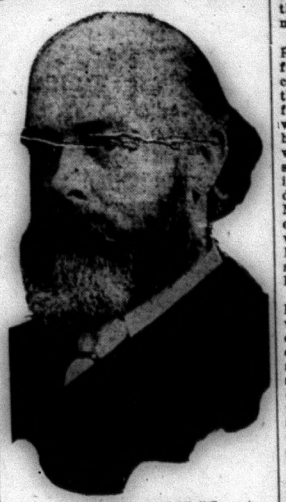
The occupied land in Canada, according to the last census, was 63,422,238 acres, an increase of 4,843,244 in ten years.

Sir Oliver Lodge Says England Can Grow Food Necessary For People

SIR OLIVER LODGE, in an appeal for greater state aid of scientific research, declares his belief that England can grow all the food necessary for her people, if proper scientific methods are employed. He says:

"People state that the area of the British isles is too small to feed the inhabitants. The effort has never been made. The area is certainly inadequate if in the twentieth century we use the methods of the twelfth. But it must be known that of late years discoveries of the utmost importance have cropped up in sporadic manner through individual enterprise and at private cost, though application of these discoveries on a large scale has still to be made. And no one can doubt that a multitude of other vital truths are awaiting discovery at the hands of biologists and chemists.

"Either we must grow our own food, or we must labor at other things to provide the wherewithal to purchase it from abroad. How dependent we are on other lands the



SIR OLIVER LODGE

war has shown, but the mistake of thus depending on them is a continuous folly.

"Let scientific men be encouraged, not stingily but lavishly, to attack the problems connected with the fertility of the soil, and the best means of utilizing solar energy in the production of the right kind of vegetation, and good results are bound to follow. What the nation chiefly lacks in this matter is faith.

"The satisfactory promotion of scientific discovery is an affair of millions of pounds sterling. The nation can afford to be lavish. The young energy and the brains are ready; the means and equipment are lacking. Even now, in war time, the ancient strangle-hold of official parsimony is tight in many instances, and not even now is official expenditure authorized which would enable schemes to move in the right direction. Private purses have to be appealed to, or we have to take refuge in other work of a less expensive character.

"So it has always been in the history of science. Poverty and self-sacrifice are writ large on the portals of every scientific and educational establishment.

"Has the nation learned that it can afford a great deal more in these directions than it thought it could? If it has, the result will be brilliant beyond all expectation."

The Famous Proclamation.

The now famous proclamation of Sir Stanley Maude to the people of Bagdad, which was issued shortly after the occupation of the great city of the kalifs by the British forces, occasioned much speculation as to its authorship. It was clearly the work, as was pointed out at the time, of one to whom the East was an open book, and whilst it had "all the flowery echoings of the language of Haroun al-Raschid and of the 'Arabian Nights,'" it was, none the less, in fact and in purpose, a great document. Many people were inclined to look in the direction of Lord Curzon; but it now appears that the proclamation was drawn up by Sir Mark Sykes, who is, of course, a famous traveler in Persia and the East.

An Irish-English Peerage.

One of the many quaint byways of the peerage which render British honors and distinctions so puzzling to foreigners is recalled by the recent death of the Earl of Roden, says The Outlook. The Jocelyn family was ennobled under that title, "in the peerage of Ireland," in 1771, when Robert Jocelyn was created an Irish earl—"Earl of Roden, of High Roding, Co. Tipperary," as the various "Peerages" and other books of reference show. But where is "Roden," or "High Roding"? Not in Ireland, "Co. Tipperary," but in Essex, where there are eight Roding villages on the little river of the same name. Between High Roding and Aythorp Roding still exist the remains of a once stately mansion called "New Hall," built by Sir Thomas Jocelyn about 1550.

Lifetime of Wire.

Telegraph wires will last for forty years near the seashore, but in the manufacturing districts the same wires will last only ten years, and sometimes less.

FLAGS OF THE WORLD.

Signs of Ancient Peoples Pointed Way to Standards of To-day.

The most cursory inquiry into the history of flags and ensigns, using the later term in its widest sense, can hardly fail to impress the student with a renewed appreciation of human ingenuity. They are truly many and various, and their history goes back to the earliest times, although the flag, as it is known today, cannot be traced back much farther than the Middle Ages. The ancients specialized, as it were, in "signs." It is probable, indeed, as one writer has put it, that almost as soon as men began to come together for common purposes, some kind of conspicuous object was used, as the symbol of the common sentiment, for the rallying point of a common force. Then, after a time, these signs came to be associated in men's memory with deeds which they had accomplished in company with their fellows, with the idea of patriotism and personal loyalty, and with all that is summed up in the phrase esprit de corps. Such emblems were associated with almost all peoples in certain stages of civilization, from the Persian of the centuries before the Christian era, with his eagle fixed on the end of a lance, to the North American Indians of yesterday, who carried as their signs poles decked with feathers. Thus, there were the Dacians, who bore a standard representing a contorted serpent; while the dragon has been, of course, the military sign of many peoples.

It was, however, amongst the Romans that signs reached their fullest expression. With them the custom was reduced to a system, and the elaborate systems then devised formed the bases of, or at any rate were intimately bound up with, the history of heraldry. A crosspiece of wood was placed on the end of a spear; and above it a hand fashioned in silver, resting on a series of silver disks, showing figures of Mars and Minerva or, in later times, images of emperors or great generals. For it was not until the latter period of the Republic that the eagle became the special standard of the Romar legion.

Later on still came the famous labarum of the later emperors. It was of purple silk, richly embroidered with gold, and, although it generally followed the rule of being suspended from a crosspiece, it was sometimes, too, displayed like a modern flag, that is to say, by the attachment of one of its sides to a staff. As has been indicated, however, flags did not become at all general until the eighth or ninth century. At first they were of a purely religious character. The national flag of England for centuries—the red cross of St. George — was, of course, a religious one, as was the red cross of St. Patrick and the white cross on the blue ground of St. Andrew. Then the famous Chape de St. Martin, the flag of the ancient kings of France, was originally in the keeping of the monks of St. Martin; whilst the still more famous oriflamme, "the celestial auriflamb, so by the French admired," was originally simply the banner of the Abbey of St. Denis, the great local saint of Paris.

Each national flag has, of course, a history all its own, the Union Jack of the British Empire, the Stars and Stripes of the United States, the Tricolor of France, and so on; and yet there is an underlying similarity amongst many of them. Stripes are the favorite device, and red, white, and blue the favorite colors. The most original flags are, perhaps, those of Siam and Japan. There is nothing in the West like the white elephant on a red ground of Siam, or the rising sun of Japan.

Retort Cost Her Liberty.

A well authenticated incident which occurred recently during a German court-martial in Belgium, has just become known. M. Paul Terlinden, burgomaster of Rixensart, appeared before the court charged with shielding a wounded Frenchman, for which he was condemned to twelve months' imprisonment. His daughter, Baroness De Conninck, a young married woman, whose husband is at the front, was present at the hearing. A German officer sat down beside her, saying: "I believe, madame, I have met you before."

Baroness De Conninck replied: "You are mistaken, I don't know you, sir."

The German persisted, saying: "Perhaps I am mistaken, but you greatly resemble an Englishwoman whom I knew well."

"Evidently you mean Miss Cavell," retorted the Baroness. For this answer she was sentenced to one month in prison.

Wireless Telegraphy.

Canada has the largest single stretch in the world covered by wireless. The complete chain now extends from Port Arthur, Ontario, at the head of Lake Superior, to the Atlantic coast, and navigation from Cape Race and Bellisle to Port Arthur, over the whole St. Lawrence system, a distance of two thousand miles, will be under wireless control. The work has been rapidly pushed on, and in connecting the isolated stations in one continuous chain the experiment can scarcely fail to facilitate communications, which by the long railway distances are at present comparatively slow.

Fighting Bacilli.

The authorities of the Dutch East Indies are continually fighting the danger of the plague, which threatens the communities especially in the harbor towns, where rats from the incoming vessels spread the disease germs. Doctor Pijl, Government Physician for the Harbor of Soerabaja, has now found that a mixture of petroleum and soap, applied freely to the localities where the rats swarm, will effectively destroy their fleas and with them the plague bacilli. This new disinfectant is cheaper and more efficacious than carbolic acid.

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Father Will Learn Yet

My son Jim came home to roost
Since his four years at college;
And say, he's just plumb full o' stuff
Called "agricultural knowledge."

He don't say much, does my son Jim,
He pitches in and does things.
While I sit 'round an' toast my shins,
He's up an' out a' rustlin'.

Shucks, jest to give the kid a chance,
I said, "Now look here, Sonny,
You run this farm this year an' see
If you can make some money."

Well sir, did that lad wait till spring
To start things goin'? No, sir!
"Preparedness" he says to me.
"Is what makes this mare go, sir."

So 'long in Feb. he grabs the shears,
An' hikes off to the orchard;
He trims an' prunes an' cleans that place
Till it looks like a courtyard.

He fans his oats; he tests his corn,
Why, that boy's allus busy;
"Preparedness" he winks at me,
Buys gas to run the Lizzie."

He oils the harness, paints the shed;
He warms old Sukey's water.
Preparedness? If that's disease,
The boy has surely got 'er.

Oh, well, the kid must play a bit,
So I guess I'll not bother;
Preparedness 'll do for boys,
But none o' that fer father.

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A merchant in a Canadian city once made a discovery. He had purchased some goods that did not turn out as he thought they would. Instead of advertising "Enormous Bargains" he simply said, "I bought them to sell at $10.00, but they are not worth it; in fact I cannot recommend them at all, but you will find them worth $4.00." He sold them all and made some new customers, who were convinced of his sincerity.

Nothing new about it. Truth is as old as the hills and he simply told the truth. He discovered that honesty is the best policy, and fortunately very many advertisers are making the same discovery.

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Boys to Play the National Game

ONE of the most unusual developments in Canadian sport in recent years has been the growth of the interest taken by the men in the boys playing lacrosse. There was a time when no one paid any attention to the lads who played the national game, and it was only the senior teams that received encouragement and newspaper space. The change came about very slowly. The first step was taken when juvenile teams were organized for boys under 18 years of age, and a campaign was undertaken to attract attention to these series.

It was on a cold January day in 1914 that this campaign was launched at a meeting held in Toronto, when a little group of enthusiasts met together to discuss the special needs of Canada's most characteristic sport. One thing was apparent to all of them: lacrosse could not continue to wobble along in a haphazard sort of way. The game had to be studied, developed, and fostered like any other sport that was succeeding on an organized basis. The gravest defect in the existing system was the lack of any organizations to develop material for the senior teams. It will be remembered that when this meeting was held nobody dreamt of war, and the chief excitement that the nation had before it was annual finals in Rugby, hockey, and lacrosse. Just at that time there was a great deal of lacrosse being played in Ontario, British Columbia, and the Prairie Provinces, but the critics of the game were beginning to realize that better lacrosse would be played in all the leagues if the boys were trained in the fine points of the game while they were younger. Here and there throughout Canada juvenile lacrosse leagues existed, and they had secured good results. More than one championship team ascribed its good record to the fact that the men on it had played together for almost a decade. What a juvenile team could do in one town it could do in many other towns. Accordingly it was argued that a series of leagues for boys would provide a supply of recruits for the older teams. The movement was launched on a large scale, and everywhere it proved successful.

Little did the men who started the widespread campaign to push forward juvenile lacrosse think that in less than four years' time the boys of Canada would have the national game practically to themselves. When war was declared in 1914, the various leagues for older players had reached the semi-finals, and the schedules were finished out. During the first year of the war the people in our Empire were trying to live up to the motto "Business as usual," which has since been execrated and forgotten. Sport went on without any interruption, and it was not until the end of 1915 that the men behind the different games began to discontinue the activities of the various leagues. One by one the organizations suspended operations until after the war, just doing enough to keep themselves alive. In fact, the only game that is now going on in Canada under the same conditions as before the war is professional baseball. Rugby has been put aside completely except in the minor leagues, and there is less than half the hockey there was four winters ago. Lacrosse did not suspend because the leagues decided to do so. The players, all of whom were fine virile young Canadians, made the decision for themselves.

During the summer of 1915, it was a common thing to hear the players say: "We will finish out this season and then go to the war." They were as good as their word, as the records of the following year showed. In the spring of 1916 the secretary of the Ontario Amateur Lacrosse Association reported that sixty per cent. of the players registered during the following season had put on khaki. This year it was stated that over a thousand men who had been playing the game in the province when the war broke out were with the colors.

Those figures indicate why lacrosse, a game that used to be played almost altogether by older fellows, has passed entirely into the hands of the boys for the time being. It is interesting to note how the leagues have met the situation. It used to be that junior lacrosse was played by youths under twenty-one years of age and juvenile lacrosse by lads of seventeen and under. Now a great change has come about. The boys under nineteen are the juniors, those under sixteen are juveniles, and those under fourteen have been made into special series known as "midgets." For the midgets, a number of men who used to play lacrosse have donated medals in order that the boys may feel that they are struggling for something worth having. Most Canadians want to see the national game restored to a proper place in the sporting life of the Dominion after the war. For that reason the boys have been organized, and they will be ready to give good exhibitions of the science of the gutted stick by the time the heroes in khaki come back from Europe.

Less Home Work.

Hereafter, according to the new by-law, teachers in Toronto will be permitted to give home work only to those children who are in classes from the junior third and higher. Third grade students must be able to do their homework in twenty minutes, fourth grade in thirty minutes, and fifth grade in forty minutes. When conditions warrant it the principals may segregate the sexes in the higher grades.

THE COST OF CARTAGE.

An Important Item in the Expense of City Living.

The view that the cost of city cartage and the local distribution of commodities by retailers represents an important factor in the high cost of living is more than borne out by the results of a preliminary survey which has been made by the Census Bureau.

For four important classes of commodities—coal and wool, milk, ice, and department store merchandise—which together represent a very considerable proportion of the cost of living, the expense of delivery or cartage one way, according to the results of this preliminary survey, constitutes on the average more than 8 per cent. of the total cost to the consumer. The percentages for the individual commodities, however, vary greatly from this average. For department-store merchandise the delivery expense, as indicated by the data so far obtained, represents less than 2 per cent. of the selling price; for milk and dairy products the corresponding proportion is 12 per cent.; for coal and wood, 19 per cent.; and for ice, 45 per cent.

In view of the fact that intensive studies of the prices and general cost of handling of many foodstuffs—for example, butter, wheat, and flour, and sugar—which have been made in recent years by city, State, and Federal authorities, show the various percentages that the several general handlings or transactions add to the original price received by the producer, the officials of the Census Bureau decided to confine the scope of their initial investigation to that phase of distribution represented by the final one-way delivery—that is, delivery by the retailer to the consumer—of necessaries of life and to the cost of cartage in other forms; and since in the case of many articles of food the amount received by the producer is only one-half or one-quarter, or less, of the price paid by the consumer, it was the belief of Secretary Redfield — a belief borne out by the results of the preliminary enquiry—that the item of city cartage alone would be great enough to justify calling attention to the very large sums that the community is called upon to pay in maintaining the wasteful and highly complex systems of individual delivery which characterize retail distribution at this time. —Financial America.

Science Controls Sex.

Although a Japanese scientist, working in the University of California's department of entomology, has confined his experiments so far to the small insects, aphids, or plant lice, he hopes soon to verify his findings by experiments on the blow fly, pomice fly, amphibia, and on such high forms of animal life as the pigeon and the chicken. The results of these investigations, he believes, will prove that sex can be controlled even in the human family.

The discovery by Shinji was made as the result of an accident. In 1912 he started his experiments on aphids with the primal idea of producing winged and non-winged forms of the insect by means of chemical treatment.

After experimenting with many kinds of chemical salts, he found magnesium chloride best suited his purposes, and this he uses exclusively. While working on the effect this chloride h[illegible] on the wings of the aphid, [illegible]ticed that those which he had [illegible]ted gave birth only to the ma[illegible] sex. Experimenting further, he alleges to have proved that in all cases of reproduction without the male cell the offspring to the second generations of aphids, which had been treated with magnesium chloride, turned out males.

In theorizing upon the source of the effects of magnesium chloride, Shinji points out that in the process of cell production and division in the maturation process the cells ordinarily divide in groups of twelve. This even division, he believes, can be changed into a group with a ratio of sixteen to eight instead of twelve to twelve, by the addition of very minute quantities of magnesium chloride.

Shinji claims that the magnesium chloride removes the water from protein substances. As water is the chief cell-forming substance, its removal, he finds, so deranges the normal maturation process that male offspring are bound to result.—Illustrated World.

Marriage Customs.

Many marriage customs observed at the present time are relics of the time when women were simply the chattels or slaves of their husbands. The wedding-ring is but a substitute for the chain or fetter, or perhaps the metal badge, of the female slave of the past. Then there is the custom of throwing an old shoe. In ancient times a ruler would signify his dominion over a place by casting his shoe across it, or over a serf by touching the serf's head with his shoe. The casting of a shoe therefore signifies the transfer of authority over the woman to the bridegroom. In the "good old days" a man who wanted a wife sometimes went with a companion to a neighboring tribe and carried a girl off by force. It was then necessary for him to take a hurried journey to escape the vengeance of the pursuing friends of the girl. So to-day the bridegroom has a comrade in the shape of his best man, and his honeymoon trip commemorates the flight from the wife's friends.

Sunny Spain.

There is more sunshine in Spain than any other country in Europe. Its yearly average is three thousand hours; while in England it is only about one thousand four hundred hours.

A Long-lived Tree.

It is said that an elm-tree will live six hundred years; it is in its prime when a hundred and fifty years old.

Sport Receives Praise and Blame

IT was generally recognized before the war that sport played a very large part in the lives of the youths of Canada. They took part in games themselves, and very few got through life without endeavoring to excel in some line or other. Since the outbreak of the war Canadian sport has found itself very much to the front in the arena of controversy, and quite recently two striking examples were offered of how men disagree regarding it.

"It is a cold, cold day in France," writes Canon F. G. Scott of Quebec, in The Canadian Churchman. "The ground is frozen and the men go by with pinched noses and cold hands. The window panes of my office rattle with the sound of big guns, and before me lies a Canadian newspaper with a page devoted to sport, and full of accounts of hockey matches, etc., etc. It is at such a moment as this that one tingles with a sense of disgust and shame. Sport! Hockey matches! Healthy young men, physically fit, playing games at home! Impossible! Where is public spirit? Where is patriotism? Where is the principle of manhood? Are those men content to stay at home and play games and live disgusting, selfish lives, while their fellow-Canadians are out here bleeding and dying for them? I blush for Canada, I blush for the crowds that throng the rinks and enjoy the sport. We have sports, as far as we can, for our men here. They have a right to them.

"But to shirkers at home, nothing but hisses are due! I know I am writing strongly, but it is deserved. As far as I am concerned, I never want to take the hand of any man who is physically fit and has not volunteered to come to the front, unless there has been some overwhelming claim upon him of duty at home. It seems incredible that any man worthy of the name of man can sleep in his bed at night and let other men out here bleed and die for him. Let Canadian mothers and wives know that they could do no greater injury to their sons and husbands, than by holding them back and not allowing them to enlist. It is an injury which will last all through their lives. We need men. We need every man in the Empire. This is no time for sport. If some of the shirkers at home who go to see a hockey match could come out here and see a front dressing station during an action, they would have their eyes opened and their hearts changed. Men, and young men, at home, why do you not throng to the recruiting office? There is the possibility of a crippled body if you do, there is the certainty of a crippled character if you don't, and that is far worse."

Just about the same time the other side was presented by no less a person than General Leonard Wood of the United States. This eminent officer had nothing but praise for the young manhood of Canada. He spoke of their splendid virility and their magnificent response when their country decided at the very commencement of the war to go in on the side of the Allies. General Wood gave the credit for this showing to sport. He said that practically all healthy young Canadians took part in hockey, lacrosse, Rugby, and other Canadian games. He wanted to see the young men of the United States doing the same. It is quite evident that the remarks were aimed at professional sport. Wherever it becomes strong there is a tendency for the young men of the country to sit in the stands and watch other people play. It would hardly be an exaggeration to say that millions of young men sit in the grand stands of the United States during [illegible]er every week and wa[illegible]nal baseball players making their living. That is the condition against which the American army officer directed his criticisms, and he evidently thinks that the evil has not reached Canada. As a matter of fact, however, a great many young Canadians do aspire to be athletes, and most of these are now at the front. We do possess the problem of professionalism as is indicated by the fact that the value of commercialized baseball has not suffered since the outbreak of the war, if the eagerness of the promoters to stay with it may be taken as an indication. The fa[illegible]s are still present to accord their [illegible]pport. What the gallant Quebec cleric says about slackers [illegible]s undoubtedly true, but the American army officer has been mo[illegible]e accurate in delivering judgment regarding the value in the national life of national sports played by the rising generation of young men.

An Ontario Charivari.

It is difficult to uproot old customs. We read, for instance, that a large crowd attended a charivari party in an Ontario town a few nights ago, at which, of course, a good time "was had." They used to pronounce charivari "shivveree" in the Province and it is probable that they cling as fondly to the pronunciation as to the custom, where the latter is observed at all. The charivari was inherited from the French settlers, and, as adopted into the Anglo-Saxon civilization of the earlier days, it was the complete reverse of everything that a serenade ought to be. That is, it was a social attention in which tin horns, tin pans, pistol shooting, the mimicking of animals, and other noises were made to create a hideous uproar about one's peaceful cabin home at midnight, with the idea of showing how highly esteemed were the inmates.

The Name "Highgate."

The name "Highgate" is derived from a gate erected over four hundred years ago to receive tolls for the Bishop of London.

NEWS-GIRLS OF SALONICA.

Can Tell Nationality of Stranger at a Glance.

Half a dozen strong come the news-girls with their loads of twenty-two different newspapers in six different languages.

They are not very clean little girls, but I regard them with tolerance as they press up to sell me a Balkan News. They never by any chance mistake one's nationality. I suppose the English character is noticeable in Salonica. Moreover, the Englishman is a fool about money. I know, because I am a fool about money; yet I am not such a fool as some. The French, Italian, Russian officer, counts his change with meticulous care and gives a very small tip. The Britisher, officer or man, grasps the coins, looks at them without really knowing whether he is being cheated or not, bestows munificent largesse, and strides out, leaving the Greek waiter full of contempt for the burly fool who parts from his money so easily.

This is by the way. We are learning so many things in this war, that quite possibly the Englishman abroad may learn to keep his money in his pocket. Personally, I have not much to spend, and each drachma must produce its utmost value. But I can gratify my native craving to be thought a philanthropist when I buy a paper. I give all those dirty little girls a penny each.

Do not misunderstand me. I do not say they are ugly little girls. Their noses do not run in the embarrassing way common among the street-children of a northern clime. They are all different. One is dark, with long thick brows over black eyes, her hair in a thick plait. Another is blond and has a red nose. Another is quite tall and will probably become a dancer, she has such neat little legs and feet. Her s[illegible]kings, by the way, are not a pair. Another has a pair but no garters, and looks very untidy. Yet another has garters but no stockings, and her legs are very dirty. A very tiny little person has only one forlorn copy of a Greek paper, and she is thrust away by her more muscular rivals. I give her a penny, too. I am popular. When all are recompensed they slide away, looking back wistfully for a moment. I dare say they are wondering if I am a millionaire in disguise. Then the whirling vortex of Venizelos Steps sucks them in again; they spy another sailor coming ashore, and they collect and fling themselves upon him, a compact, yelling Macedonian phalanx of youthful amazons. —William McFee, in The Atlantic.

Mountain of Doubt.

All the high mountains of the world have not been climbed. What is more there is still a "Mountain of Doubt." Colonel Sir Francis Younghusband stated recently that when exploring in 1887 the region at the back of Karakoram range and of the great peak K2—the next highest mountain in the world after Mount Everest—he saw from the north a peak standing high above the others. As it was near where K2 should be at the time assumed that it was that mountain, but the Duke of the Abruzzi had since conclusively proved that it could not have been the great peak K2. Therefore, the lecturer said, it must be some unfixed peak, and what was required now was that someone should define its position, determine its height, and give it a name. There was, he thought, no chance of its proving higher than K2, but he would be surprised if it proved to be very much less than 25,000 feet in altitude. The mountain overhung the valley of the Oprang—a river he discovered in 1887—and it might be seen from a patch of shrub he had named Durbin Jangal which was about half a dozen miles up the valley from the foo[illegible] the Aghil Pass. In 1889 he a[illegible]ed the valley of Oprang for [illegible] couple of marches, but had [illegible] another at his disposal to trace t[illegible] not time its source; therefore th[illegible] river to be discovered. He c[illegible]t remained distance, Sir Franci[illegible]ould see in the immense glaciers and [illegible] went on, immust have been [illegible] mountains which in height, so th[illegible]ell over 20,000 feet little piece o[illegible]re was an interesting done there, [illegible] exploration to be and diffic[illegible]nd in a region so remote suppose [illegible] of access that he did not been t[illegible] any human being had ever [illegible]ere.

Guns Are Short-Lived.

The life of a gun depends upon the progress of erosion, which sooner or later is certain to impair the accuracy of fire. Erosion is caused by the action of the explosive gases at high temperature and pressure. The hot gases cause a thin film of steel to absorb heat. The film expands and becomes set. Upon the release of the pressure it contracts, which causes minute cracks that grow larger with every discharge. As they increase in size they form passageways for more hot gases, and that tends to enlarge them still further. The inner surface becomes roughened and the bands begin to corrode. Finally the bore becomes so enlarged that it allows the gases to escape. The shell does not then acquire its proper rotation and its flight becomes erratic.

All guns except small ones are now constructed with linings in the tube, which, when the bore is worn out, are removed and replaced by new ones. The cost of relining a gun is approximately thirty per cent. of the cost of the gun.

There appears to be no limit to the number of times that a gun can be relined. The small arms used in this country are considered to be worn out after 5,000 to 7,500 rounds have been fired. Small naval guns can be fired about 1,000 times before they are regarded as worn out. Large 12-inch and 14-inch naval guns are considered to have a life, on one lining, of from 150 to 200 rounds.

Low-velocity guns, such as howitzers and mortars, have correspondingly longer lives than high velocity guns of the same calibres because of the pressures they develop, and hence the temperatures are lower.

How Hun Plots Were Exposed

Amazing examples of the part played by The Providence Journal in foiling German plots and in bringing the United Stated into the war were given the Canadian Press Association recently by Mr. John R. Rathom, the editor of that publication, in several addresses. Following are a few of the more remarkable feats of the staff to whom their chief gave all the credit :

A reporter on The Providence Journal acted for 17 months as one of the private secretaries of Ambassador von Bernsdorf, the accredited diplomatic representative of the German Empire to the United States, and the evidence of the Ambassador's activities thus exposed by the Journal resulted in his departure from American shores in disgrace. Another staff reporter followed Dr. Heinrich Albert, exchanged suit cases with him and secured the evidence which defeated the plot to involve Ireland in rebellion and ended in the execution of Sir Roger Casement. A $16-a-week stenographer in the office of The Journal outwitted Captain F. von Papen, German naval attache at Washington. How she did so would make the plot of a moving picture scenario.

WIRELESS GAVE THEM START

The boys and girls of the paper fearlessly took their lives in their hands for years. "Without them," said John R. Rathom, "we could have done nothing." Yet he himself is a man of remarkable personality, shrewd, courageous and very good-humored. Born in Australia, he was brought up in the United States and is a thorough-going American, a patriot with breadth and sympathy enough to accord full praise to Canada for her sacrifices in the war. His one aim throughout was to bring his fellow-citizens to see that Germany was their natural foe. "God bless Canada," was his simple conclusion.

Mr. Rathom explained that for years before war was thought of The Providence Journal had had a "bug" for wireless telegraphy, and had two stations of its own on the Atlantic coast. When war broke out they conceived the idea of tapping Sayville and Nantucket, and in that way, long before any exposures were made in The Journal, they had accumulated evidence of German complicity in mischief-making in the United States which would amount to a hundred times more than was already published. Then had come the following-up in which the reporters had been invaluable, and the romance of spy-hunting had surpassed all fiction.

Of the Ottawa Parliament Buildings fire, Mr. Rathom said they had no positive information, but three weeks before it took place they had information of a plan to destroy the Parliament Buildings about that time, with two munition plants in Canada. Both Parliament Buildings and the munition plants were damaged by fire or bomb within 48 hours of the time of which The Journal had information. "That is all I know of the Ottawa fire," said Mr. Rathom, "but I am content to believe that it could not be charged to carelessness nor lack of ordinary precaution at Ottawa, because we know how difficult it is to circumvent these men."

HORN'S "GREEN BLUBBER" BRAIN

Mr. Rathom caused a burst of laughter by describing the brains of every German diplomat as "green-blubber." He always made a mistake which nobody with real brains would be guilty of." The speaker gave several instances where the most elaborate plots had fallen through because of this characteristic German stupidity. One of these was the case of Lieut. Werner Horn, the young German officer who had been deputed to blow up the Vanceboro bridge. This man had gone to the trouble of growing a beard and, disguising himself as a rough, uncouth workman—old clothes, dirty boots, worn-out carpetbag, etc. He, however, gave himself away by riding in the parlor car of the best train running through New England. He was "spotted" at once. Afterwards when asked why he did not travel in a different sort of a train he replied that he was an officer and a gentleman, and that was the way he was accustomed to travel.

Three days after the Du Pont explosion in Delaware which killed 31 men, Boy-Ed, the German military Attache at Washington, and Capt. F. Von Papen sat in an hotel and toasted the men who had been successful in bringing about this Du Pont explosion. A Journal reporter at a dictagraph in the next room was able to report the occurrence in full.

RATHOM CONVINCED WILSON

The whole story of how one sole newspaper was enabled so to expose German secret plottings in the United States that it resulted, first, in recall of one official after the other up to Count von Bernstorff, and then proved a great weight in convincing President Wilson of machinations against the State, could never have been told if the enormous initial difficulty of the wireless codes had not been overcome. After five months of war and after nearly 1000,000 messages had been stored in the vaults, the Journal was fortunate enough to discover the code to read some of these messages. Armed with facts thus revealed by its four operators, the Journal's reporters were sent out to take jobs in the German Consulates and other places named in the messages.

"The material we got in 5 months would keep us going for 25 years," said Mr. Rathom. "We have not touched 50 per cent. of it. We have not printed 10 per cent. of it. We would have gone on doing so but the result we wanted came about."

"We were working under a cloud for the first nine months of our exposures," said Mr. Rathom. "Nobody would believe us. The authorities took no action. Finally I went to the President and showed him the messages that had been going to Berlin via Sayville about 'Little Emily.' 'Little Emily' was part of a secret code. These messages sometimes told of her death, sometimes of details of her funeral, but the strange part of it was that Emily died as many as nine times in one week. The President was convinced and the Government then put a large staff at work to decipher the codes and handle the information that had been received by the Journal from the wireless messages [illegible]

going to Germany."

MAKING FOOL OF BERNSTORFF

Most daring of all the adventures of the Journal staff during the subsequent "exposure" period was the part played by the reporter who got a position as a private secretary to Count von Bernstorff. For 17 months he maintained his disguise and played his double part, keeping the Journal informed of all that the German Ambassador was doing. The Journal kept this information to itself until it was quite ready. Then Bernstorff was completely discredited. When he was recalled his private secretary went with him as far as the boat.

"Hurry up," said Von Bernstorff, who did not in the least suspect he had been fooled; "you will lose your boat."

"I think I'll be safer on this side," smiled the reporter. And this is how Von Bernstorff learned the truth.

OVERHEARD BRYAN AND DUMBA

The pacifist sentiments of William Jennings Bryan, American Secretary of State, at the opening of the war, were rudely dealt with by the Journal. It happened that a Journal man overheard the conversation between Bryan and Dumba, the Austrian Ambassador, in which Bryan agreed to influence President Wilson to suggest that United States citizens refrain from sailing on ships carrying munitions, in return for Germany's putting an end to submarine warfare.

"Don't pay any attention to the President, he means nothing," Bryan was heard to say, referring to President Wilson's notes. The Journal printed the terms of this agreement and the remarks of Bryan in full, with the result that Bryan, unable to deny the story, was eliminated from the Cabinet.

In the case of the attempt to involve the United States in a war with Mexico, it was a Journal man that engaged the room where Huerta and the German agents discussed the terms. "Of course being our man he engaged suitable rooms, and we were enabled to hear every word and send the information to the Department of State."

THE "PIERCED HEARTS" TRICK

The story of the stenographer, a young girl who was employed by Dr. Heinrich Albert, the Austrian Consul-general in New York, was perhaps the most romantic of all. This girl had no previous experience of plotting and counter-plotting or city experience whatever, having come to the Journal from the country some 20 miles outside of Providence. She simply used her native New England wit. A certain package of papers was to be sent to Germany through England on a Swedish ship, according to information that the Journal had secured. These papers told who were the agents of the Teutonic Governments in the United States, what their services had been to date, how much they had been paid and how much was still to be paid. The case was to be shipped with other cases of similar outside appearance containing harmless freight.

The girl's task was to identify the particular box so that it could be picked out when it got to England. She saw the box in Albert's office and kept her eye on it. So did Von Papen the German naval attache at Washington, who was hanging around Albert's office for the purpose. The girl, during her watch, sat down on the precious box and began to eat her lunch. The unsuspecting Von Papen struck up a flirtation and invited himself to share the sandwiches. Before long he was talking sentimental twaddle and the girl encouraged him by taking a red lead pencil out of her hair and coyly drawing two big red hearts on the top of the packing case. Von Papen himself drew the arrow through them.

The box duly arrived at Falmouth on the Oscar II. to be examined. Neutral American cargoes were allowed to go through if they did not contain contraband. The authorities had been warned about the box with the two hearts and the arrow, and had no difficulty in picking it out of hundreds of others.

"And yet there are no brilliant people but the Germans," smiled Rathom.

(To be Continued.)

Madoc Township Council

Town Hall, Eldorado, June 25, 1917—The regular meeting of Madoc Township Council was held on the above date, all members present.

Minutes of last meeting read and confirmed.

Miller-Kells—That a treasurers book for keeping Township accounts be purchased from the Municipal World for $12.00.

Kells-Rollins—That the communication from the Hydro-Electric Railway be filed.

Rollins-Kells—That the following bills be paid: Jerry Laffan $35, grant on road; John C. Moore $2.40, for service as truant officer. That culvert opposite Robt. Sager's be rebuilt by Wm. McMechan, and that $5 be paid Robt. Sager for repairing the same this spring. That Bert McCoy and Fred Empy receive $15 and $12 for sheep killed by dogs, respectively. That $25 be granted Thos. Walsh on his road beat. That $21 be granted Thomas Morecroft for work performed on his road beat.

On motion of Miller and Kells that $14 be paid Dr. W. A. Dafoe, and that the clerk be instructed to notify Dr. John W. C. McCullough that the municipality wants their resident doctor John Gardiner appointed medical afficer of health instead of Dr. Dafoe.

Kells-Jones—That $2 be paid each of the fence viewers in division No. 2 for service rendered.

Kells-Miller—That Foster Keene be allowed his road work on his own road this year.

Jones-Rollins—That Ben Miller receive $17.80 for cleaning creek and gravel, and that John Fox and W. Pringle receive each $17.60 and $20 respectively for gravel, and also that Jas. A. Nickle get $7.80 for building culvert.

Moved and carried that the assessment roll be accepted as finally revised.

Council adjourned till Aug. 27th.

W. T. Allen, Clerk.

Services in St. Columba church, Cooper, will be held on Sunday evening, July 22nd, at 7.30 p.m.

Canadian Fighters Publish Paper

Canadians are becoming familiar with the trench periodicals published by our boys in France. One of the first of these and one of the most successful is 'The Listening Post,' which started its career about twenty months ago. Since that time it has appeared, according to the editor, Captain W. F. Orr, "twice monthly. Huns permitting." It is published by the Canadian unit under the command of Lieut.-Col. Gilson and the news editor is Sergeant J. W. Campbell.

The most recent issue of The Listening Post to reach Canada indicates that the boys had just been feeling elated over the entrance of the United States into the war. The editor says: "We cannot refrain from commenting on the remarkable change in public opinion in America which has made such a drastic step possible and we rejoice to note that United States independence—of which we have heard so much in former years—is once more about to vindicate itself."

Mostly, however, The Listening Post devotes itself to making merry about the hardships of war, and is filled with paragraphs that indicate the splendid spirit of the fighting men. Here are a few of the jests in the "Fun from the Front:"

Henry—"Gee, I wish the war would finish soon."

Peter—"I don't. I want to get my leave first."

Question—'How are the tanks made?'

Answer—"Quite simple. A rum issue along with a drop of Scotch."

And here is one editorial comment:

The surest way to identify Canadian troops on the march is not by their "fine physique," "swinging step" and all that war correspondent stuff, but by the Old Chum bags on the nozzles of their rifles.

Although the censor handles the copies carefully, there are stray bits of information in the Listening Post. There is one paragraph that tells us:—

During the recent frosty weather skates figured very prominently in several raids made by Canadians. There is whore they 'slipped it over' Fritz. Good old hockey, players.

Here is another scrap of news:—

The first "drums" to be brought to France by Canadians are still going strong. Sergt. Keatinge ond Corp. Loughton deserve great credit for the success of this band.

One little poem which has a place of honor on the front page indicates that the soldiers at the front have not much admiration for the majors who went as far as England and returned to Canada when the privates went to France. In fact it would seem that the slighting speeches made about the "safety first" majors in Canada have all been echoed in the trenches. "The Ballad of the Mushroom Major" is short but it has plenty of punch—

We got our promotion far over the ocean;
The farther the quicker you know;
The battalion disbanded, and here we are landed,
All dressed up and nowhere to go.
Lieutenants abuse us and captains won't use us;
We're welcomed like blizzards in May;
We may be old stagers, but we draw major's wages,
And we've got to have some place to stay.

The following war versions of old maxims are also worth quoting:—

A bullet in the hand is worth two in the head.

People who live in shell holes shouldn't throw flare lights.

All is not gold that glitters—remember a bayonet in the moonlight.

Half a rum issue is better than ten beers.

It's a long communication trench that has no turning.

A roaring shell gathers no moss.

Discretion is the better part of R.I.P..

Cut the Burdocks and Cut Them Now

Why should there be such a wrestle with the unsightly burdock family—all over town—each and every year?

Why should the hydra-headed ugliness be allowed to reach its most unsightly stage before the town and its people awake to a knowledge of its existence?

Why not take your hoe now, and cut back the tender growth to the roots; do it again in a couple of weeks; then once or twice more—and note the effect.

This course persisted in will destroy the burdocks—starve out the roots for want of breath through the leaves.

How many will try it?

Anyway, cut them down.

And why should not the town do some weed cutting at this time of the season, instead of waiting until the shame of the thing drives them to it?

That forest of old dried burdocks which bedights our streets and vacant lots each summer-end is one of the reproaches of the town.

If the people will not keep them down near their own property, and the town must do it, it is only rational to do it long before they go to seed.

To chop down the burdock trees loaded with ripe seed only gives the seed the better chance to reach the earth and germinate.

Gloomy Sask. Stories

Rather startling statements are made by correspondents in many parts of Saskatchewan in reports to the Provincial Department of Agriculture. One of them states that hundreds of acres of crop in the district he visited will never be cut. Others report the grain is burning up for want of sufficient rain, and others again mention that in some districts the farmers are discouraged and are plowing crops down.

We are glad to see the sun shining once more, having had rain for the past week every day.

PORTER & CARNEW
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Easily Quieted.

Mr. Newly Wed—What makes the baby yell in that way, dear? Mrs. N. W.—His teeth, love. Mr. N. W.—Oh, if that's all I'll run for a dentist and have them out. — London Saturday Journal.

Second In Rank.

"She told me she wouldn't marry the best man in the world."

"And?"

"I told her that didn't hurt my chances in the least." — Philadelphia Ledger.

Impecunious Irritation.

"You say the couple quarreled on their honeymoon?"

"Yes. You see, they hadn't much to start with, and the honeymoon had got to its last quarter." — Baltimore American.

No Time.

"My tailor has promised to have my suit done tomorrow."

"Do you think he'll give it to you on time?"

"Oh, no; I'll have to pay cash."—Boston Transcript.

Star Stones.

Both rubies and sapphires are occasionally met with as "star stones"—that is, opaque gems, showing the perfect steely rays of a star. A star ruby is excessively rare, but the star sapphire is fairly common.

An Opposite Effect.

"I see a well known doctor declares that music has decided curative properties."

"Some music may have, but there's a whole lot of it that makes me sick."—Philadelphia Ledger.

His Guess.

Willie—I guess my dad must have been a pretty bad boy. Tommie—What makes you think that? Willie—Because he knows exactly what questions to ask me when he wants to know what I have been doing.—Puck.

Almost Sorry.

The Widow—These lawyer bodies frae Edinburgh are near drivin' me daft wranglin' aboot this bit o' property an' that, till I whiles wish Sanders had never deed at a'.—London Fun

Complicated Job.

Dobson—There goes Figgers, the expert accountant. They say he's going crazy. Jobson—What's the trouble? Dobson—He's been trying to straighten out his wife's household accounts.—London Telegraph.

Exactions of Possession.

It takes a great deal of boldness, mixed with a vast deal of caution, to acquire a great fortune, and then it takes ten times as much wit to keep it after you have got it as it took to make it.—Mayer A. Rothschild.

The Hunter.

The chase is among the best of all national pastimes. It cultivates that vigorous manliness for the lack of which in a nation, as in an individual, the possession of no other qualities can possibly atone.—Theodore Roosevelt.

Resourceful.

Father—There, now! You've gone and crippled that calf with your confounded stone throwing!

Son (who has studied efficiency)—Well, we can make limp leather of his pelt.—Farm Life.

Short Words.

"Use short words. They are more forcible."

"And then, too, if you are getting paid by the word you can crowd more of them into an article."—Pittsburgh Post.

Too Slow For Him.

"Now, old boy, here are the stepping stones to success—industry, frugality"—

"Stepping stones? Gee whiz, dad, show me the speedway!"—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Aurora Borealis.

Manifestations of aurora borealis are commonly visible in America as far south as 40 degrees. At 40 degrees latitude about ten auroras are visible in a year, at 42 degrees about twenty and 45 about forty, while between the latitudes of 50 and 60 degrees, the zone of the greatest frequency, they may be seen almost any clear night. South of 40 degrees they are rare.

A Word For an Abused Man.

Is it not time father had a square deal?

Years ago—not so many—our children spoke to and of us as "papa" and "mamma," as case and gender might be. Now we have dignified "mamma" into "mother," but poor "papa" is robbed of even that small dignity. He's just "daddy."—Life.

RIGHTS OF MAN.

The sacred rights of mankind are not to be rummaged for among old parchments or musty records. They are written, as with a sunbeam, in the whole volume of human nature by the hand of divinity itself and can never be erased or obscured by mortal power.—Alexander Hamilton.

Clergyman has Recovered

Was Unable to Fill Appointments and Greatly Discouraged by Continued Ill-health.

Gananoque, Ont. July 19th, 1917.—The many friends of Rev. George Alton are pleased to learn of his recovery after a long period of ill-health from biliousness, stomach troubles and severe headaches.

Mr. Alton has become very much discouraged over his inability to obtain relief, and thought he would have to quit the ministry, when fortunately he read about Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills and began their use. He tells the particulars of his case in this interesting letter:

Rev. George Alton, Gananoque, Ont. writes: "I had been suffering from bilious attacks for four years. I was very weak, had headaches, and my stomach was so bad that I could hardly eat anything without being troubled by it. I had tried many cures, herbs, pills and salts, and was under the doctor's care for some time, but instead of getting better I seemed to get weaker. I was unable to fulfil my appointments on Sunday and had to secure help. I used to take dizzy spells and could not walk across the floor straight. I had almost given up all hope, and my wife said that if I did not get better we would have to quit the work of the ministry. However, in looking over the British 'Whig', the well-known Kingston paper, I saw Dr. Chase's advertisement in it, and read how Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills had helped others who were troubled as I was. I resolved to give these Pills a trial, and I must say that in a short time I obtained relief. I continued taking them for some time, and now I am able to resume my work again. From the benefit I have obtained from these pills I would recommend them to all who suffer as I did.

Rev. C. Cunningham, 124 First Ave. Toronto: "This is to certify that I am personally acquainted with Rev. Geo. Alton of Gananoque, and believe his statement with reference to Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills to be true and correct."

Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills, one pill a dose, 25c a box, 5 for $1.00, at all dealers, or Edmanson, Bates & Co., Limited, Toronto.

Gilmour

Mr. and Mrs. H. Walker visited at Mr. J. Dafoe's on Sunday.

Quite a few from here attended the Orange walk in Frankford.

Mr. and Mrs. A. Harvey are visiting relatives in Huntingdon and Belleville.

Mrs. H. Fitzgibbons is visiting in Frankford for a few days.

Mr. and Mrs. Thos. Dafoe visited in Greenbush on Sunday.

Miss Mary Ricketts had her arm broken on Saturday in a runaway. While out driving with Mrs. J. Gunter their horse became frightened and overturned the buggy. Mrs. Gunter was not hurt.

Trenton Cooperage Co. are busy loading logs on the new siding near Beaver creek.

Miss Irene Greaves is spending a couple of weeks in Millbridge.

Messrs. Jackson Moore and Percy Lummiss, of Stirling, spent the 12th in this little burg.

Ivanhoe

Quite a number from here attended the Orange celebration at Frankford on the 12th. All report a good time.

Miss May Timmerman returned to her summer home at "KilKare Kamp," Moira lake.

The Women's Institute held their monthly meeting at the home of Mrs. D. L. Fleming on Tuesday last, 18 members being present. Two good papers were given, "True Patriotism" by Mrs. French and "Women's Institute and the War" by Mrs. J. Clement, which were interesting to everyone there. 26 members were enrolled, making a total of 73 members. The meeting closed by singing "O Canada."

Mrs. Conkrite and Mildred returned home after spending a week in Frankford.

Mrs. Hughes, of Sharbot Lake, is visiting her niece, Mrs. R. Bruce.

Mr. and Mrs. Bronson, accompanied by Miss Jennie Bainbridge, returned to their home at Marmora on Saturday.

Mr. Robert Stout spent a few days at Napanee last week.

Mr. and Mrs. Z. A. Grooms, Mr. and Mrs. Roy Grooms, of Napanee, Mr. N. Stout, Miss Agnes Stout and Miss W. Crooks, of Minto, were Sunday guests at Mrs. Robt. Stout's.

The guests at the Glenwood on Friday last were :— Mrs. Sam Fargey, West Huntingdon; Mrs. T. Paugh, Detroit; Mr. and Mrs. Jensen, Alberta; Mr. and Mrs. T. Cook, Mr. and Mrs. P. Cook, Rochester, N.Y.

Mr. and Mrs. Williams, Mrs. Stewart and children and Miss Mabel Cox, of Belleville, were Sunday visitors at the Glenwood.

Mr. and Mrs. Jas. Belshaw, Mr. and Mrs. R. S. Belshaw and son, Roy, spent Sunday with Miss Tanner.

Fall Fair Dates

The following dates have been fixed for the Fall Fairs in this district for 1917 :

Campbellford	Sept. 25 and 26
Ameliasburg	Sept. 6
Wooler	Sept. 6th and 7th
Colborne	Sept. 10 and 11
Napanee	Sept. 12 and 13
Brighton	Sept. 13 and 14
Belleville	Sept. 17 and 18
Lindsay	Sept. 17, 18 and 19
Picton	Sept. 18, 19 and 20
Frankford	Sept. 20 and 21
Peterboro	Sept. 20, 21 and 22
Marmora	Sept. 24 and 25
Bancroft	Sept. 27 and 28
Stirling	Sept. 27 and 28
Odessa	Sept. 28
MADOC	Oct. 2 and 3
Castleton	Oct. 2 and 3
Warkworth	Oct. 4 and 5
Tweed	Oct. 4 and 5
Millbrook	Oct. 4 and 5
Norwood	Oct. 9 and 10

New Advertisements.

Advertisements under this head, one inch space,—50c first insertion, 25c each subsequent insertion 75c per month after first month.

For Service

A pure bred Tamworth Sire Hog. $1, payable at time of service.

A. H. HOUSER, Bouck Farm.
28-3p

Wool Wanted

Highest market prices paid in cash at the Madoc Woolen Mills.

18 S. J. DANFORD & Co

Wool Wanted

Highest market price for washed and unwashed.

MRS. R. CLARK, Madoc.
21-tf

Teams Wanted

To haul ore from the Wallbridge Fluorspar Mine, lot 4, 1st con. of Madoc, to Madoc station.

Apply to
27-tf C. M. WALLBRIDGE

Lost

One yearling bull, red and white, with bell on.

HENRY DAVIDSON,
27-3 Lot 3, Con. 11, Lake

For Sale

That large 8-roomed solid brick electric lighted dwelling house on the south side of St. Lawrence street, Madoc. The grounds consist of 4 quarter acre lots, on which there is a frame barn, a garage, a plentiful supply of hard and soft water. Terms easy.

Apply to
JAMES ENGLISH, Madoc
27-tf

Auction Sale !

The large brick Hotel and premises known as Blue's Hotel in the Village of Madoc will be sold by Public Auction at 2 o'clock in the afternoon of

Saturday, 4th day of Aug., 1917

together with large stables, outbuildings and premises.

This is one of the finest hotels in North Hastings and fitted with all modern improvements.

TERMS OF SALE—10 per cent. cash; 40 per cent. within 30 days and balance secured by mortgage on the premises.

Subject to reserve bid.

Dated 19th of June, 1917.

T. F. BLUE, R. McKENZIE } Owners
Ira Simmons, Auctioneer, Foxboro. 25-7

Whytock Bros.

BUTCHERS

DEALERS IN

Groceries and .. Provisions

MADOC — — ONTARIO

WANTED CREAM

We have again advanced our prices for good quality Cream. We could use yours. It will be worth your while to write us.

TORONTO CREAMERY CO. Ltd.
13 Church st. Toronto

PAINTING

I am prepared to paint Automobiles, Carriages and all kinds of vehicles.

Second block west of the Dominion Bank.

ALEX. ROBERTSON

Notice to Creditors

In the Surrogate Court of County of Hastings

In the matter of the estate of William Thomas, late of the Township of Madoc, in the County of Hastings, Yeoman, deceased.

Notice is hereby given pursuant to R.S.O. 1914, chapter 121 and amending acts that all persons having claims as creditors or otherwise against the estate of William Thomas, late of the Township of Madoc, in the County of Hastings, Yeoman, deceased, who died on or about the 21st day of February, 1916, are required to send by post, prepaid, to the undersigned solicitor for George Wesley Thomas and Simeon Fox, Executors of the said estate, on or before the 17th day of August, 1917, their names, addresses and descriptions and a full statement of the particulars of their claims (duly verified by affidavit) and the nature of the security, if any, held by them.

And take notice that after the said date the said Executors will proceed to distribute the assets of the said estate having regard only to the claims of which they shall then have had notice and the said Executors will not be liable for the said assets or any part thereof so distributed to any person or persons of whose claim or claims they shall not have had notice at the time of the distribution thereof.

Dated at Madoc 7th day of Jul A.D. 1917. 28-4

WILLIAM CROSS, Madoc, Ont., Solicitor for George Wesley Thomas and Simeon Fox, Executors of the said estate.

PATENTS [illegible]

In all countries. Ask for our INVENTOR'S ADVISER, which will be sent free. [illegible] University St., [illegible]

THE DATE ON YOUR LABEL
Is the date of the year, not of the month.

LOOK AT THE LABEL
This label shows to what date your paper is paid. Subscribers who wish to secure the $1.50 rate must pay for their paper in advance.

North Hastings Review.

$1.50 a Year — "PARTY IS THE MADNESS OF MANY FOR THE GAIN OF A FEW" — $1.50 a year

40TH YEAR—No. 30 — Madoc, Hastings County, Ontario, Thursday, July 26, 1917 — POSTAGE PREPAID

Queensboro Women's Patriotic League

The following is the financial statement and semi-annual report of the League :

Amount on hand Jan. 8	$160 13
Fees for 6 months	18 30
Proceeds of play	92 70
Donation from Rimington play	25 00
Sale of 2 quilts	19 10
Sale of Mrs. Generaux's quilt	14 80
Names on autograph quilt	178 40
Proceeds of May tea	18 10
Sale of thread, remnants, yarn	2 98
Donations by Mrs. Tokley, Mrs. Thompson, Mrs. Walker and Miss Effie Holmes	4 45
Total Receipts	$533 96
Paid for yarn	$211 00
C. B. Hamm, goods	30 37
D. A. Moorcroft, goods	59 10
Prisoner of war	10 00
Soldiers' comforts	51 00
Miner accounts	7 39
	$374 86
Total receipts to June 30th	$533 96
Total expenses " "	374 86
Balance on hand June 30	$159 10

Alice W. Moore, Treasurer.

Work and Shipments

13 helpless shirts, value	$12 00
99 pyjamas	120 00
220 pairs heavy socks	220 00
150 pairs fine socks	187 50
Total value of shipments	$548 50

Of above socks 80 pairs were sent in soldiers' boxes.

Other donations received were: quilt top, Mrs. Thompson; quilt, Mrs. A. Howe; 15 pairs fine wool socks from S. S. No. 5, Elzevir; $5 to Belgian Relief, W. B. Northrup, M.P.; 12 yds. flannelette, Mrs. Bentley; sock legs, Miss Moore, Miss Campbell, Mrs. Keene, Mrs. Moore; 1 pair socks, Mrs. E. Rhodes.

The social given by the Women's Patriotic League on Mr. Howe's lawn was a splendid success. Over 218 were taken in by the League and everyone voted for an enjoyable time. The addresses were very appropriate and interesting to those who were fortunate enough to hear them. The League is very grateful to all who contributed in any way to success of the evening. Mrs. T. H. Squire, Secretary.

KEEP OUT
of your
KITCHEN
this summer—Use
Hotpoint
TABLEWARE

Performs any cooking operation right on the dining-table.

No discomfort or inconvenience.

Let us show you all about Hotpoints.

John Burkitt
Electrician - Madoc

Letters from Our Soldiers

Seaford, June 23rd, 1917.

MY DEAR WIFE,—

Another note to let you know that I am well. I have just come in off a 24 hours' guard duty and that means no sleep for that time. Before I lay down I am going to write you for sometimes they collect the Canadian mail on Sunday, so that this one like all the others is to be short and sweet. I don't think I ever told you anything about our billets in England. We have a pallicass with about a handful of straw and 4 blankets to sleep in. There are about 30 in one hut. There are about 30 in one hut. To-night it has turned so cold I guess I will go to bed in marching order, that is all clothes on. Here is Henry McIntyre to see me so we are going to have a good chat about old times.

Sunday morning.

I have just got back from breakfast, which consisted of a plate of porridge and powdered milk, a cup of coffee without sugar, 2 slices of bread and margarine. If ever I get back I will try and get you a few recipes from the army cook. I don't think he is dandy of course. He aint a bit particular how the stuff is cooked or whether its cooked or not. A fellow wants about four doses of medicine a week to enable him to digest anything. Henry and I had quite a talk. He came back from France with trench foot. He says that there wasn't a cooler man in the trenches than Daye. He was just the same as though he was around Harris's barn. All Daye would say if we are killed would be "All right, let it come." I guess he would go anywhere, just as happy over the top of the trench as down into it. Henry don't think much of France, neither does Ted Rylott. I do hope they won't have to go back. I have just got back from church. We have an old Scotch preacher here and he is a dandy. I tell you he makes a fellow think about lots of things. To-day he referred several times to those we left at home and it was very touching. There were very few in church with dry eyes. After church we had Staff Parade; all the N.C.O.s turn out to be inspected by the Commanding Officers while the band plays all the latest rag time, quite in place after coming from church and I don't think, however, that's how they do things in the army. To-day on our parade they picked out men to go to London on Dominion Day to represent Canada and I happen to be one of them so that means a trip to London on Monday, July 2nd. I have also to pull tug-of-war on that day so wish me luck. I never get your paper now. Any word in Canada about raising our pay? It is rumored here. I know you could do with some more as the prices are terrible. Let me know who is working for D. McKenzie. I wrote him a note but never got an answer. The 254th boys are still in quarantine with measles and no sign of them getting better. Some of the fellows say that since we got free postage that our letters are censored. Let me know if any of mine are opened.

SGT. D. MCKENZIE.

Coal Supply For Canada

Knowing the supply of coal from Nova Scotia to be practically cut off and realizing the dependence of Canada for its anthracite supply from the United States, there is a disposition in official circles, extending, it is said, to the entire Washington Administration, to furnish all the coal to Canada that may be required.

At the same time the American demands for coal are greater than ever before and the situation has become a problem. No allotment of coal for Canada has been made yet, but the entire matter may be summed up by saying the United States Government proposes that Canada shall have from American mines all the coal it actually requires but that there must be the greatest economy in its use, as there must be in the States also.

Whether an official limit shall be placed on the amount of coal shipped to Canada probably will not be determined until it is learned just how much coal Canada will require and whether so much can be spared from home.

The intention is to permit all reasonable shipments, but to require economy on the part of Canadian users.

How Hun Plots Were Exposed

THE CHANGED SUIT CASE

An assignment to a Providence Journal reporter involved the shadowing of Dr. Heinrich Albert himself on one occasion. He was seen to go into a leather goods store and buy a suit case. He left it for his initials to be attached. The reporter then bought a similar suit case, and left it to see whether he liked the initials on the one that had just been ordered. Next day he called, saw Albert's initials, took away the suit case and had initials put on by another dealer. Later riding in an elevated train a scuffle occurred at the front end of the car, and Dr. Albert stood up to see the fun while his suit case was exchanged by the reporter in the seat behind. The scuffle in the front of the car was caused by Mr. Rathom's men, too. Heinrich went on with the wrong suit case and discovered his loss two days later. Then he reported to the police that his suit case had been exchanged. However, it was too late. What was found in that suit case, published in the Providence Journal, sent Baron Konstatin T. Dumba, the Austrian Ambassador, home to Austria within a week.

Dr. Gartshare, Austrian Consul-General at San Francisco, was ordered to blow up the torpedo plants at Seattle. He refused. "When I heard that I thought it was so unusual that I looked him up," said Mr. Rathom. Gartshare proved to be disgusted with his job and with his Government and its methods, and gave information to the Journal resulting in the securing of an immense amount of material. He was denounced by the Austrian Embassy and placed at the head of the American Secret Service operations for four months.

THE NEW YORK SHIPS

The discovery that the German ships in New York harbor had been damaged was made by the Journal, but the authorities would not believe it as their own man had reported that they were all right. It was not until Mr. Rathom had shown the officials samples of the carborundum sand that had been poured into the engines that they would believe. Then the officials admitted that their inspector had only been above decks. That the ships were not blown up as planned was due to the watchfulness of 60 or 70 Italian workmen, working around the wharves in various disguises, employed by the Journal.

"We always found that if we looked enough into any German scheme we should find a hole big enough in it for a school boy to crawl through," commented Mr. Rathom. Then he traced the disclosures throughout 1916 and down to the present year which had brought success to the Journal's aims.

PARTIAL LIST OF TRIUMPHS

It was in April, 1915, that the Providence Journal exposed the German Embassy plot to discredit the Washington Administration, and these disclosures focused the eyes of the world on that paper. In the early months of 1915 powder plants in Illinois and New Jersey were blown up with loss of life, and merchant ships were ruthlessly destroyed, but it was not until July that the real carnival began. It was then, too, The Providence Journal exposed the Sayville wireless frands, the result being that the United States Government seized the station.

The celebrated conversations between ex-Secretary of State Bryan and Ambassador Dumba were next published, causing a profound sensation throughout the world, and readers will remember that a bomb was next placed in the east wing of the Capitol at Washington and an attempt was made on the life of J. P. Morgan, both by the same person, Frank Holt, a German sympathizer, who afterwards committed suicide.

LUSITANIA PLOT AND AFTER

The story of the Embassy's part in the Lusitania sailing was first told by Mr. Rathom's paper. The attempt to bribe Samuel Gompers, who twice refused enormous fortunes if he would betray labor and help Germany to foment strife in industrial plants, was disclosed in The Journal. Boy-Ed's and Von Papen's activities were published, and the publicity forced the Government to act, and they were declared objectionable persons.

It was The Journal which first told of the fact in September, 1915, that England had bagged 80 per cent. of the German submarines, a fact afterwards admitted by the British Government. The plot to blow up the Welland Canal, the intrigues of the Germans in using the Red Cross as a cloak for spy work, the bomb plots, the activities in Mexico and the help of Huerta were all exposed first by The Providence Journal. The year 1916 was in the main a repetition of the atrocities of the year previous. But Boy-Ed and Von Papen and Von Igel and Dernberg and Von der Goltz and Dumba were sent back to Germany and Austria, while dozens of others, of lesser degree, are languishing in United State prisons.

The story of 1917 has been full of great honor for The Providence Journal and Mr. Rathom. Munition plots multiplied, but a pitiless publicity made the going extremely hazardous. The end was in sight in February when Germany announced her new submarine policy. As he sailed Bernstorff termed The Providence Journal "villainous liar and creature of England." Germany's activities in Mexico were exposed, the trouble-making

(Continued on page 8)

Events of The War in Brief

More and more the course of the Russian Revolution follows in the lines marked out by the French Revolution of a little over a century and a quarter ago. The latest development in this connection is in the action taken by the Council of Workmen and Provincial Government a "Government of National Safety" with full power to discipline the army and fight to a finish the enemies of public order. Under this arrangement Kerensky, last week made Premier, became virtually the national dictator. Will he, following further the example set towards the end of the French Revolution, scatter the Petrograd mobs with "a whiff of grape shot" and form a new dynasty, with himself as head of it, on the ruin of Romanoffs? Latterly the course of events in Russia has been both perplexing and disturbing. On one day Russian armies have been reported as sweeping all before them on the eastern front; on the next the Russian masses are reported as being rolled up by disciplined German legions while the Russian soldiers were holding mass meetings to discuss whether orders by their officers should be obeyed or not. If Kerensky brings order out of chaos and makes Russia a really effective factor in crushing Germany, it is probable the other allies will not worry very much as to what occurs in regard to domestic reforms in Russia itself. We can all bear with Christian equanimity the misfortunes of our friends—as long as those misfortunes do not adversely affect us.

Outside of the developments in Russia there have been no unusual changes in the situation during the past week.

Siam has declared that a state of war exists with Germany and Austria, according to a Reuter despatch from Bangkok. Nine steamers, aggregating 19,000 tons, have been seized. The object of Siam's declaration is to "uphold the sanctity of international rights against nations showing contempt for the principles of humanity and respect for small states." All Germans and Austrians, the dispatch adds, have been placed under arrest and their businesses closed.

Canadian troops, described as "A battalion of Central Ontario men," most of whom had not previously taken part in an attack, have penetrated the German line to a depth of 500 yards along a front of 700 yards in the region southeast of Avion, near Lens. A number of prisoners were brought back and many dugouts were destroyed when the men in them refused to surrender. It is said that the men who made such a choice had only been in Lens for a day, having come from the Russian front, striking proof of the fact that the German reserve is being used up rapidly, and that the resort to the old practice of swinging the troops from side to side in attempts to checkmate Allied plans is being resorted to. A feature of the Canadian attack is the fact that gas shells failed to have any effect in stopping them. The men were well prepared for such a move, and their measures were effective. Elsewhere on the British front a number of raids are recorded, and aerial fighting proceeds on a very large scale. The Germans in their report, pay some attention to the latter development, and claim the shooting down of eight Allied airplanes. A good deal of nervousness is apparent on the German front as to the intention of General Haig's armies, and greater use is being made of the foe airplanes in an attempt to find out just what those intentions are.

Madoc Fair Prizes

At the Madoc Agricultural Society Fair on October 2nd and 3rd, ten cash prizes will be offered for competition by the Canadian Bankers' Association for calves and pigs exhibited by boys and girls under 17 years of age.

The conditions are, first, in case of calves the exhibits must be pure bred, must be born not later than March 15, 1917, and must be fed by the exhibitor at least 6 weeks before the Fair; in case of pigs the same conditions prevail except the exhibits may be either pure bred or grade, bacon type. Prizes in each case, 1st $5, 2nd $4, 3rd $3, 4th $2, 5th $1, 6th ribbon.

The prizes are so numerous and so generous and the desire of every healthy boy or girl to win in a strong competition so great that there will in all probability be a large number of entries.

Application forms for the Canadian Bankers' Association prizes for calves and pigs may be obtained from the Canadian Bank of Commerce, A. Y. Snider, Manager.

1750 Civil Servants May Lose Positions

Fifteen per cent of the government service in Ottawa, or 1750 in all, may lose their jobs. This is a result of the recomendation of the Public Service Committee of the National Service Board which has been confirmed formally by an order-in-council.

The Toronto Globe says in its editorial of Tuesday that it will oppose the election of any man who does not uphold the principle of Compulsory Military Service, and who would vote in Parliament for the creation of anti-conscriptionist Ministry.

Ford
Prices to Aug. 1, 1917

The following prices for Ford cars will be effective

Chassis	$450.00
Runabout	475.00
Touring Car	495.00
Coupelet	695.00
Town Car	780.00
Sedan	890.00

f. o. b. Ford, Ontario

These prices are positively guaranteed against any reduction before August 1st, 1917, but there is no guarantee against an advance in price at any time.

Frank Smith, Madoc.

THE DOMINION BANK
Established 1871
CAPITAL AND RESERVE $13,000,000

Savings Department

Have you money in the Bank? Are you saving? By putting away a few dollars at a time you will soon possess a fund for emergencies.

Deposits of One Dollar and upwards received. Interest paid or added to accounts twice a year, ...

MADOC BRANCH: G. P. LYND, Manager.

Tweed Planing Mills

Now is the time to shingle your barns. We have three carloads of shingles coming. Get our prices on lath, lime, pulpstone, cement, lumber of all kinds, doors, sash, mouldings, columns, etc.

The Houston Co. Ltd.
TWEED, ONT.

Madoc
Sash & Door Factory

If you are thinking of building this spring be sure and get our estimates. We always carry a good stock of lumber of all description.

JOHN ROBERTSON

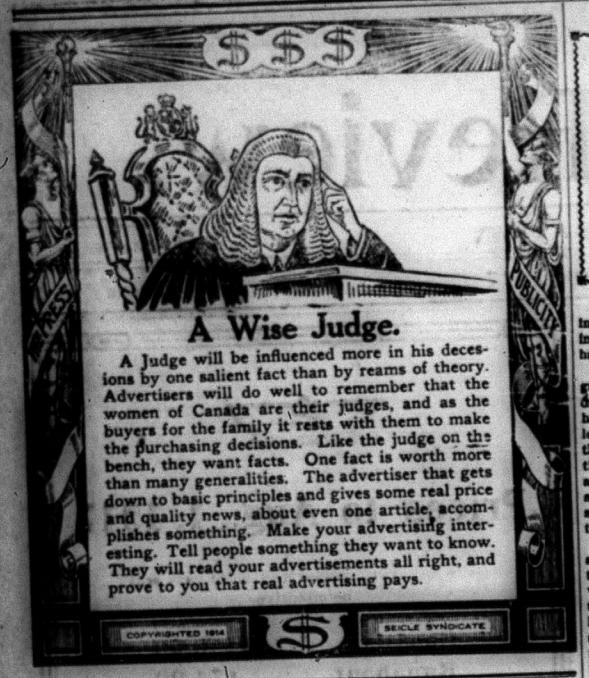
THE CANADIAN BANK OF COMMERCE

SIR EDMUND WALKER, C.V.O., LL.D., D.C.L., President — SIR JOHN AIRD, General Manager — H. V. F. JONES, Ass't. Gen'l. Manager

CAPITAL PAID UP, $15,000,000 — RESERVE FUND, $13,500,000

The advantages of a SAVINGS account are now within the reach of all, even those who cannot visit the Bank in person. An account can be operated quite satisfactorily by mail. Interest at current rates allowed.

Madoc Branch - - A. Y. SNIDER, MANAGER



A Wise Judge.

A Judge will be influenced more in his decesions by one salient fact than by reams of theory. Advertisers will do well to remember that the women of Canada are their judges, and as the buyers for the family it rests with them to make the purchasing decisions. Like the judge on the bench, they want facts. One fact is worth more than many generalities. The advertiser that gets down to basic principles and gives some real price and quality news, about even one article, accomplishes something. Make your advertising interesting. Tell people something they want to know. They will read your advertisements all right, and prove to you that real advertising pays.

Butter Paper

You will be requiring some of this from now on. Why not leave your order now.

Printed in quantities of 500 sheets, also plain.

15 Sheets, plain - 5 Cents.

500 " printed - $2.75

REVIEW OFFICE.

Some of the Leading Features

in the Policies of

The Policy Holders Mutual Life Ins. Co.

of Canada.

Head Office - - Temple Building, Toronto

No Other Policy Nearly So Good

1. Premium rate from 10 to 25 per cent. lower than any other company in Canada for the same class of Policy.
2. Our Guaranteed Loan or Surrender Values are as good as the best.
3. Our Policies participate in the profits of the Company; all dividends are paid to you in cash, yearly, after the third year.
4. Every policyholder has the privilege of a thorough medical examination every year at the Company's expense.
5. Total abstainers are insured in a class by themselves, and will receive the larger profits their good habits insure.
6. This is a strong mutual Company, with all the security of a full Government Reserve, one vote in the management of your Company with every $1,000 of insurance.
7. Premiums may be paid yearly, half-yearly, quarterly or even monthly, at your convenience, without consulting the Company.
8. Freeinsurance for face value of Policy, for a specific term of years after the third year in force, if you are sick or are unable to pay premium, etc., etc.

A. H. Watson, Madoc, Local Agent

A Mistake

The Story of How Two Sisters Were Reunited.

By PAULINE D. EDWARDS

Although the Horner sisters had lived in the same house for forty years, during twenty of those long years they had not exchanged a word.

No one in Rosedale knew why Abigail had suddenly taken up her residence in the north wing of the old house and Sophia had settled her belongings in the sunny south half. At the time conjecture had been rife, but the nine days' wonder had settled into a strong conviction that they had disagreed over the "prop'ty," for it was shortly after old Judge Horner's death that the estrangement began.

Every Sunday morning the sisters stepped primly down the graveled path to the gate and in wordless silence wended their way to church and up the aisle to the Horner pew. In vain had the pastor remonstrated with them singly and together. While open to reason and conviction on every other point, they were dumb regarding the cause of their wordless strife.

It was June now, and Sophia was digging among her pansies. She was slight and pale, with a pleasant, mild face that now and then startled one by settling into firm lines around the mouth. Abigail's features were cast in a sterner mold, and the lines about her mouth were deeper, and this characteristic feature in both sisters was known as "Horner spunk," and it was generally agreed that "Horner spunk" was at the root of the trouble.

Abigail stood under the cedars with a copy of the county paper in her hand. She was slowly reading an article for the fifth time:

> The Rev. Paul Weemers, pastor of the Park Methodist church, New York, will preach in the First church at Rosedale on Sunday evening next. It will be remembered that the First church of Rosedale was Mr. Weemers' first charge, and his return will be the occasion of much pleasure to his old friends and parishioners. Mr. Weemers will be accompanied by his wife.

She looked across the boxwood hedge into Sophia's garden. The news would interest Sophia as well as herself. Abigail thought of this as she stood there looking at Sophia's stooping form. There was a certain stern integrity about Abigail that urged her to break the long silence and to impart the news she had read to her sister. There was an underlying tenderness, too, toward her younger sister that the bitter resentment of years could not destroy. She resolved that Sophia should not be taken unawares.

She leaned over the hedge and dropped the newspaper under Sophia's nose.

Sophia squeaked with surprise as the paper rattled among the pansies, and there was blank astonishment in her nearsighted eyes as she lifted them to gaze upon the grim, uncompromising face of her sister.

The latter pointed to the paper with an old time gesture of command, and Sophia, adjusting her spectacles, sought the wrong page with agitated eagerness. Then she turned the sheet, and presently a nervous cluck and the dull reddening of her cheek announced that she had found the item. In her excitement the younger woman spoke. "He will call," she said softly, as if to herself.

The next day was Saturday, and all day long Sophia's lavender muslin hung on the clothesline, bending and swaying in the soft west wind like a misty wraith of Sophia herself. Abigail looked sternly upon the dress. She had been on her way to the front chamber to look over a well preserved summer silk, but the sight of the dress seemed to proclaim the boldness of Sophia—a boldness that was unexpected and that seemed to rouse a stern maidenliness in the older woman. She reddened darkly and went hastily downstairs again.

In the solitude of her own front room she sat and thought. The stern upbringing of the Horner girls had discouraged the coming of suitors, and it was not until after their father's death that Paul Weemers came to preach at the First church. He had been equally attentive to both sisters, and it was perhaps natural that each should believe herself to be the preferred one and the other an interloper. When Paul received a call to a larger parish he came to say goodby, and when he asked old Hannah if Miss Horner was in the sisters appeared simultaneously. Suddenly Abigail was called away, and when she returned to the parlor the young minister had gone and Sophia was standing at the window with a bewildered look on her pretty face.

Then a white rage had taken possession of Abigail, and her tongue had loosed upon the frightened Sophia, who turned fiercely with upbraiding contradictions. After that scene, which no one witnessed, began the long silence. As her thoughts wandered back to the past she knew she had been unjust to her sister, for really neither of the sisters had any real reason for thinking Mr. Weemers was in love with her, which made Abigail's outbreak toward her sister all the more unjustifiable. It was of these things that Abigail was thinking.

The next day was Sunday, and Sophia stepped down the path alone, her worn hymn book clasped in her mittened hands. She cast many anxious, backward glances at the north wing, where Abigail's stern profile was outlined against the windowpane. She was bent over the pages of a religious journal, and it was evident she did not intend to go to church that morning. Sophia went on alone, swinging her fresh muslin skirts and holding her head rather high, quite unaware that Abigail was watching her with accusing eyes of mingled pity and resentment.

Sophia did not know why she was hurrying to church that morning with a pink spot in either faded cheek, but her heart beat quickly, and she was conscious of a pleasant excitement at the idea of seeing Paul Weemers again. That was all. She fluttered the leaves of her Bible as she waited for the service to begin. She wondered vaguely where Mrs. Weemers would sit and concluded that she was the fashionably attired woman who sat in the minister's pew. She was a plump, pretty woman, with dark hair waving back from a fresh, youthful complexion. Then Paul Weemers came in, and Sophia gasped with surprise. He was rather stout and much older, and his hair and beard were quite gray.

The next morning while the sisters were attending to their separate household duties the doorbell toned dismally. Abigail went into the front hall and, peering through the side window light, saw a man in clerical garments accompanied by a woman. She paused for a moment with a hand on the knob; then she opened the door.

"Now, Miss Abigail, I don't believe you recognize me," exclaimed the man heartily. "I didn't see you in church yesterday, although I am sure that I recognized your sister."

"Mr. Weemers, isn't it?" asked Abigail coldly. "Won't you come in?"

"Yes, and this is my wife; my dear, this is Miss Horner, one of my old friends and parishioners."

"I have heard my husband speak of you and your lovely old house, Miss Horner," said the lady pleasantly.

They went into Abigail's cool parlor.

"Where is Miss Sophia?" inquired Mr. Weemers with evident interest.

"I will call her," said Abigail reluctantly.

She stepped across the hall and opened Sophia's door. That was the signal when there was company for both.

"Don't you care, Sophia," she whispered with fierce intensity as her sister followed her into the room.

Sophia was visibly agitated. She stammered greetings to the minister and his wife, which Abigail tried to cover by commonplace remarks, but there was an atmosphere of constraint over the four people.

"Will you have some refreshment?" asked Abigail presently. "It is a very warm day," she observed. She left the room and presently returned with foaming glasses of root beer and a plate of freshly cut sponge cake. She ate nothing herself, but looked intently from her sister to Mr. Weemers and then at the minister's wife.

The latter set down her glass. "Do you know, Miss Horner, that when my husband told me he was coming to Rosedale on Sunday I was delighted. The first thing I said was, 'Now I shall see the Horner teapot?'"

Abigail's face softened. "So he remembered our teapot?" she asked.

"Yes, indeed. I have a mania for old china, and Paul shares the mania. He has spoken of the teapot as such a lovely example of willow pattern, and I told him I positively must see it."

Abigail went to a walnut cabinet and brought forth a large blue and white teapot. It had been in the Horner family for many generations and was a treasured heirloom.

"How perfectly lovely!" exclaimed Mrs. Weemers, while her husband hung over it in silent admiration. Suddenly he straightened back in his chair and laughed heartily.

"You do not know, Miss Abigail, how hard I strove one day, many years ago, to ask you to sell me that famous teapot. I had seen it and succumbed to its beauty. I remember, just a day or so before I left Rosedale, I called to say goodby and at the same time to ask if you would sell it, but I realized my presumption and hardly hoped you would do so. I tried to broach the subject, but somehow I couldn't seem to make any headway. I recollect that you were called from the room, and I tried to approach your sister on the subject, but she seemed to want to talk of everything except the teapot, so I gave it up and went away. I wrote to you once and asked about it, but as I never heard from you I presume the letter went astray."

Abigail and Sophia were looking at each other over the blue teapot. There was a startled expression in Sophia's eyes, while Abigail looked pityingly at her sister.

Abigail found her voice first. "My sister and I would like to give you the teapot, Mrs. Weemers," she said, with decision in her tones. "There is no one to care for it after we are gone, and you and your husband seem to prize it so highly we would like you to have it."

"But—we cannot—it is too much"—stammered Mrs. Weemers.

"Oh, yes!" cried Sophia eagerly. "You must take it. We want you to have it, Abigail and I have so many old fashioned things."

Abigail left the room to wrap the teapot in paper and to escape the effusive thanks of the delighted Weemers. Sophia followed her sister, trembling with some unexplained emotion.

Removing the lid, Abigail thrust her head into the teapot and drew forth a yellowed envelope. She held it toward Sophia.

"It's yours," she said shortly.

"No; it's yours," returned Sophia.

"If it's mine," said Abigail in grim tones, "I'll burn it up." And she thrust it into the stove.

"Shall we have tea together in the big dining room tonight, Abigail?" asked Sophia timidly.

"Of course we will," said Abigail.

CATERPILLAR OF WAR

BRITISH TANKS ARE GROWING MUCH MORE EFFECTIVE.

Writer in the Popular Science Monthly Gives Description of the Huge Juggermount That Saved So Many Lives at the Battle of the Somme and Filled Huns With Terror.

AWE-INSPIRING monsters that the tanks were to the Germans, they were also much of a mystery to their own British troops. The first tanks were built in a walled factory in Lincoln, England, by mechanics who were not allowed to leave their Chinese City for three months, even to see their families. Secretly transported across the Channel, the tanks were assembled behind the Allied lines on the Somme to await call. The stoic Britishers thrilled at the whisper: "The tanks are coming!"

They were an untried military arm. Many thought that they never would return. But they did, and with a most enviable record for annihilating machine gun operators and snippers in a more thorough manner than it had ever been done before. They saved thousands of lives which would have had to be sacrificed if the old method of rushing such nests of death had been adhered to. After the tanks' work had thus been accomplished the infantry rushed forward to view the destruction.

New as the tanks are they are but the development of inventions made long ago by Holt and Harvey. The former originated the now famous caterpillar device for farming tractors, writes Joseph Brinker in Popular Science Monthly. This apparatus makes it possible for the tanks to surmount seemingly impassable obstructions, such as trees, boulders, ditches, shell craters, wire entanglements or trenches. Harveyized steel, so named after its inventor, made the tanks impervious to machine gun and rifle fire, shrapnel and everything except a direct shell hit.

The principal feature of the tank's construction is the caterpillar or track-laying device. This consists of an endless steel belt made up of short sections like shoes, which lie flat on the ground. These support the vehicle wheels which are mounted on trucks somewhat similar to those on railway cars. The insides of the shoes have double rails over which the truck wheels run.

The endless chain made up of the shoes acts as a track, being laid flat under the wheels and picked up again after the wheels have passed over it. The endless chains are driven by means of sprockets on the rear axle of the tank.

The real unusual adaptation of the caterpillar device for which the British designer of the tanks must be given credit is the shape of the belts. This has been carried out in a very different manner from that used on their farm tractor predecessors. Instead of being low and flat, they are strung out over frames thirty to forty feet long and from ten to fifteen feet high, depending upon the size of the tank. These frames are armored with Harveyized steel to provide protection for the tank operators and besides are curved up in the arc of a huge circle at the front to give the vehicle its wonderful tractive powers. This large curvature acts as a huge wheel with a tremendously long leverage equal to the radius of the circle of the spoke of the imaginary wheel of the same diameter. Only that portion of the assumed wheel in contact with the ground acts as the lever and it is this portion that is reproduced in the front end of a caterpillar belt.

This large area of the belts in contact with the ground also brings out the inherent property of the caterpillar which has made it possible for the tanks to traverse soft, muddy ground—the large bearing area of the caterpillar shoes. With the caterpillars thirty inches wide and with about fifteen or twenty feet of length in contact with the earth at any time, the pressure on the ground is said to be less than three pounds to the square inch. This is a great deal less than that exerted by a horse or a two-hundred-pound man. This large supporting area explains why the tanks do not sink down and become mired in places where an ordinary wheeled armored motor car would be hopelessly mired down to the hubs.

The tanks are of various sizes and designs, each later model being an improvement over its predecessors. The first ones had a maximum speed of from six to eight miles an hour. This was too slow, and the Germans soon found a way to destroy them. Before a tank could get back to shelter after a raid the German observers were able to wireless its position to their artillery, which promptly dropped shells on it. The latest tanks are lighter than their predecessors, have gasoline engines of over five hundred horsepower and travel at the remarkable speed of eighteen miles an hour.

"Although varying in size and details, all tanks have the common characteristic of being divided into three mail compartments between the two side caterpillar frames. The first is the observation compartment in which the driver and his helper are perched high above the ground to direct the movements of the huge steel beast. In the middle is the ammunition room from which the guns carried in the two side turrets are fed. At the rear is the engine room. From two to four gasoline engines are used, these driving the rear axle and its integral sprockets over which the caterpillars run. The later run over an idler pulley or sprockets at the extreme front ends and are supported by means of rollers attached to the upper portion of frame on each side when passing over the top. This movement of the caterpillar belts is exactly analgeous to that of the ordinary variety of garden insect with the same name, which similarly lays down its own track and humps its back continuously and regardless of the land surface.

The tanks are steered by a pair of small ordinary wheels at the rear. These are supported in a pivot on a frame extended from the rear. They are merely for steering, and support none of the weight of the tank except when bridging wide trenches or dips in the surface. Steering can also be accomplished by making one caterpillar go faster than the other by manipulating clutches on the driving mechanism.

VENISON FOR ALL.

One Plan Suggested for Relieving Meat Shortage.

That venison, instead of being familiar to only about one per cent. of our citizens, may in the near future become as common and cheap as mutton, is the prospect held out by Charles A. Sidman, an American citizen, who advocates the wider use of deer-meat for food and the breeding of these animals for the purpose. If we can raise foxes for their fur, says Mr. Sidman, then we can raise deer and elk for their meat. This, of course, does not necessarily mean that these animals must be domesticated like cattle. That would probably be impossible. It has already been tried unsuccessfully many times with the common deer. It does mean, however, that they would be bred and kept in herds. Writes Mr. Sidman:

"The production of venison for the market is as legitimate a business as the production of beef and mutton. The laws, when prohibitory, should be so modified as to encourage the industry. Elk and deer may be raised to advantage in forests and on rough, brushy ground unfitted for either agriculture or stock-raising, thus utilizing for profit much land that is now waste. One of the added advantages is that the business is well adapted to landowners of small means.

"The members of the deer family rank next to the cattle and sheep family in general utility, and are the most important of the big-game animals of America. The meat of the deer has always been a staple article of food, whenever it could be obtained in any quantity, being a favorite with the epicures and also having a wide use as a substitute for beef and mutton. It resembles these meats in texture, color, and general characteristics. The flavor is also distinctive and suggests mutton rather than beef.

"The general popularity of venison is so great and the demand for it so widespread that overproduction is most improbable. The other products of the deer, skin and horns, are of considerable importance, and in countries where deer are abundant and especially where large herds are kept in semidomestication, the commerce in both is very extensive.

"The raising of deer for profit does not necessarily imply that they should be domesticated. They may be kept in large preserves with surroundings as nearly natural as possible and their domestication entirely ignored. In this manner the breeder may reap nearly all the profit that could be expected from a domestic herd, while the animals escape most of the dangers incident to close captivity.

Turks on the West Front.

Unusual significance attaches to the despatch from Copenhagen stating that "Berlin is thronged with Turkish troops en route to the western front." Heretofore the chief function of the Turkish troops and their German officers has been to keep Turkey intact and maintain the Turkish line in Asia. This was part of the Kaiser's plan for an empire from the Persian gulf to the North Sea. But the British and the Russians now threaten to cut the empire into several parts, and its eastern capital, Bagdad, has already fallen into British hands.

If, in the face of this disaster, the German war party has seen fit to compel Turkey to send troops to the west front, the Germans must be hard pressed. They must have abandoned the Bagdad railroad project and have concluded that the outcome of the war is being decided along what remains of the Hindenburg line. It may be, of course, that Turkey has many more troops than has been suspected, and that the Germans have brought some reserves to the west front merely in order to stimulate Turkish interest in the scope of the war. But it would seem that if the Turks had reserves to spare they would use them in defending their own territory.

The presence of Turkish troops in the German trenches in France will stimulate the Franco-British troops to greater efforts. The prospect of adding to German cruelty to the noncombatant victims of warfare, the kind of atrocities practiced on Christian peoples by the Turks, tends to spur the troops of any Christian nation to heroic deeds. In short, the Germans have added another insult to civilized nations, and have made it all the plainer to the world that Prussianism must be crushed and that the Turk must be driven from Europe.

Mexico's Largest Ship.

A steamship of 250 tons gross which a Mexican is planning to build at Vera Cruz will, if completed, be the largest steamer ever built in Mexico, it is said. The vessel is to ply along the Gulf coast of Mexico, and will be capable of carrying twenty-four first-class passengers, in addition to freight.

One Day for Sea God.

On the Gold Coast every Tuesday is devoted to the sea god. No fishing takes place, but the fishermen utilize the time in mending their nets.

The Miracle Man

FRANK L. PACKARD

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"No," replied the Patriarch, "not in your present mental condition."

"What do you mean?" asked Madison.

"Your question itself implies that you are skeptical. While that state of

"You," wrote Madison. "Can you cure me?"

mind exists I can do nothing. It depends entirely on yourself."

"And if I put skepticism aside," Madison's pencil demanded, "can you cure me then?"

"Unquestionably," wrote the Patriarch, "if you really put it aside. Faith is the simplest thing in the world and the most complex, but it is fundamental. Without faith nothing is possible; with faith nothing is impossible."

CHAPTER V.

"An Understanding."

MADISON'S gray eyes rested thoughtful and troubled on the Patriarch.

"I have never thought much about it," he replied upon the slate after a tactful moment's pause. "But I believe that. There is something here about the place, about you, that inspires confidence. I was prepared to cling to my skepticism when I came in, but I do not feel that way now. If only I knew you a little better, were with you a little more, I believe I could have the faith you speak of."

"How long do you remain in Needley?" the Patriarch wrote.

Madison got up from his chair, went slowly to the fireplace and, with his back to the Patriarch, stood watching the crackling logs.

"The old chap's no fool," he told himself, "even if he is gone a little in one particular. He certainly does believe in himself for fair! Wonder where he got his education—notice the English he writes? And, say—going blind! Fancy that! Santa Claus, you overwhelm me; you are too bountiful, you are too generous. You'll have nothing left for the next chimney! Deaf and dumb—and blind. Really, I do not deserve this—I really don't. Let me at least tip the hat boy or I'll feel mean."

He turned gravely to the Patriarch, resuming his chair with an expression on his face as one arrived at a weighty decision after a mental battle with oneself.

"I will stay here until I am cured. I put myself in your hands. What am I to do?" he wrote quickly.

The Patriarch smiled seriously as, after peering at the slate, he took the outstretched hand and laid his other one unaffectedly upon Madison's shoulder.

"Be sure, then, that I can help you," wrote the Patriarch cheerfully. "There is no course of treatment such as you may perhaps imagine. My power lies in a perfect faith to help you once you in turn have faith yourself—that is all. It is but the practical application of the old dogma that mind is superior to matter. You must come and see me every day, and we will talk together."

"I will come—gladly," Madison replied and, taking the slate, carefully wiped off the writing with a damp rag that the Patriarch had taken from the table drawer.

"This slate racket is the limit," said Madison to himself as his pencil began to move and screech again, "but I've got to get a little deeper under his vest yet."

He handed the slate to the Patriarch, and on it were the words:

"Won't you tell me something of yourself, how you came to live here alone and your name, perhaps? I do not mean to presume, but I am deeply interested."

"There is never presumption in kindliness and sympathy," answered the Patriarch. "But my name and story are buried in the past. Perhaps when I am gone those who care to know may know. I have not hurt you by refusing to answer?"

"No, indeed!" said Madison politely to himself. "The element of mystery is one of the best drawing cards I know—it's got Needley going strong. Far, far be it from me to tear the veil asunder. I mentioned it only as a footer."

But upon the slate he wrote:

"Far from being hurt, I respect your silence. But your eyes—you were to tell me about them."

The Patriarch's face saddened suddenly as he read the words.

"I have made no secret of it," he wrote. "I have been going blind for nearly a year now. The end, I am afraid, is very near—within a few days, perhaps even tomorrow. I think I should not mind it much myself, but for the time that is left it will mar my usefulness. I have been able to help the people here, and they have come to depend upon me—that is my life. I trust I am not boastful if I say my greatest joy has been in helping others."

He had reached the bottom of the slate and held it out for Madison to read; then wiped it off and went on:

"I have dreamed often of a wider field, of reaching out to help the thousands beyond this little town, but I have realized that it could be no more than a dream. I have been successful here because the people believe in me and have unquestioning faith in me. To go outside among strangers would only have been to be received as a charlatan and faker or as a poor deaf and dumb fool at best."

Madison took the slate.

"But if these thousands of others came to you—what then?"

The Patriarch's face glowed.

"It would be a wondrous joy," he wrote—"too wondrous to dwell upon, because it could never be. If they came I could help them, for their very coming would be an evidence of faith—and faith alone is necessary. Think of the joy of helping so many others—it is the fullness of life. But let us not dream any more, friend Madison."

"Of course," communed Madison, studying the illumined face, "he's slightly touched in his upper story on the faith stunt, but he's in dead earnest, and he's got the brotherhood of maft bug bad. If he's going to go finally blind in, say, a week, perhaps it would be just as well to postpone the opening night until he does."

Madison took the slate again.

"Stranger things than that have happened," he wrote. "I never heard of you before, yet I am one of the thousands beyond this little town, and I am here. Why not the others?"

The Patriarch shook his head sadly.

"It is but a dream," he wrote.

Madison held the slate in his hands for quite a long time before he wrote again, his attitude one of sympathetic hesitancy as his eyes played over the form and face before him, while the Patriarch smiled at him with gentle, patient resignation. Back in Madison's fertile brain the germ of an inspiration was developing into fuller life.

"What will you do here alone when you are blind?" he asked, and his face was disturbed and solicitous as he passed the Patriarch the slate.

"I need very little," the Patriarch wrote back. "You must not worry about me. My garden supplies nearly all my wants, and there are many in the village, I am sure, who will help me with that."

"I am quite certain of it," Madison's pencil agreed. "But here in the house you cannot be alone—there are so many things to do, little things that I am sure you have not thought of—some one must cook for you, for instance. You will need a woman's hand here. Have you no one, no relative that you can call upon?"

The Patriarch lowered the slate from his eyes, shook his head a little pathetically and began to write:

"I do not think they would have cared to come, even if they were still alive. But they are all gone many years ago—except, perhaps, a grandniece, and I do not know what has become of her."

"Why, that's just the thing," wrote Madison. "Suppose we try to find her?"

Again the Patriarch shook his head.

"I am afraid that would be impossible. I do not even know that she is alive. I knew only of her birth, and that is twenty years ago."

"Even that is not hopeless," wrote Madison optimistically, and his face, as he looked at the Patriarch, was seriously thoughtful. "Where was she born?"

"New York," the Patriarch answered.

"And I never half appreciated the old town nor the fullness thereof until I came to Needley," said Madison plaintively to the toe of his boot, while his hand scrawled the inquiry, "What is her name?"

"Vail," wrote the Patriarch. "That was her father's name. She is my grandniece on her mother's side. I do not know what they christened her."

Madison once more, apparently deep in thought, sought refuge at the fireplace, his hands plunged in his pockets, his shoulders drawn a little forward, his back to the Patriarch.

"Fiction," he assured a crack in the cement between two stones, "was never, never like this. It seems to me that I remember the occurrence. I am quite sure they christened her Helena—Helena Vail! Now, isn't that a perfectly lovely name for a novel! And she'll be so good to the dear old chap, too—washing and ironing and cooking for him—and stealing out into the woodshed for a drag on her cigarette—not! No, my dear, not even that. This is serious business."

He turned, came back to his chair, picked up the slate and wrote:

"I have the fortune, or misfortune, perhaps, to be what is commonly called a rich man. Money, they say, will do anything, and, if it will, I'll find this niece for you."

The Patriarch's eyes grew moist as he read the words, and his hand trembled a little with emotion as he held the pencil.

"I cannot let you do that," he protested. "You are very kind, and it seems almost as though you had been brought to me providentially at the end of long years of loneliness for a purpose, when my hour of helplessness was near; but, indeed, I have no right to allow you to do this."

"They tell me in the village," wrote Madison in reply, "that you have always refused to accept a penny for anything you have ever done for them. I have no doubt you would equally refuse to accept anything from me, but this is something that you must let me do. It will make me feel more—how shall I say it?—more as though I had a right to the privilege of coming here."

The Patriarch wiped his still moist eyes before he answered.

"What can I say to you? It does not seem right that I should let a stranger do so much, and yet it seems that I should not say no, because"—

Madison was bending over the slate, reading as the other wrote, and he took the pencil gently from the Patriarch's hand.

"You must not look on me any longer as a stranger," he wrote. "Let us just consider that it is all arranged, only I would strongly advise making no mention of it until we make sure that she is alive."

"I think nothing should be said," agreed the Patriarch, "for even if you found her she might not care to come. I have little here to offer a young girl—few comforts—the care of a blind man who is deaf and dumb."

"We'll see about that when we find her," Madison smiled brightly at the Patriarch as he wrote. "Now, that's settled for the time being, isn't it?"

The dumb lips moved, and both hands reached out to Madison.

Madison took them in a firm, strong, reassuring clasp, then shook his finger in a sort of playfully emotional embarrassment, excellently well done, at the Patriarch and picked up the slate again.

"It is getting late," he wrote, "and I must not tire you out. I am afraid you will think I am far more inquisitive than I have any right to be, but there is one more question that I would like to ask. May I?"

The Patriarch nodded his head and laid his hand on Madison's sleeve in a quaint, almost affectionate way.

"It is about your education. You came here sixty years ago, and you have lived alone. You could have had but few advantages, with your handicap, previous to that, and yet you write and use such perfect English."

"The answer is very simple," replied the Patriarch on the slate. "Until within the last year I have read largely. Would you care to look at my books?"

Madison promptly and, full of interest, rose from his chair, passed around the fireplace and halted before a row of shelves set in against the wall.

"I pass," Madison admitted to himself after a moment, during which his eyes roved over the well chosen classics. "I've heard of one or two of these before—casually. They're what the fellows who review popular novels of about my size ring in casually to hold their own jobs down with—there's gentle graft in every game. I've an idea that if the Patriarch's got all this inside his gray matter, it's just as well for the Flopper, for Pale Face Harry, for Helena and yours truly that he's deaf and dumb—and will be blind."

Madison came back to the Patriarch with beaming face and picked up the slate.

"I read a great deal myself," he wrote. "It is a pleasure to find real books here. May I, during my stay in Needley, look upon them in a little way as my own library?"

"You are very welcome indeed," the Patriarch answered.

"Thank you," wrote Madison. "And now, surely, I must go." He smiled at the Patriarch.

"Come tomorrow," invited the other. "I would like to show you around my little place here."

"Indeed, I will," Madison scratched upon the slate. "And do you know that, somehow, since I came here tonight, I feel a sense of relief, a sort of guarantee that everything is going to be all right with me in the future."

The Patriarch smiled quietly, almost tolerantly.

"I know that," he wrote. "Keep your mind free of doubt. Be optimistic and cheerful as regards yourself. Nourish the faith that has already taken root and that I feel responds to mine. Keep in the open air and take plenty of exercise."

"Good night!" Madison nodded warmly.

The Patriarch, still with the quiet smile upon his lips, rose from his armchair and, keeping his clasp on Madison's hand, led his caller to the door, opened it and, with a gesture at once courtly and affectionate, bade his guest good night.

Madison crossed the lawn at a thoughtful pace, turned in to the wagon track and, in the shelter of the woods now, whimsically felt his pulse; then, lighting a cigar, he tramped on with a buoyant stride.

On arriving at the hotel Madison entered his room and lighted his lamp.

"Having got my hand in at writing," he remarked, "I guess I'd better keep it up and write Helena—Vail."

At the end of fifteen minutes he tilted back his chair, relighted the stub of his cigar and critically read over his epistle, which ran:

Dear Kid—Do not be anxious about me. I am feeling better already. Have had my first treatment and am now eating fried eggs and ham regularly three times a day. A Sunday school picnic taking to wash boilers full of thin coffee and the left over cakes kindly contributed by Deacon Jones' household is nothing to the way the boobs will take to the Patriarch, who has kindly consented to go blind to make our thorny paths as smooth as possible for us.

Do you get that, Helena? He's going blind! In just a few days, my dear, you will be with me; have patience. The meteorological bureau is a little hazy yet on the exact date of the total eclipse, but it's due to happen any minute. Now, listen. Your name is Helena Vail. You're the Patriarch's grandniece, and you're coming to live alone with him and soothe his declining years, but you can't come yet because I've got to find you first, and besides, until he's blind he'll stick to a nasty habit he's got of asking questions on his little slate. You needn't have any hesitation about coming on the score of propriety; I assure you it is perfectly proper—he is running Methuselah pretty near a dead heat. And as far as the town is concerned, apart from the fact that you are a grandniece, orphaned, you don't have to know anything about yourself, either—that's part of the Patriarch's dark, mysterious past, where the lights go out and the fiddles get rickets.

That's about all. I'll let you know when to come. Remember me to Mr. Coogat and Harry, and keep my picture under your pillow. Ever thine, J. G. M.

Madison picked up his pen again and added another line:

P. S.—Better buy a cookbook.

(To be Continued.)

CURE DANDRUFF FOR 50 CTS.

THAT'S CHEAP ENOUGH FOR ANY ONE

It's easy, and you take no risk. Step in to-day, and get a large 50 cent bottle of PARISIAN SAGE, the germ killing hair restorer.

If it does not cure dandruff in two weeks we will give you your money back.

PARISIAN SAGE is a pleasant, daintily perfumed tonic and hair grower. It is guaranteed to stop falling hair or itching of the scalp, and to cure all diseases of the scalp and hair.

PARISIAN SAGE has many imitators—get the genuine.

Rierdon's Red Cross Drug Store

HARD COLDS

When they first come, the best time to break them up. One standard remedy—*Ayer's Cherry Pectoral.*

Sold for 70 years.

Ask Your Doctor. Made by J. C. Ayer Co., Montreal, Canada.

60 YEARS' EXPERIENCE

PATENTS

TRADE MARKS
DESIGNS
COPYRIGHTS &c.

Anyone sending a sketch and description may quickly ascertain our opinion free whether an invention is probably patentable. Communications strictly confidential. HANDBOOK on Patents sent free. Oldest agency for securing patents.

Patents taken through Munn & Co. receive special notice, without charge, in the

Scientific American.

A handsomely illustrated weekly. Largest circulation of any scientific journal. Terms, $3 a year; four months, $1. Sold by all newsdealers.

MUNN & Co. 361 Broadway, New York

Branch Office, 625 F St., Washington, D. C.

PERSISTENCE

THERE are two reasons for the necessity of persistence in advertising.----One of them is the ease with which the human mind forgets, and the other is the necessity of teaching the good points of your products a little at a time. It is a general experience, not only in advertising, but in all the different phases of business, that the concern which does not constantly remind its customers of its existence soon has no existence of which to remind them.

Now, Mr. Merchant, if you would have the readers of this paper as customers, you must not only let them know you are in business, but keep persistently the merits of your store and goods before them, letting them know of the arrival of every novelty, as well as the more staple lines, besides keeping them posted as to prices.

When you come here for a suit of clothes or an overcoat our object is to make you a permanent satisfied customer of this store.

We know no better way to do it than by selling you

ART CLOTHES

GEO. WEST
LOCAL AGENT

C & B LINE DAILY BETWEEN BUFFALO & CLEVELAND

3 — MAGNIFICENT STEAMERS — 3

The Great Ship "SEEANDBEE"—"CITY OF ERIE"—"CITY OF BUFFALO"

BETWEEN

BUFFALO—Daily, May 1st to Nov. 15th—CLEVELAND

Leave Buffalo	9:00 P. M.	Eastern	Leave Cleveland 8:00 P. M.
Arrive Cleveland	7:30 A. M.	Standard Time	Arrive Buffalo 7:30 A. M.

Connections at Cleveland for Cedar Point, Put-in-Bay, Toledo, Detroit and all points West and Southwest. Railroad tickets reading between Buffalo and Cleveland are good for transportation on our steamers. Ask your ticket agents for tickets via C. & B. Line. See Zenith Automobile Rate—$3.00 Round Trip, with 2 days return limit, forears not exceeding 127 in. wheelbase.

Beautifully colored sectional puzzle chart of The Great Ship "SEEANDBEE" sent on receipt of five cents. Also ask for our 16-page pictorial and descriptive booklet free.

The Cleveland & Buffalo Transit Company
Cleveland, Ohio

The Great Ship "SEEANDBEE" — the largest and most costly passenger steamer on inland waters of the world. Sleeping capacity, 1500 passengers.

Boys are Rough on Shoes

that is, real boys are. But every time your son rips the sole off his shoe or does any other damage to it, don't think you have to buy him a new pair. Send the wounded shoes here and our machines will fix them so they'll be as good as ever. Why buy new shoes when there's no need?

A. KINCAID

The Busy Corner **Madoc**

THE

North Hastings Review

IS PUBLISHED

THURSDAY MORNING

AT THE

REVIEW PRINTING OFFICE, MADOC, ONT.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.—One dollar and a half per year, strictly in advance, or

No paper will be stopped until all arrearages are paid, except at the option of the publisher. A post office notice is not sufficient unless a settlement to date has been made. Subscribers changing their address should immediately notify the publisher, giving old and new address. Subscribers outside the limits of the County must pay in advance.

ADVERTISING RATES.—Transient advertising such as Legal Notices, Public Notices, Public Meetings, Municipal Advertisements, etc., inserted at the rate of 10 cents per line Nonpareil space for the first insertion and 2 cents per line for each subsequent insertion. All advertisements of this class measured from rule to rule and by the scale of solid Nonpareil, 12 lines to the inch.

Condensed advertisements of Estray Stock, Articles Lost, Found, or For Sale, Teachers Wanted, Situations Wanted, Help Wanted, To Let, Business Chances, and others of a like nature, not exceeding 12 lines Nonpareil, inserted at the rate of 50 cents for first insertion and 25 cents for each week afterwards. Ads. of this class must be paid in advance.

Any notice, the object of which is to promote the pecuniary benefit of any individual or corporation is considered an advertisement and must be charged as such.

Notices of Births, Deaths and Marriages will be charged at the rate of 25c. per insertion.

A. H. WATSON, Proprietor

MADOC, JULY 26, 1917

Miss Muriel Miller, daughter of Mr. Robert Miller, Deseronto, has been spending a few days with the young folk of the Presbyterian Manse.

Bancroft Times :—Mr. and Mrs. W. S. Ludbrook and children, of Madoc, arrived in town on Monday and will spend a couple of weeks camping at Baptiste Lake.

The friends of Miss Hattie Farrell will learn with regret that she had the misfortune to fall down the cellar steps on Monday morning and broke her leg.

Stirling Leader :—Mr. and Mrs. Sinclair, accompanied by Miss Kathleen Hungerford, of Madoc, visited their daughter, Mrs. M. W. Sine on Saturday, July 14th.

"Doctor, my husband is troubled with a buzzing noise in his ears." "Better have him go to the seashore for a month." "But he can't get away." "Then you go."

Stirling Leader :—Mrs. Caldwell and daughter, of Madoc, spent the week-end with her niece, Mrs. C. Parker. On Monday they all went to camp at Crow Lake for a few days.

In the casualty list this week we notice the name of A. Gordon, Madoc, wounded.

Mr. and Mrs. Murney Smith and Mr. and Mrs. Chas. McCaw spent Sunday in Sulphide.

Mrs. George McCaw and little daughter, Irene, of Trenton, are visiting at the home of Mr. Chas. McCaw.

Mr. and Mrs. F. Vandervoort, Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Maybee and Sonny have gone to Baptiste lake to camp.

Mrs. E. C. Tufts and children, together with her sister, Mrs. J. Jackson, jr., and children, are spending the summer months at Campbell's Point, New York.

Mr. Richard Coulson, of Thomasburg, met with a heavy loss during a heavy electrical storm recently in which eight 2-years-old and one yearling were killed. The animals were a fine lot and easily worth $600. They were insured for $200.

—A Lawn Social will be held at Hart's church on Wednesday, August 1st. Baseball match between Queensboro and Hart's. Refreshments. A good program. Admission 15c. & 25c.

The following candidates, in addition to those reported last week, have been granted their High School Entrance certificates :—Huntingdon, Margaret Walker, S. S. No. 8, Miss M. Coulter, Teacher: Madoc, Laura Plane, S.S.No. 17, Miss V. Robinson, Teacher: Clifford Comerford, Madoc Public School, R. A. A. McConnell: Rawdon, Annie M. Bronson, S. S. No. 15, Miss E. Halpenny, Teacher.

Moira Lake News

Dr. and Mrs. Wright and Fred spent Sunday at "Sunny Holm Camp."

Dr. Young and family motored to Cressy on Tuesday.

Mr. David Hawley, of Toronto, spent Sunday at "Sunny Holm Camp."

Miss Alice Wood and Mrs. C. B. Adams and Bobby were guests at "Sagonaska" Wednesday of last week.

Mr. and Mrs. J.T. Little, of Trenton, were Sunday guests at "Sunny Holm Camp."

Mr. Fred Phillips, who has been camping at "U-Come-In" left Monday for Montreal.

Misses Jessie Campbell, Ora Wickware and Mary Sheridan spent Friday afternoon at the lake.

Misses Marion Wright and Evelyn Little, of Trenton, are camping at "Sunny Holm."

Mr. and Mrs. Fred Little and daughter, Betty, of Trenton, were guests at "Sunny Holm Camp" on Sunday.

Mrs. John McIntosh and Miss Jean, of Belleville, spent a couple of hours at "Sagonaska Camp" Wednesday of last week.

Mr. S. G. Holley, of New Hamburg, made a flying visit to "Sagonaska Camp" on Thursday night.

Miss Ruth Connor is a guest at "Sagonaska Camp" this week.

Court of Revision

On Tuesday evening the Judge's Court of Revision for the assessment was held in the Town Hall, Madoc. There were only two appeals, these being against the assessment of the two hotels. The assessments as placed by the Madoc Village Court of Revision were allowed to stand as the assessments appeared to be about right for the rental derived from the different properties.

MARRIED

O'BRIEN—EMPEY — In St. John the Baptist church, Madoc, on Wednesday, July 18th, Rev. A. E. Smart united in the bonds of holy matrimony, John O'Brien and Carrie Empey, both of Marmora township.

River Moira Claims a Victim

At the village of Foxboro, Thurlow Township, a sad accident occured at about 11.30 Sunday morning, when a young man who was in bathing, and is supposed to have taken cramps, lost his life in the waters of the River Moira. The victim was Charles Harry Carter, son of Mr. Frank Carter, who lives at what is called Mud Cat Lane, near where the unfortunate affair took place.

The victim was 17 years old, and was the oldest of Mr. Carter's family. He was living and working upon his father's farm and his untimely death is not only extremely sad but a great loss. He was a general favourite with all who knew him, and the unfortunate affair has cast a gloom over the neighborhood, where the family is much respected.

Miss Robinson, of Toronto, is the guest of her sister, Mrs. F. Vandervoort.

Oak Lake Tent Meeting

Fri. July 27,—10.30, 2.30 and 7. Children's day.

Sun. July 29—2.30 and 7. Rev. Hiram Hull.

Wed. Aug. 1—A B C Day, 2.30 and 7.

Fri. Aug. 3—Y.M.C.A. Day, 10.30 2.30 and 7. Taylor Statten and L. A. Buckley.

Services every night except Saturday. Sunday, Aug. 5, closing day, 2.30 and 7. The Hartshorn Sisters, Gospel Singers, G. M. Sharpe, Musical Conductor and Evangelist.

"Brethren, Pray for us."

H. A. Yeomans, M.D. Chairman
Rev. A. J. Terrill, Stirling, Bus. Mgr.

Ivanhoe Public School

The following is the report of S. S. No. 12, Huntingdon, names in order of merit :

High School Entrance—Harold Reid (Honours), Harry Lovibond.

Jr. IV to Sr. IV—Laura Moore (H), Rachel Fox (H), Mabel Reid, Lily Mitz, Florence Jeffrey.

Sr. III to Jr. IV—Earnest Deen, Luella Benson, Clarence Rollins, Irvine Ray.

Jr. III to Sr. III—Edna Rollins, Gladys Rollins, Eliza Deen, Lee Rollins.

Sr. II to Jr. III—Myrtle Reid, Henry Burrel, James Jeffrey, Milton Reid, Harris Deen, Tillie Rollins, Clifford Mitz, Kinnear Broadworth.

Jr. II to Sr. II—Jessie Duggan (H), Reginald Reid, Gerald Reid.

Sr. I to Jr. II—Nora Benson (H), Bonter Rollins, (H), Norman Ray.

Jr. I to Sr. I—Clayton Deen (H), Marie Benson (H), Franklin Reid, Ethel Reid.

Pr., Jr. I—Annie McCumber, Donald Reid, Cameron Reid.

Primer — Hilda Deen, Leita Clements, Maggie Moore, Stewart Ray, James McMullen, Clarence Stephenson, Edna Willcox.

Harold E. Welsh, Teacher.

Ivanhoe

The guests at the Glenwood on Monday last were Mr. and Mrs. C. Tanner and Master Raymond, Mr. Frank Tanner, Port Hope; Mrs. H. Tanner and little Marjorie, Springbrook; and Mr. J. Tanner, Belleville.

Mr. W. Long, of Sharbot Lake is the guest of Mrs. R. Bruce.

Miss Jennie Bainbridge has returned home after spending a week at Marmora.

Miss Cora Palmer, of Virden, Man., is visiting relatives at Ivanhoe and Fuller.

Mr. and Mrs. W. Culligan and children, of Stratford, Mrs. C. Timmerman, of Stratford, Mr. and Mrs. F. Phillips and baby Pinkerton, Mr. and Mrs. D. Fleming, Ivanhoe, Pte. Murray, Belleville, Miss Cora Palmer, Virden, were guests of Miss Tanner on Saturday.

Quite a number from here attended the Camp Meeting at Oak Lake on Sunday.

Mr. McKinnon, of Mississippi, is visiting his son, Hugh, of this place.

Miss Edna Miller, of Toronto, is the guest of her cousin, Miss Irene Whytock.

FOR

TWO WEEKS

Commencing Saturday, July 14th

20% DISCOUNT

Off all Men's, Women's and Children's

FINE SHOES

G. C. MOON

Specials for this week

One dozen Men's Fine Shirts with soft cuffs and separate collar, size 16 only, regular $1 and 1.35, on sale for 75c.

Six pairs of Boys' Patent Leather Shoes, sizes 1, 2, 3, and 5. Regular price $2.50. on sale $1.50.

15 pairs Men's Heavy Tan Work Boots, sizes 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, worth $3.50, special price while they last $2.90.

Three doz. Men's Straw Hats in flat rims and snap brims. Regular prices 75c to 1.50. On sale at 50c.

GEORGE WEST

Gentlemen's Furnisher

The Mower we Guarantee

For the Lawn's Sake

You like to see your lawn looking well. You appreciate a good piece of machinery. You need a strong, durable, well-built lawn mower. The answer is our WOODYATT Mower. Runs with no noise except the swishing of the grass, and won't get "rattely" after you've used it a season or two. The Woodyatt has been on the market since 1888 and the makers have always kept the quality up. Several sizes.

M. W. Connor & Son

Madoc

EXECUTORS' SALE

of Farm Stock and Machinery

The Executors of the late Wm. Thomas will offer for sale by Public Auction at Lot 24, 4th Con., Madoc Township, on

Tuesday, July 31st

at 12 o'clock, the following Farm Stock and Machinery.

3 general purpose horses,
Bay hackney colt, 3 yrs. old
4 milk cows,
3 dry cows,
3 two-yrs. old,
3 yearlings,
2 brood sows, 7 shoats,
14 H.-P. Boiler
Circular saw
Set 2000 lb. scales,
Fanning Mill,
Top Buggy
Democrat with top,
2 Cutters, 1 cutter pole.
1 long sleigh,
2 pr. bob sleighs,
3 sets heavy harness,
1 set democrat harness,
Binder. (Massey-Harris)
Horse Rake
Mower, (Deering)
Hay Loader,
Disc Seed Drill (McCormick)
Cultivator, (Massey-Harris)
Disc Harrow (Massey-Harris)
Spade Harrow,
Spring-tooth Harrow,
Finishing Harrow
2 walking plows, 1 gang plow,
1 roller,
2 wagons, 1 wagon box,
2 wagon racks, 1 hog rack,
2 sets light single harness,
275 sap buckets and spiles,
2 sap pans,
4 milk cans, 1 churn,
Washing machine,
A quantity of lumber,
Logging chains, forks, shovels,
Whiffle-trees, etc.

TERMS—All sums of $10 and under, cash; and over, four months credit will be given by furnishing approved joint notes at 6 per cent.

E. C. Tufts, Auctioneer **Geo. W. Thomas, Simeon Fox** Executors

Williams Everyday Boots

for men, women and children will keep the feet dry. Forty varieties to choose from, every pair guaranteed for quality and workmanship.

No trouble to display this famous footwear. We are exclusive agents in Madoc.

The Ludbrook Shoe Store, Madoc

THE HIGHEST PRICE PAID FOR

SCRAPIRON
COPPER
BRASS
RAGS
RUBBERS

WRITE FOR PRICES

SAM LAPAM, MADOC

ARE YOU IN NEED OF A MONUMENT!

If you are, we are prepared to fill your order promptly from our new and well equipped shop, formerly of Tweed, now under the same management but a new name. We will give you good stock and workmanship, prompt delivery and perfect satisfaction. call and see us or ask for quotations.

The McCallum Granite Co., Ltd.
397 Princess St., Kingston.

Churchill's Sure Death to Bed-Bugs

25c a bottle

Vince's Popular Drug Store

Up-to-Date Machine Shop

Having one of the most complete and up-to-date Machine Shops in Hastings County, I am now prepared to do machine work of all description, such as repairing Sawing Machines, Gasoline Engines, Threshing Outfits, Threading Bolts, Pipes, etc., and in fact anything that needs expert workmanship and up-to-the-minute machinery.

Give Us A Call And Be Convinced

We also cater to the Autoists and have a full line of Auto Accessories on hand. Our Bowser Gasoline Tank is always ready to supply your wants.

AGENCY FOR THE McLAUGHLIN MOTOR CAR

P. H. NAYLER

Machine Shop and Garage Phone 88 Opposite Blue's Hotel, Madoc

SEE THE DIFFERENCE

Here are two cans with glass sides inserted to show contents. On the left is an ordinary varnish stain. See the muddy sediment settled at the bottom. It must be stirred before using and never gives good results. On the right is Campbell's Varnish Stain—clear as crystal—no dregs or sediment. Its ingredients are scientifically unified. You can use it on any floor or furniture with perfect results.

CAMPBELL'S VARNISH STAIN

DISSOLVES GREASE SPOTS

There we have given you two big reasons for using Campbell's in preference to all others. You'll find many other reasons in the first can you buy.

There are 13 colors: Natural wood color, light oak, dark oak, walnut, cherry, mahogany, green, rosewood, white enamel, flat black, gloss black, piazza green and piazza red.

Color cards sent free upon request.

Sold by the following progressive merchants

Frank Dafoe, Madoc

Made by CARPENTER-MORTON CO. 77 Sudbury Street, Boston, Mass.

Cook with Comfort

with one of our new blue flame oil stoves No waiting for a fire to burn up, just light and the heat is ready. Just where it is wanted, too. No smell, no smoke and perfectly safe. You certainly should have one for quicker and better cooking.

Frank Dafoe Hardware, Plumbing and Tinsmithing, Paints & Oils. Madoc

HOME NEWS GOSSIP

Master Ted Nickle is visiting his cousin Fred Nickle, of Marmora, and is doing his bit in helping to gather in the harvest.

—Eavetroughing and Job Work at G. A. Rollins'.

Act. Sgt. Lorne Bassett is officially reported seriously ill of Endocarditis, being admitted into a hospital, Shorncliffe, England.

—Picnic Plates on sale at the Review Office. 10c per dozen.

Mr. John Gray, of Elzevir, met with a painful accident on Friday of last week. While drawing in hay at Mr. Wm. McMechan's the load upset and threw Mr. Gray against the stubble breaking his leg near the hip.

—Have you any portraits that require framing? Don't be soaked by agents and pay from $3 to $10 for a frame when you can secure beautiful ones from us at $2.50 to $5, including glass. Call and inspect them. The Review Store.

Miss Mary Burkitt spent her holidays at Bridgewater.

Miss Lela Weir spent her holidays with Norwood relatives.

Miss Lizzie Reid left on Tuesday to take a position in Belleville.

Miss Bertha O'Hara spent Sunday with her sister in Belleville.

Mr. Alex. Milne, of Toronto, is visiting in and around Madoc this week.

Miss Verna Derry has gone to Gilmour to spend a month with relatives.

A number of our citizens attended the Tent Meeting at Oak Hill Lake on Sunday.

Mrs. Thos. MacNamara, of Peterboro, was renewing acquaintances in town over Sunday.

—**Electric Irons to Rent** by the month. John Burkitt. 29-tf

Charles S. Rollins, of Coe Hill, has been elected Reeve of Wollaston township by acclamation in the place of W. H. Nugent, who resigned to accept the clerkship of Hastings County.

Everybody has their ideas. There were two farmers talking about how much rain fell on the 12th. One said there was about one inch; the other said there was 18 inches for he caught it in the rain barrel.

The charge to the newly-inducted minister, Rev. T. B. McCorkindale, Deseronto, was given by Rev. Dr. MacTavish, on Tuesday evening, July 17. Rev. Mr. Kerr, of Belleville, presided. There was a large congregation present.

The congregation of St. Peter's church adopted the very sensible plan on Sunday evening last of holding the service on the lawn in the shade of the church. The place was delightfully cool and the congregation entered heartily into the spirit of the service.

—A Lawn Social, under the auspices of the Anglican church, Bannockburn, and the Red Cross Society, will be held in Bannockburn on the Public School grounds on Wednesday evening, August 8th. Further particulars in next week's issue. In due time bills will be circulated and tickets sold.

H. R. Rose, another old Madoc High School boy, has enlisted with the C. M. R.'s at Toronto, and is now in training at Hamilton. Herb has been visiting his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Jas. Rose, near Madoc. During the past 6 or 7 years Herb has been in the Provinces beyond the Great Lakes and comes home full of the love of freedom which life in that great country engenders.

—McCormick and Deering Repairs at G. A. Rollins'.

Miss L. Thompson, of Eldorado, and Miss Genevieve Shannon, of Picton, were week-end guests of Miss Pearl Turcott, Tweed.

A company of German soldiers having entered the small town of Roye, one of the officers swaggered into a hotel, hailed a waiter, and called for a meal, at the same time laying his sword on the table. The waiter returned with a pitchfork, which he placed by the sword. "What does this mean?" demanded the officer in a gruff voice. "Oh," replied the waiter, "this is the only fork I could find to match your knife!"

Last Saturday Mr. Jas. Moore, of Springbrook, left a sample of new potatoes at this office, which were grown from potato sprouts. On the same day that he planted the sprouts he planted the potatoes from which the sprouts had been broken and he finds that the crop is fully eight days later than the crop grown from the sprouts. Mr. Moore asserts that anyone may grow new potatoes from 8 to 10 days earlier from sprouts than from unsprouted potatoes.

Cheese Board

At the cheese board on Wednesday, July 25th, 395 boxes were boarded, sold at 20½c.

Following are the amounts boarded:

1	Alexandria	
2	Spring Hill	75
3	Oak Leaf	50
4	Queensboro	
5	Rose	
6	Madoc	30
7	Brook Valley	25
8	Cold Spring	25
9	Spring Creek	55
10	Champion	55
11	White Lake	
12	Beulah	
13	Marble Spring	30
14	Daisy	45
15	Deloro	
16	Eldorado	25

Campbellford Town Council has passed a by-law prohibiting the running at large of dogs.

Mrs. Harry Wright, of North Battleford, Sask., is the guest of Mrs. Jas. Wright this week.

Miss Jennett Delyea, of Grand Rapids, Mich., is spending a month visiting Queensboro friends.

Mr. Harry Bulpit, of London, is the guest of his mother, Mrs. Thos. Bulpit, during his holidays.

Tweed News:—Mrs. M. Caverly, of Madoc, spent over Sunday with her daughter, Mrs. Fred Houston.

Tweed News:—Mrs. Harrison and daughter, Miss Luella, of Madoc, were Tuesday visitors of Mrs. J. E. Minns.

—LOST. — On Saturday, between O'Riordan's store and Post Office a $10 bill. Finder leave at this office.

Mr. R. Miller, Miss Evelyn Miller, Mrs. Cuthbertson, Mr. and Mrs. A. E. Gracey motored over from Deseronto on Friday evening and made a call on Rev. Dr. and Mrs. MacTavish.

—Waxed paper for wrapping parcels to soldiers can be had at the Review office for 5c. a package

I. O. D. E.

will hold

A Lawn Tea

at Mrs. C. B. Adam's Home

...on...

Monday, July 30th

at 3 p.m.

Silver collection. Everybody welcome.

The Daughters of the Empire have plans under way for the Annual Celebration of Trafalgar Day. Please remember the date, Saturday, Oct. 20th.

FLIES! FLIES!

"War on the pest" is the cry everywhere. Flies carry disease wherever they go and cannot be stamped out too quickly. Get to work now and kill them off as fast as they appear. There is every aid you could want in our stock of Poison Papers, Sticky Papers, Insect Powder and Fly Swatters.

Everything is so cheap that everyone can enlist in "swatting the fly."

Rierdon's Red Cross Drug Store PHONE 73

Get Your

Kodak

and Films at

Maybee's

It's worth while getting your Kodak supplies at Maybee's, where more than usual care is taken to suit your precise needs.

If you are about to try your hand for the first time at picture-making it will be to your interests to come to Maybee's, where you will meet with helpful suggestions.

We try to assist our customers through the little difficulties which beset their path.

Let us send you a catalogue of Kodaks and other interesting literature on picture-making.

Let us do your developing and printing. The better pictures will please you.

Geo. F. Maybee

Mr. Farmer

How about your Binder Twine? We have it 650, 600, 550 and 500 feet to the pound. We would advise you to buy early.

We also have a good supply of Paris Green, and Arsenate of Lead; also Sprayers and Sprinklers.

How about a pair of Harvesters Boots at $2.50. We have them.

Phone 60 r2

Vandervoort Bros

M. Vandervoort, Mgr.

Eldorado, Ont.

McINTOSH BROS.

Fifteen Great Bargain Days

SPECIAL

Something Different Every Day

Midsummer Clearance Sale

Opens Friday Morning July 27th and ends August 10, 1917

15 Days OF MONEY-SAVING EVENTS 15 Days

Featuring Notable Bargains in Women's White Wash Skirts, House Dresses, Kimonos, Middies, Underskirts (white and colored), Children's Dresses (white and colored), Voile Blouseses, Whitewear, Rompers, etc.

This will be one of our old time sales that this store is famous for, when low prices and great value-giving will run rampant for the next - - - - **15 Days of this Great Sale**

This will be welcome news to all, swinging in as it does at this season of the year when your thoughts turn to summer attire. You will save money on your present and future needs if you buy during this sale.

Space will not permit us to mention all the special bargains, but here are a few extraordinary selling events for the opening of this sale. As these are cleared out others will be put in to fill the gaps.

Whitewear—Ladies' fine quality Whitewear clearing at wonderful prices.

Corset Covers, Nighties, Petticoats, Drawers in both ladies' and children's, at special prices.

Ladies' stylish Voile Waists $3c, The very essence of newness; all chic styles. reg. price $1.00 and 1.49, sizes 36 to 44. Special at 89c.

Read this over carefully:—Ladies' White and Striped Wash Skirts in a great variety of styles, materials and prices. Great values at 97c, $1.25, 1.49, 1.75 and $1.97.

Children's Ready-to-Wear Dept.—Solves the question of clothing the girlies, with its numerous bargains and great range of dresses, rompers, etc.

Ladies' Summer Kimonos at amazing prices during this sale.

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WON VICTORIA CROSS.

Five Canadians Awarded for Conspicuous Bravery.

Five Canadians are included in the list of 30 soldiers awarded the Victoria Cross. Captain Thain W. Macdowell, a B.A. of Victoria College, enlisted at Ottawa in 1915. With the assistance of two others he captured two machine guns, besides two officers and 75 men, and continued to hold the position for five days, although wounded.

Sergt. Ellis W. Sifton, son of an Elgin farmer, near Wallacetown, charged a machine gun and single-handed killed all the crew. He then held off an enemy party advancing down a trench until British troops gained the position. In carrying out this gallant act he was killed after having saved many lives by his conspicuous valor.

Lieut. F. M. Harvey, of Medicine Hat, attached to the Strathcona Horse, ran ahead of his men, jumped into an enemy trench, shot down machine gunners, and captured gun.

Pte. Wm. Johnston (427586), of Moose Jaw, killed crew of machine gun with bombs and captured the gun in first German line; on line reforming he again located another machine gun and stalking the second gun as he had done the first, he succeeded in putting second crew out of action and capturing the gun. He was killed shortly after capturing the second gun.

Major Frederick Lumsden, Marine Artillery, brought into the lines under heavy fire, six enemy field guns.

Canada's Crop Outlook.

While unfavorable climatic conditions, in all parts of Canada, prevented the early completion of sowing operations, and while there are indications, in the great wheat-producing Provinces that a somewhat smaller acreage than usual will be planted, the outlook for the Dominion as a whole is that the total volume of food crops for the coming season will be somewhat greater than the average. The appeal for greater production has been general throughout all the Provinces, and reports received at the Government headquarters in Ottawa indicate that the response will justify the assurance that Canada, when the harvest season rolls around, will be able to offer for export a volume of grain approaching, though possibly hardly equaling, that of last year.

A condition could hardly be imagined in which Canada would not be able to produce far more than enough of the staple foodstuffs to meet the needs of her own people. But the domestic requirements now seem commonplace in comparison with the duty of supplying food in liberal quantities to the allied armies at the front. Canada realizes this imperative need, and, under more favorable seasonal conditions, would have prepared to meet it. Wheat is the great staple crop in the chief exporting Provinces, and, theoretically at least, it cannot be expected to yield if sown much later than the middle of May. Thousands of acres of rich land in the wheat belt could not, it is said, be sown until after that time. But there is nothing to prevent sowing these lands with oats and forage crops, and this course was followed. Oats are a good substitute for wheat, and should be raised where conditions do not permit the production of corn crops. The great aim should be to add to the bulk of the world's grain supply. It is not necessary that the grain should be wheat.

Impressed the Huns.

Writing thirty feet underground, with the guns of Vimy Ridge blazing overhead, a young soldier, with his heart full of pride at the glorious victory, says:

"I know there must be flags flying in honor of what the Canadians did here.

"Oh, what a sight when all our guns opened up, in a second the quiet was broken with the din of our big guns. The German prisoners told me that 'we take our hats off to the Canadians,' and well they might that day.

"Our boys are still advancing, but we are staying back for a few days' rest. We worked twenty-four hours the first day, and it was very little food we had time to eat, but did that matter as long as we were getting the poor boys out?

"There is so much talk just now about our prisoners in Germany and the way in which they are treated. Now, I am in a position to know that the prisoners we take are well treated, what one would say returning good for evil, such as our boys passing them cigarettes and food as they pass along.

"Why, I have talked to lots of them, and they were tickled to death to be taken prisoners by us, and work! Say, they couldn't do enough for us, I had four of them with me while the rush was on."

Must Raise Revenue.

British Columbia is facing the problem of revenue-raising somewhat determinedly. The special features of the new plan now proposed are a poll tax upon those not already paying a minimum of five dollars in provincial taxes; increased levies on wild lands; an increase in succession duties and in the taxes on war profits; and a tax on theatre tickets. The poll tax is a reimposition, and in its new form will not affect any otherwise bearing their share of the public burden. Men who are best able to bear the larger burdens will be called upon for a super-tax on incomes.

Record Mineral Production.

British Columbia last year established a new record in its mineral production, which approximated the $45,000,000 mark in its monetary value, and the Government is hopeful of quoting even more favorable figures at the end of the present year.

Admiral Sims of Port Hope

WHEN it was announced that the commander of the first American naval unit to take the seas against Germany had been born in Port Hope, a New York newspaper commented upon the happy augury. Canadians will take an especial interest in the fortunes of the American destroyer squadron, now cooperating with the British fleet in the North Sea, because Vice-Admiral Sims is a Canadian by birth, and first saw the light of day in the Ontario town, Port Hope. Apart altogether from auguries and sentimental interest, the fact remains that Sims is one of the best men in the American navy. He had no sooner arrived overseas than he was asked by the British authorities how soon he and his ships would be ready for business. "We can start any time," replied Sims, and thus provided a slogan for the American navy which will be treasured with Jones' immortal, "We haven't begun to fight yet," when he was asked to surrender, and Dewey's remark which ushered in the Battle of Manila Bay, "You may fire when ready, Gridley."

Though Sims, as remarked, is a Canadian by birth, there is no other man in the American navy who would be selected as better representing the traditions of that fleet. In other navies he might be not so much at home. He has been insubordinate more than once. He has had the distinction of being officially rebuked by the President of the United States. He has made reports and recommendations without regard for precedent and official routine. But he has made good. In the United States navy and elsewhere much is forgiven the man who "comes across." Literally he has come across in the present war, and when it is his good fortune to meet the German navy or any fragment of it he may be counted on to strike as hard and as audaciously as Admiral Beatty. It will not be his fault if the war ends without giving the American navy an opportunity to show that it is in the fight, hook, line, and sinker.

Until a very short time ago Sims was a mere captain. Nevertheless, at home and abroad he was better known than some of those who had higher rank. He was a familiar figure in London, Paris, and Petrograd. He was also a popular one, and when he came to a foreign port it was natural that he should be entertained at an official banquet. A few years ago on one of these occasions in London Captain Sims made the remark that if ever the existence of the British Empire was threatened the United States could be counted on to give every dollar, every drop of blood to preserve it. It was another American seaman who made the significant remark about blood being thicker than water, referring to the same contingency. However, Sims was reproved. He was not removed. Events have justified him. He is now "over there" to make good his promise.

The honor conferred upon him — and there is not a commander, an admiral, or a captain in the American navy who does not envy him the honor—astonished some of those who knew his history. It was not that he was not efficient, but that he had been too outspoken. He had not hesitated to say what he thought, and even if his communications were privileged, as when he was called as a witness before a Congressional committee, he had not sought to say the pleasing, soporific thing, the thing that his superiors would naturally approve. He spoke of the defects of the American navy. He did not say that it could "lick creation." He told the truth as he saw it. Even the wonderful improvement that was made in American naval gunnery under his direction, he did not claim credit for. He said it was due to the theories of "that wonderful man, Vice-Admiral Sir Percy Scott, of the British navy." He did not give the American eagle a half chance to crow.

When he was in China as a lieutenant he came across the British navy and studied its gunnery methods. Instead of reporting his observations to the man immediately over him, and trusting that he would in the course of time forward the criticism to the proper authorities, he wrote directly to the President of the United States. This was no way to make himself popular with his superiors; but by a chance it happened that the American President was looking for just such first-hand information, and presently Sims was recalled and given charge of the gunnery of the American navy. Later on he was entrusted with the destroyer command. He continued to speak out and criticize what he believed to be wrong, and he has continued ever since. Events have shown that Sims, as a rule, was right, that he was wedded to the navy, that he thought and said nothing that had not the welfare of the American navy as its mainspring. So he has arrived. Here's luck to Sims, of Port Hope, Ontario!

Sandstone Quarries.

Sandstone in red, brown, grey, etc., and of good quality, has been largely quarried in New Brunswick, for building purposes, and in past years found a considerable market in the New England States. Quarries are now being worked at Sackville, Renous River, and other places. Limestone exists at St. John in large quantities. In addition to the quarries that have been worked in the St. John locality a new quarry for the manufacture of hydrated lime has been opened up at Torryburn.

ESCAPED FROM GERMANY.

Winnipeg Man Recently Arrived in London.

Sergt. F. G. Hammersley, whose home is in Winnipeg, is one of the trio who arrived in London from a German prison camp, from which he successfully escaped recently. He was in the hands of the Hun for two years, being one of the original prisoners taken in the second Battle of Ypres in April of 1915. Fortunately he was not wounded, but at one prison camp, aptly named Teufelsmohr, the first syllable of which means devil, while he was sick, he was absolutely neglected. He passed through a succession of camps, and the only place where his treatment was fair was near Bremen. Probably this was due to the fact that the shipping interests of this city mean that the people there are better acquainted with the English people.

The food served to Sergt. Hammersley was always poor and insufficient, but the Canadian Red Cross parcels reached the camps and proved to be salvation for the Canadian prisoners.

As the non-commissioned officers always refused to work at drudgery to which the Germans subjected their prisoners, Sergt. Hammersley joined the passive resisters, and as a consequence was made to tramp with other men for hours daily.

On being transferred to a new camp lately started at Herslake, Sergt. Hammersley with a Lancashire corporal and a Manchester man, managed to get away, and reached the Dutch frontier after a four-days' trip, during which they had many narrow escapes from sentries and watchdogs, but once they were over the Dutch boundary they were treated most kindly and were sent to Rotterdam and thence to London.

Hammersley hints that he could say much more, but he is under restraining influences.

War Affects Sunsets.

Observations made at the Smithsonian Astrophysical Observatory on Mt. Wilson in California during the past few years have shown that our sun, like many of the other stars, is a variable. In other words, the amount of heat and light it sends out sometimes varies by as much as ten per cent. in the course of a few days. To study this variation, its causes and its possible connection with climatic changes on the earth, a branch station of the Astrophysical Observatory is soon to be established in South America.

Since the planets shine by reflected sunlight, it would seem as if changes in the sun's radiation should produce changes in the brightness of the planets. Attempts to measure such changes in the case of Uranus have led to the discovery that this planet varies periodically in brightness. Moreover, the period is 10 hours 50 minutes, agreeing with the time of rotation as determined by an entirely different method. Thus the variation in light is probably due to the difference in reflecting power of different portions of the planet's surface and we have a new method for determining the rotation period.

Canada has sent reports to the Smithsonian Observatory of brilliant sunsets with beautiful after-sunset glows. A similar series was observed in 1883 and was attributed at that time to the volcanic eruption of Krakaoa, in the East Indies. As a result of this explosion particles of volcanic dust were hurled to tremendous heights and carried by the air currents to great distances. These particles illuminated by the setting sun produced some very beautiful effects. The present display is attributed to the war, which with its terrific bombardments is producing more smoke and dust than any volcanic eruption. The prevailing currents of the upper air in northern latitudes being from east to west, much of this dust is carried over Canada.

The First Confederation Day.

Early in the month of June, 1867, writes Sandham, in his "Montreal Past and Present," the attendance of the citizens was called to a public meeting, to be held for the purpose of considering the most appropriate manner in which to celebrate the inauguration of the New Dominion. As usual, committees were appointed, money subscribed, and on Monday, July 1st, the new National holiday was celebrated for the first time, with all the aid which novelty and the finest of weather could give it. The city wore quite a festive aspect, the public buildings and principal streets being finely decorated with flags. The ships in the harbor, including H.M.S. Wolverine, which arrived in May, displayed a large amount of bunting. The sunrise of the day was heralded by the noise of cannon and the morning was occupied with a grand review on Logan's Farm, in which the whole garrison, regulars, and volunteers, took part. In the afternoon a lacrosse match was played on the cricket ground. In the evening there was a display of fireworks on the side of the mountain for which the Corporation had voted $1,000. There was a large influx of visitors from the country, and the celebration was pronounced to have been, on the whole, satisfactory.

Cobourg Harbor.

In an official report to the United States Department of Commerce, Consul Chester W. Martin, stationed at Toronto, mentions Rochester and Cobourg, Ontario, as the only open winter ports on Lake Ontario, and says that Cobourg has the only fresh water all-the-year-open harbor in all Canada. Reference is made especially to the running of two car ferries between Cobourg and Rochester, each of which carries thirty loaded coal cars and 1,000 passengers conveniently, if necessary. He declares that while the distance from Cobourg to a point two miles up the Genesee River is fifty-seven miles, the run from dock to dock is made in four hours.

FORTUNES OF WAR

English Heroes Gain More Than Glory by Success.

WEALTH HEAPED UPON THEM.

Many Have Been Made Immensely Rich as a Reward For Winning Decisive Battles—Gifts That Were Bestowed Upon the Duke of Wellington.

According to Burns, glory is the soldier's only prize, and his wealth but honor, and in the eyes of most people the reward of heroism is indeed merely praise and medals. But many a great soldier has won a fortune from his successful campaigning, especially in the armies of Europe.

American heroes have been rewarded by private gifts of real estate and by the gift of public office, but except for the "prize money," which meant fortune to many an adventurous lad or man in the old days, the awards to American soldiers and sailors have been much smaller than those in England.

General Grant, General Sherman, General Lee—even George Washington, though he was made president—made no money from their successful campaigns. But for his services in the South African war alone the late Lord Roberts of England received from parliament a grant of nearly $500,000 in American money. Added to that, an earldom was conferred upon him, and he was made a Knight of the Garter and appointed commander in chief of the army.

All this followed the reward of some $62,500 for his services in Afghanistan, during which he made the famous march in twenty-one days from Kabul to Kandahar, which is still a "fable" among the men of the army.

The late Lord Kitchener also won a fortune by his successful campaigning, parliament awarding him $250,000 for his service in South Africa and later adding to that $150,000 for smashing the khalifa in the Sudan, for which feat he also received his seat in the house of lords.

The late Lord Wolseley received from parliament $200,000 at various times and was also given a seat in the house of lords for his triumphs on the battlefield, notably during the Ashanti war. But it was the Duke of Wellington whose victories brought in the greatest spoils, it having been estimated that his fighting resulted in a fortune of more than $9,000,000.

His great victory at Assaye brought him a sword and a service of plate from the inhabitants of Calcutta valued at nearly $20,000, while for winning the battle of Talavera he was made a peer and voted a pension of $10,000 a year to continue through two generations.

His victory at Salamanca greatly added to this already substantial fortune, since he received after it the thanks of parliament, most royally backed up by a marquisate and $500,000.

After the great campaign in the Pyrenees and the battles which sent Napoleon to Elba, Wellington was made a duke by his grateful country and was given a grant of $1,500,000 and his income made up to $85,000 a year.

In consequence, when the French emperor escaped from Elba and made that triumphant march that ended at Waterloo, the Duke of Wellington, returning a hero to London, perplexed all England with the problem of how to reward him. The highest honors and a great fortune had already been given him, but parliament added another $7,000,000 to his wealth, and he drew in addition $300,000 in prize money, and the king of Portugal presented him with plate worth more than $50,000.

This is one of the greatest fortunes ever made in warfare—that is, by public gift.

Nor do the rewards that England gives her soldiers consist merely in flat sums of money or titles. In many instances they take the form of pensions, to be continued for several generations. Lord Napier of Magdala received a pension of $10,000 a year to extend during two lifetimes, and when Lord Raglan was killed in the great Russian war his wife was given $5,000 a year and his son $10,000 a year, while Viscount Gough, the hero of the Sikh war, received not only a pension of $10,000 a year from the government, but an equal sum from the Honorable East India company.

For the victory of the Nile, Nelson received a pension of $10,000 a year to last through three generations. After the battle of Aboukir Bay he was made a peer, and a second $10,000 pension was added. The Irish parliament at the same time granted him a pension of $5,000 a year for life, while the Honorable East India company added its little gift of $50,000 a year.

Lord Alcester, another great English soldier, was awarded a pension of $10,000 a year, but had it changed for the flat sum of $150,000.

The commuting of pensions was done on several occasions by famous generals. Lord Wolseley preferring $125,000 down to the prospect of $10,000 a year during his own and his son's lifetime.

Such pensions and rewards sound enormous compared with those of this country, but they show the value which Britons put upon valor and their belief in the old saying that to the victor belong the spoils.

True friends visit us in prosperity only when invited, but in adversity they come without invitation.—Theophrastus.

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"It is with great pleasure that I write to tell you of the *wonderful benefits* I have received from taking "Fruit-a-tives". For years, I was a dreadful sufferer from *Constipation and Headaches*, and I was miserable in every way. Nothing in the way of medicines seemed to help me. Then I finally tried "Fruit-a-tives" and the effect was splendid. After taking one box, I feel like a new person, to have relief from those sickening Headaches".

Mrs. MARTHA DEWOLFE.

50c. a box, 6 for $2.50, trial size, 25c. At all dealers or sent postpaid by Fruit-a-tives Limited, Ottawa.

Wells' Vision of the Future.

In the last few years I have developed a religious belief that has now become to me as real as any commonplace fact. I think that mankind is still, as it were, collectively dreaming and hardly more awakened to reality than a very young child. It has these dreams that we express by the flags of nationalities and by strange loyalties and by irrational creeds and ceremonies, and its dreams at times become such nightmares as this war. But the time draws near when mankind will awake and the dreams will fade away and then there will be no nationalities in all the world but humanity and no king, no emperor, no leader but the one God of mankind. This is my faith. I am as certain of this as I was in 1900 that men would presently fly. To me it is as if it must be so.—H. G. Wells

Husband's Bravery.

Just after hearing a noise in the house at night don't you hate to talk to your wife and let her notice how short your breath is? It is calculated to make her think that you are not as brave as a lion, when as a matter of fact it proves that you are. When you hear the noise, in imagination you jump from the bed and grapple with it—catching the noise by the throat and choking it until it is black in the face. Well, you are naturally absent-minded and the imaginary struggle gets you out of breath. That is all there is to it.—Claude Callan in Fort Worth Star-Telegram.

Deadheads in Pepys' Time.

In Pepys' Diary he tells of "Thomas Killigrew's way of getting to see plays when he was a boy. He would go to the Red Bull, and when the man cried to the boys, 'Who will go and be a devil and he shall see the play for nothing?' then would he go in and be a devil upon the stage and so get to see plays."

Use Their Heads a Lot.

"Father, are goats intelligent?"

"I don't know, my child. What makes you ask that?"

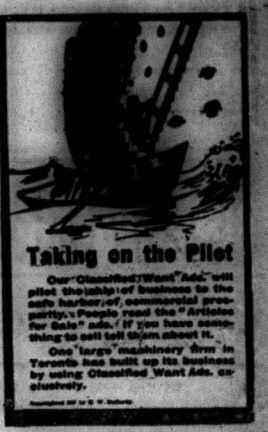
"Well, you told me that people that use their heads are intelligent, and goats use their heads an awful lot."

Social Lemonade.

"She is noted for her social lemonade."

"What's that?"

"Saying sour things in a sweet way."—Toledo Blade.



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Tailoring dispatched in quickest order. No order too large or too small.

Give us a trial and be convinced.

R. McGhee,
MERCHANT TAILOR.

CANADA'S INLAND SEA

"ATLANTIC SEAPORTS" WILL BE OPENED ON HUDSON BAY.

Great Undertaking That Will Help to Solve the Problem of Transporting the Grain Output of the North-West to the Markets of Europe, Thus Helping Development of the Dominion.

TORONTO or Ottawa thinks of the Atlantic as far distant. Yet north of these cities Canada has Atlantic seaports—towns on the great inland extension of the Atlantic known as Hudson Bay. This great body of water, of course, has always been just where it is to-day. Its use for transportation by boat has been greatly hindered by the ice-blockade that closes Hudson Strait for all the months of the year but three. Modern traffic conditions, the growing grain-output of the great Canadian North-West, and, above all, the necessities imposed by the present war, have at last made it profitable to use this water-route for the limited period during which it is available, and the Canadian Government will complete, this spring, a railroad line connecting her three transcontinental roads with tide-water on this inland sea, thus eliminating the railroad haul across half the continent. Writes Mr. Earle William Gage in The Scientific American:

"That the completion of the Hudson Bay Railroad is a vital matter of interest to commerce needs no argument. It is not the idle dream of a passenger-agent desiring a new field of tourist endeavor, but the result of insistent demands made by a country whose development has outstripped the efforts of three great railway systems to keep pace. As early as 1906, western Canada was the congested centre of railway transportation, both outgoing and incoming lines being blocked with grain, live stock, and supplies. The Hudson Bay Railroad is simply the result of a continuous blockade of traffic, the aim being to relieve this by giving the shortest possible route to tide-water from fields of production.

"Had not an enlarged outlet been supplied to the ocean, the development of Canada would have been retarded. Canada's great inland sea, Hudson Bay, gives the West tide-water in the meridian of the Mississippi Valley. A glance at the map shows it to be the shortest route from the centre of the country's fields of production to the world's markets. Port Nelson, the northern terminus of the new railroad, is as near the central point of the grain area as the centre of that area is to the head of the Great Lakes, and it is about the same distance from Liverpool as Montreal.

"This region is often associated with Arctic conditions; yet no part of Hudson Bay comes within the Arctic Circle, and Engineer Armstrong in his recommendations stated with considerable assurance 'That ships may enter and leave Port Nelson all the year round is a fact worth remembering.'

"Though the Bay remains open, Hudson Strait freezes over. Hence transportation will be possible for only three months a year, from the end of July to about the end of October. But inasmuch as this gives full time for the moving of the food-products to Europe, at a very material saving in time and freight cost, the expenditure of $16,000,000 for the construction of the 425 miles of railroad will pay big dividends to the Government. During the closed season the natural resources of the Bay region, including farm-crops, timber, paper-pulp, minerals, and the enormous wealth of fur and fin, will compensate for the operation of the system."

The exponents of the railroad point out that the heavy grain traffic from the Western plains to the Atlantic seaboard is carried over the Great Lakes only during a little longer season than the Hudson Bay route promises, and larger cargoes may be carried in a shorter time, which discounts the argument against the route to Europe. To quote further:

"That the Hudson Bay route promises a path from western Canada to Liverpool, shorter by 1,000 miles than the present prevailing rail route, is a powerful factor in its favor. . . . That a very material saving will be effected in freight cost alone is appreciated when we remember that the freight upon grain from the wheat-belt to Hudson Bay approximates ten cents per bushel, or the same as to the head of the Great Lakes, at present. It now costs fifteen cents per bushel to transport the grain to the Atlantic seaboard ports, which represents a fair profit to the wheat-growers. Assuming an export trade of 20,000,000 bushels, which could be readily handled if the harbor were open but two months of the year, this saving would amount in a single season to approximately $3,000,000.

"The demand for western Canada's prime beef, mutton, pork, and poultry is increasing in Europe. It now costs about sixty cents per hundred to transport steers to the Atlantic ports, and an additional sixty cents to ship them to Liverpool. For the payment of sixty cents per hundred these cattle and stock may be delivered in Liverpool, on an average, from the fields of production, or an average saving of $6 per head for steers. This saving will approximate $1,000,000 per season of only two months, or a total of $4,000,000. Therefore, if the Hudson Bay Railroad is operated but two out of the twelve months, in four years it would pay off its construction debt. But the officials have calculated that the remaining nine or ten months may be devoted to interest-bearing operations of a local nature."

WEARING PLAINER HATS.

Effect of the War on Headgear of Milady.

The effect of the war on the millinery trade is more far-reaching than the conditions imposed on account of the hostilities on most of the other trades and industries in the Dominion. Milady's headgear is no longer solely a source of adornment or decoration. The days of floral and bird designs have passed. A lady's hat is now a piece of simple clothing, shorn of all the erstwhile adornments, and reduced to a minimum of decorative art.

"The hat is now staple clothing," declared the head of one of Canada's largest wholesale millinery houses. "It is no longer an adornment or a frill that advocates of economy can attack as a source of unwarranted extravagance. The vogue to-day is to wear the plainest possible headgear, and the wholesale milliner suffers to that extent. The millinery trade has suffered from all the disadvantages of the war, and has not benefited from any of its peculiar advantages, as other industries have.

"There has been a very marked falling off of styles since the beginning of the war," he continued. "In the first place, we lost the European sources of supply, where we obtained our designs, etc. We are relying absolutely on the Canadian and American makers, and the tendency is towards much plainer makes.

"The peculiar thing about the millinery trade is the fact that the style or material the people can get most of is the vogue; therefore the inability to get goods from Europe soon after the outbreak of war encouraged the making and wearing of plainer hats. The trouble and difficulty the millinery trade is up against just now is the delivery of large quantities of ribbons, etc., in Canada that were ordered a year ago. This makes it very difficult for us to get rid of these goods just now.

"But we will never go back to the old condition of affairs. The hat factories that have sprung up in Canada are here to stay. I know of one firm which had one hundred people employed, now has 300, because it has gone in to the hat manufacturing business. But the difficulty is this: the hats that cost $15, $20, or $30 several years ago, cost no more to-day, although the workmanship and materials are more costly."

Regarding the condition imposed upon the trade by the inclement weather, this dealer declared that the division of the year into four hat seasons had minimized the possible loss. "You see," said he, "we had fairly good weather in the spring, that helped the early spring and Easter trade, but now the cold weather has returned there is considerable cutting into our summer trade, but we still have the early fall and winter trade to look after."

The Sturgeon's Food.

The common sturgeon of the rivers of North-Eastern America is one of the largest and most valuable of food fishes. It sometimes reaches a weight of five hundred pounds and a length of ten feet. The female produces a mass of eggs that is equal to a fifth or even a third of her own weight, and numbers two or three millions. It is from those eggs that caviare is made. The sturgeon feeds along muddy bottoms on small shell-fish, water weeds, and bottom fishes. Its method of feeding is peculiar. Underneath the snout and near the point of it are four barbels or "feelers" about two and a half inches long, and placed about three-quarters of an inch apart across the snout. It swims with the snout close to the bottom, which allows the barbels to trail along on the sand or mud.

Whenever the barbels touch the protruding siphons of the soft-shelled clam or the razor clam the siphons of the clams contract, and by doing so notify the sturgeon of their presence. It halts, and with its telescope mouth pumps the sand or mud away from the clam, passes it out of the gill openings, and finally draws the clam from its resting-place into its jaws and there crushes it. The larger portions of the shell it discards through the gill openings; but if the clams are small it discards very little of the shell, but swallows nearly all of it. Another way the sturgeon has of feeding is to plough a furrow through the sand or mud with its long pointed snout, then to turn round and go back through the furrow and pick up whatever small molluscs and crustaceans it may have exposed. It also sucks up with its protruding mouth great quantities of sand and mud, sifts them through its gills, and thereby finds many small organisms upon which it feeds.

Lignite Possibilities.

The lignite fields of Saskatchewan are said to contain thirteen million tons, almost untouched

The lignite is a low-grade coal, but, on the other hand, it has the advantage of being easily and cheaply mined. All that is necessary to do is to dig it out of the ground, for it lies practically on the surface, no galleries or shafts being required.

Some years ago R. O. Wynne-Roberts, an engineer in the employ of the Saskatchewan Government, made a report on the lignite fields, and suggested that the best way to develop them would be to establish a central power plant located right in the centre of the lignite bed and distribute power all over the province. His scheme was to burn the lignite in retorts, as is now done with the same grade of coal in Germany and elsewhere, and use the gas so developed to produce the electric energy.

Our Forest Fires.

There are estimated to be 10,000 forest fires in Canada every year of all sizes and descriptons. Nine-tenths are set by human hands, and the damage runs from four to ten millions of dollars, not counting damage to soil, to the value of watershed areas and many other factors.

WHAT is so beautiful as the soft, rosy, delicate skin of the baby. And yet baby's skin is so tender and so easily chafed and irritated that it must have care and consideration.

It is a fine habit for mothers to have Dr. Chase's Ointment at hand for use after the bath. By its soothing, healing influence it soon allays the inflammation, brings relief and comfort, and prevents the development of eczema, for eczema is the natural result of neglected skin irritation.

Mrs. W. L. Barnes, Timmins, Ont., writes: "I want to tell you about the case of my little boy who had baby eczema when he was three months old. It started on the top of his head, on his forehead and around his ears. The doctors failed to do him any good, so I tried Dr. Chase's Ointment on the recommendation of a friend, and in a month's time the child was entirely free of this disagreeable skin disease. He is now four years old, and has never had any further trouble from ailments of this kind."

Dr. Chase's Ointment

60c a box, all dealers, or Edmanson, Bates & Co., Ltd., Toronto.

Do not be talked into accepting a substitute. Imitations only disappoint.

Quebec Officer a Brilliant Soldier

TORONTO and Eastern Ontario men fought under Major-General David Watson in the second battle of Ypres. The Toronto men who were in his battalion at St. Julien, when the Canadians stopped the German rush for Calais, were the members of the 9th Mississauga Horse, who volunteered for service in France when hostilities started in August, 1914. There were, perhaps, one hundred Torontonians in the second battalion; the other thousand had joined the colors in Glengarry, Northumberland, Hastings, Ontario, Prince Edward, Peterboro, Cornwall, Kingston, and other Eastern Ontario towns and counties.

Major-General Watson is at present in command of the 4th Canadian Division, which should be about twenty thousand strong, and "somewhere beyond the Vimy Ridge."

As head of The Chronicle, an English morning newspaper in the historic city of Quebec, as a former lacrosse and hockey star, and as Past Deputy Grand Master of the Masonic Order in Quebec and Three Rivers, he was well known in various parts of the Dominion. There are many prominent business men who know him and few newspapermen and sportsmen who did not know "Dave" Watson.

He was born in Quebec on February 7, 1869, the son of William and Jean (Grant) Watson. He joined The Quebec Chronicle staff when just turned twenty years of age, and some twelve years later succeeded Horace Wallace as general manager. That was about 1904. Two years later he became managing director and in 1909 he was a delegate to the Imperial Press Conference. In addition to his newspaper work he took an active interest in athletics and military matters. In his younger days he was one of the most brilliant hockey and lacrosse players of his native Province. He was one of the most enthusiastic members of the 8th Royal Rifles, and when war broke out was commanding officer of that regiment, with the rank of Lieutenant-colonel. He holds the long-service medal in addition to the other honors bestowed upon him for distinguished service in the great war. In 1911 he was appointed by the Ottawa Government to command the Rifle Company of the Canadian contingent, which attended the Coronation of the King. He married, in 1896, a Quebec woman by the name of Mary Browning, and has three daughters. He is described as an "Independent Conservative" in politics, and he is a member of the Presbyterian Church.

It can truly be said that General Watson was one of the first Canadians at Valcartier, because he was there before the Government bought the land for that great training camp. It was he who took General Sir Sam Hughes down there and urged him to acquire the land for what in a few days was transformed from a veritable "Sleepy Hollow" into one of the finest military camps in the world.

When the call to arms was sounded in August, 1914, Lieut.-Colonel David Watson left his newspaper office, mobilised his regiment and proceeded forthwith to Valcartier. His services and his resources were placed at the disposal of his country. No time was lost in organizing the volunteers from all parts of Canada into battalions, batteries, and brigades, and it fell to Lieut.-Colonel Watson's lot to take command of the 2nd Battalion. With these men he sailed some weeks later for England. At Salisbury Plain his regiment had the honor of escorting the Princess Pats to the railway station, the Princess Patsb eing the first Canadian infantry unit to leave Salisbury en route to the front. The following February, a few months after the outbreak of hostilities, Colonel Watson and his battalion arrived in Flanders, and it is officially recorded that the colonel carried himself "gallantly and resourcefully" throughout the second battle of Ypres, and that some of the last blows struck by the Canadians in that fierce struggle were delivered by those in his battalion. It is further written of him that on the third day of the great battle he was called upon to perform as difficult and dangerous a task as fell to the lot of any commander, and that he crowned his success with a deed of personal heroism which but for his rank would have won for him the Victoria Cross. In a spray of bullets and flying shrapnel Colonel Watson noticed one of his officers, Lieut. A. H. Hugill, lying on the ground, sixty yards away, in the direction of the enemy's attack. Without a moment's hesitation Colonel Watson went back to him, thinking he was wounded. Fortunately he was just resting to recover his breath before making another rush. Almost at the same moment Private Wilson, also of the 2nd Battalion, was passing nearby when he was shot through the leg.

The Colonel suggested to the Lieutenant that they might carry the wounded man back and Hugill agreed, whereupon Colonel Watson knelt down, got Wilson on his back and staggered with him through a hail of bullets to a place of comparative safety nearly half a mile back.

After the Second Continent reached the front Lieut.-Col. Watson was promoted to the rank of Brigadier-General of the 5th Brigade. His distinguished service and gallantry continued. He fought with distinction at St. Elei and at other places wheer the Canadians were engaged, and now commands the 4th Division, Canadians with the rank of major-general.

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Greatly enlarged Government and other Exhibits - - - War in all its phases - - Model Camp - - Artillery Drive - - Aeroplane Flights - - Scores of surprises in store for old friends and a thousand thrills for new ones.

REDUCED FARES ON ALL LINES OF TRAVEL

Crookston

Miss Helen Tumelty, who is camping at Moira lake, spent Wednesday with Miss Lillian Vincent.

Miss Mary McAvoy, of Ivanhoe, spent Thursday in Crookston.

Misses Helen, Mary and Ruth Haggerty and Miss Adams, of West Huntingdon, are visiting friends here.

Mrs. A. Carson spent Sunday with Mrs. A. Mitts at Fuller.

Miss Evelyn Morland, of Moira, is visiting Mrs. G. Vincent.

A number from here attended the Camp Meeting at Oak Hills on Wednesday.

Mr. P. Tummon, of Toronto, spent the week-end with his mother, Mrs. H. Tummon.

Mrs. A. Harris, of Harold, is visiting her mother, Mrs. D. Woodcock.

Mrs. F. Ryan, Miss Lily Ryan and Mrs. H. Mitts spent Saturday in Belleville.

The Restless Sex

Robert W. Chambers' great new novel in Cosmopolitan is making a hit. Everyone is talking about it. If you haven't started "The Restless Sex," begin with the second instalment in August Cosmopolitan.

You will find the story of Stephanie Quest one of the most absorbing novels you have ever read. It is one of Mr. Chambers' best works.

It is not only a novel of ingenious plot construction but it is a great narrative of a girl's struggle against man-made conventions.

Get August Cosmopolitan to-day.

It is full of great stories and great pictures by the foremost writers and artists of to-day.

Toronto Markets

Hogs, fed and watered	$15.50
Cattle	12.00
Spring Lambs	14.25
Barley	1.25
Wheat	2.50
Oats	.80
Butter	.37
Eggs	.38
Potatoes, per bus	$2.50
Turkeys	.lb. 22
Geese	.lb. 12
Ducklings	.lb. 20
Bran	ton $35
Shorts	ton $40
Young Roosters	.lb. 15
Manitoba flour	$13.00
Ontario flour	10.85
Cheese	.22
Hens	.18
Wool, unwashed	.60
washed	.75

Ask T. W. Christie about the latest up-to-date Milkers on the market

Potato Blight Threatens Crop

"Ontario should produce 28 million bushels of potatoes this year. It may not produce 12 millions if the blight is not vigorously attacked."

This alarming statement was made recently by Mr. J. B. Dandeno, Inspector of Agricultural Classes at the O.A.C., Guelph.

"Late blight of potatoes, or rot as it is more commonly called, has already appeared in Ontario. So far as I known it has not in 20 years appeared so early in the season. In view of the fact that so many schools, in school and home gardens, have undertaken the growing of potatoes for the first time, and also because of the large amount of small plots in cities, towns and villages, managed by people without experience in growing potatoes, it will be sad indeed if the plots undertaken with such zeal and enthusiasm should be allowed to go to destruction because of lack of information at the right time.

"Potato blight is here and this is the remedy: Apply Bordeaux mixture for the blight, with arsenate of lead for the bugs, and apply thoroughly. Blight is 80 per cent. preventible if vigorously attacked now. Arsenate of lead may be obtained from the drug store or hardware store in paste or dry form. It should be mixed with water—about a heaped dessertspoonful of either dry or paste in two gallons of water.

"Bordeaux mixture is obtained by dissolving one-half pound of blue stone (copper sulphate) and one-half pound of quicklime (unslaked), each separately in granite basins in a small amount of hot water. Then both these mixtures should be mixed together and sufficient water added to make five gallons. The arsenate of lead may be added to this mixture in the proportions named above at each spraying. Application should be made in the form of a spray. A watering can will do if there is no spraying machine at hand. All the mixture should be used up, and should not be left standing in a metal vessel. Paris green will do instead of arsenate of lead, but is not so persistent in clinging to the leaves in wet weather."

In Memoriam

In loving memory of No. 636633 Pte. C. P. Conlin, who was killed in action on May 12th, 1917. He was engaged in the great battle at Arras. He enlisted at Coe Hill on March 24th, 1916, went overseas and was drafted to the 21st Battalion. He was only 22 years of age.

A sudden change, I in a moment fell,
I had not time to bid my friends farewell.
Think this is not strange, death happens to all.
To-day we live, to-morrow we may fall.
Sleep on, dear loved one, in your distant grave.
Your life for your country you nobly gave.
No friends were near to say good-bye,
But in God's keeping now you lie,
Though earthly ties are broken.
In life we'll meet no more.
Our hearts are with you, brother,
On yonder distant shore.

He leaves to mourn his loss a father and mother, two sisters and two brothers at home, and a wounded brother in hospital in England.—L. C.

Hymeneal

A very pretty wedding took place in Peterboro on July 18th at the parsonage of George street Methodist church when the Rev. A. J. Thomas, M.A., B.D., united in marriage Ellen Elizabeth Hayton, daughter of Mrs. Jas. McGhee, and George Albert Degen, son of Mr. J. F. Degen, one of the city firemen. The couple were unattended and after the ceremony repaired to the residence of the bride's mother, where a dainty wedding breakfast was served and then a reception was held at the groom's father, where about 35 friends and relatives assembled, including the members of the Fire Department. The bride was beautifully attired in a blue silk suit and pink crepe de chene blouse with panama hat. Mr. and Mrs. Degen will reside at 348 Aylmer street.

Queensboro

(Too late for last week)

The picnic, which was held on July 12th was largely attended.

Miss Elliot, of Norwood, is the guest of her aunt, Mrs. T. H. Squire.

A large number attended the funeral of the late Mr. Ed. Rhodes on Sunday.

Miss Stella Thompson, of Belleville, is the guest of Miss Grace Delyea.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred H. Blakely, of Ormstown, Que., are visiting friends in town.

Miss May Blakely, of Chatham, is in town.

Miss Grace Smeaton, of Toronto, is guest of Mr. and Mrs. H. Smeaton.

Bishop Horner Must Not Officiate

"The late Bishop," or Mr. C. R. Horner, of the Holiness Movement Church of Canada, must not officiate in this church till the trial has disposed of the question whether or not he was validly derosed according to an injunction granted yesterday by Mr. Justice Sutherland at Osgoode Hall.

Justice Sutherland remarked that if Mr. Horner wished to contest the decision of the church it was incumbent upon him to take action through the courts. He was deposed by a vote of the Grand Synod at Ottawa.

Orders have been given by the Canadian command that all Ross rifles be returned immediately to the nearest ordinance depot of overseas forces.

The conscription bill passed its third reading by a vote of 102 (22 Liberals, 80 Conservatives) to 44 (40 Liberals, 4 Conservatives), there being no change from the division on the second reading.

Lightning Killed Three Boys Near London

London, July 24th — Three boys, Gleason Aubrey Lovely and Leonard Jones, each 16 years of age, and Geo. Jones, 14 years of age, were instantly killed last evening when a bolt of lightning struck a small bridge underneath which they had crawled as a refuge from a terrific thunderstorm. The bridge is on the farm of Wesley Baker, just south of Lambeth. The boys had been bathing in a swimming hole near the bridge when the storm broke.

Samuel Samuels, M.P., announced in a speech on Saturday that the British Government intends to adopt a policy of reprisal for German air raids.

Instructions have been issued by the Canadian authorities that all boys under 17 years of age in the overseas forces be returned forthwith to Canada.

MANNING A CANOE.

The Bow Paddler Should Be Both Cool Headed and Skillful.

Contrary to the general notion about the relative importance of those in a canoe's manning, the bow paddler stands first. Among Indian voyagers he is the captain of the crew. His will is law.

Not arbitrarily is a captain's power vested in the bow paddler. It is the outcome of experience, and the basis of it is skill. The advantage of a canoe is this, that, being lighter in draft than any other known craft, it can be taken into very shallow water.

And just here, accompanying this advantage, lies a danger which the bow man must be able by his skill to meet. It is his business to watch for and avoid obstacles—snags, "dead heads," slightly submerged tree trunks and shoals—and the last two are sometimes very difficult to see before one is almost upon them. But a bow man must be able to see them. Much is at stake, life itself even.

Especially in certain kinds of rapid running it is his trained eye for navigable water and his skilled hand quick to guide the boat into it on which the safety of the crew depends.—Outing.

Father of the American Navy.

A native born Irishman that the members of his race are particularly proud of is Commodore John Barry, the "Father of the American Navy." He was born in Wexford, Ireland, in 1745. His father put him on a merchant ship before he was twelve years old, and at fourteen he was employed on a ship sailing from Philadelphia. He was a master of ships before he was twenty-one years old. When the Revolution began Barry was employed by congress to fit for sea the first fleet which sailed from Philadelphia. Barry commanded the Lexington, which captured the first British war vessel taken by a regular cruiser. Blockaded by a superior British fleet in the Delaware, he landed with his sailors and marines and joined Washington's army.—Detroit Free Press.

Bait For Fishing.

A fish hasn't a nose, but it can smell. Recent experiments have proved this. Anglers have laid so much stress on the need of exciting a fish's interest by the look of food that the effect of scent has been overlooked. A shark will bite at a hook containing a piece of fat pork, although the pork does not look like any kind of fish that swims in the sea.

It may be heresy in angling to suggest that a "fly" should smell like a fly. These scientific experiments show how large a part smell plays in the food pursuit of fish. Bait, such as small crabs, was found and eaten by the fishes two or three times as rapidly when the shells were broken. Bait placed inside a gauze bag was smelled within three minutes of being lowered in the water, and almost at the same time all the fishes began nibbling at the bag. When cotton was stuffed into its so called "nostrils" the dogfish would seldom observe the food that came near them.—Chicago Herald.

Altered War Words.

An examination of modern military terms reveals the fact that very few of them possess the meaning originally assigned to them. Munitions, for example, in ancient times signified not only the materials of warfare, but also the fixed defenses of an army. Thus the translators of the authorized version of the Bible use the phrase "munitions of rocks" to translate "impregnable rock fortresses," and the defending army is charged to "keep the munitions" when the meaning is "guard the fortresses." Carriage is another word with a changed meaning. In Acts appears the phrase "We took up our carriages." It is one Greek word meaning "having packed up," and the Geneva version (1557) has "we trussed up our fardels." In those days the word's meaning was "something carried," not as now, "something that carries."—London Chronicle.

Two Classes of Debts.

"Avoid useless and unnecessary debt as you would a pestilence," advises a successful financier. "There are two classes of debts. One is constructive credit, and the other is a destructive credit. On one hand a farmer or business man may borrow to buy more land, more stock, build improvements. On the other hand, borrowing may be done simply to buy an automobile or to spend in some way that the investment itself will not pay back the loan."

Keeping Late Hours.

"Life on the farm is not what it used to be."

"How is that?"

"When a farmer motors into town every night to attend a theater you can't expect him to get up at four o'clock."—Birmingham Age-Herald.

THE ABUSE OF SOAP.

Too Free Use of the Cleansing Agent May Injure the Skin.

"The oft quoted aphorism attributed to Wesley that 'cleanliness is next to godliness' constitutes an article of belief among civilized peoples," says the Medical Record. "There is a strong prejudice against dirt in general and particularly against personal uncleanliness. The prejudice is healthy and to be encouraged, but should not be allowed to become a fetish."

This is part of a review of an article by Dr. Frank Barendt in the Liverpool Medical and Chirurgical Journal on the abuse of soap. Dr. Barendt attributes many skin troubles, especially in children, to too much soap. Among these are the furfuraceous patches on their faces. Nurses, he says, often use too much soap on their patients, especially when these are confined to bed, when the "secretion of their skin is sluggish and the excessive removal of natural grease leaves the skin rough and branny."

The delicate skin of newborn babies is sometimes irritated by the zeal of the nurse in rubbing with soap and water.

Dr. Barendt says the best toilet soap is a combination of oleate and stearate of sodium. But even it should be used with discretion.

THE SECRET OF SILK.

Story of the English Worker Who Stole It From Leghorn.

The development of the silk manufacture in England began some time in the seventeenth century, but was greatly extended through the enterprise of John Lombe of Derby, who in 1715 went to Leghorn, Italy, to learn the secret of the Leghorn silk manufactures, a most difficult and dangerous adventure.

Visitors were allowed to pass through the factories and see the machines in motion, but could learn nothing of their construction and operation. Finally, through the good offices of a priest to whom he appealed to find him a situation, Lombe secured employment as a workman, slept in the mill, worked at a spinning machine by day and by night made measurements and plans. He worked at the mill until an English ship was sent on purpose to take him away.

He had scarcely sailed from Leghorn when an armed brig was sent after him, and he barely escaped safety to England. It is said that he died at the age of twenty-nine, poisoned by the emissaries of his Leghorn employers, but the silk manufacture was securely established, became a great industry in England and has since been established all over the world.—National Magazine.

Singing on Carpet.

Standing upon carpet has a tendency to muffle the voice, since a layer of inelastic and nonconducting material is then interposed between the seat of voice production and the floor, which, when it is not covered, acts as a sound board, taking up the vibrations and giving increased effect and distinctness to them. This can be illustrated by placing a timepiece first upon a rug or carpet and then upon the bare floor. In the latter position the ticking is much louder, because the vibrations of the clock are then much more forcibly communicated to the floor and so to the air of the room and finally to the ear by actual contact between the clock and the floor. A carpet damps or kills these vibrations because it is a bad conductor of sound. The difference, which is so audible in this case, is in some degree to be detected when the voice is heard under similar conditions.

Birds In Danger of Extinction.

According to Louis Agassiz Fuertes, a widely known naturalist and painter of animals, more than twenty-five species of American birds and animals have become extinct within the memory of persons now alive. The extinction of the wood duck, he says, is seriously threatened. This is a tree nesting species and reputed to be the most beautiful of the many American species of wild duck. The woodcock also is in danger, with many other shore birds that once were plentiful, even the well known killdeer plover, or killdee, being on the list of doubtful survivors.

Had Him There.

The fluent spoken man in the smoke room of a certain hotel was talking of his great abilities—what he had done, what he could do, and finished up thus:

"I always go by the motto, 'If you want a thing done well do it yourself.'"

"Nonsense!" replied a man in the corner. "Suppose you want a hair cut?"

Knew All About It.

"Did you ever think about owning your own home?" asked the real estate agent.

"Yes, and I've tried it, too," said the other.

Then the talk drifted into politics.—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Well Named.

"What's your dog's name, sonny?"

"Ginger."

"Does Ginger bite?"

"Naw! Ginger snaps!"—Boston Transcript.

Expensive Modern Sport.

"Do you remember when you were a youngster and played bean bag?"

"Yes. Weren't beans cheap in those days?"—Washington Star.

When you have courage to say, "I was to blame," you are not least among the heroes.

DECLINED $7,500 SALARY TO SERVE PUBLIC FREE

MR. JOHN G. KENT, a man of wealth and extensive business interests, who has refused to accept any remuneration whatever for his services as General Manager of the Canadian National Exhibition, preferring to serve the public free of charge. He is President of the Toronto Board of Trade and has been on the Exhibition Board since 1905, always showing a close interest in the work. He was President in 1912-13, the two best years in the history of the institution. Mr. Kent is head of the Boy Scouts in Toronto and is identified with many philanthropic enterprises. Long and continued illness has compelled Dr. Orr, Manager since 1903, to seek a long rest.

Hun Plots Exposed

(Continued from page 1).

of Mr. Bryan was shown to be a part of a plan to keep the United States in a state of inaction, the story of the Mexico-Japan deal proposed by the German Foreign Secretary, Zimmermann, were all first published in The Journal, as was the story of the plot to destroy the ships interned in New York harbor.

EARNED THANKS OF COUNTRY

The Boston Transcript wrote editorially: "The Providence Journal is entitled to the thanks of the country for the remarkable success of the inquiries into the German spy system and the German propaganda in this country which it has conducted. The Journal's discoveries have been the basis for about three-quarters—possibly a larger proportion than that—of the Government's proceedings against the German plotters. It was upon the Journal's information that most of the judicial proceedings were taken. The Journal has a good many more sharp arrows in its quiver. It has taught the metropolitan press a lesson in enterprise. The Journal is now known in Downing street and Wilhelmstrasse as well as on Westminster street; and it has performed a work that will be remembered in the history of the war."

Listening In On Party Lines

An officer in conversation with a Whig representative on Monday said "I have been in a great number of places, but a few days ago I came across one of the meanest, lowest and most contemptible tricks I have ever heard of. While motoring through the country in the vicinity of the city, I had occasion to use a telephone and stopped at a country home to do so. When I was let into the house I found that an invalid women was lying on a couch near the telephone. By an arrangement the telephone receiver was strapped to her head. Every word of conversation that was spoken into any one of the dozen telephones of that party line was heard by her. "and," said the officer, "I suppose the whole countryside came to her for the gossip.—Kingston Whig.

The late General Benjamin F. Tracy was for some years after the Civil War one of the leading lawyers of New York. He was of counsel for the defence of Henry Ward Beecher in the great "scandal" trial of 1875, on which occasion he made a remark that is a good specimen of his epigrammatic style of address. Speaking of Mr. Moulton, the chief witness against Mr. Beecher, he said he proposed to "dissect him in the interest of truth and bury him in the interest of decency." The Review recommends young students of literary English to memorize the above epigrammatic phrase.

Fall Fair Dates

The following dates have been fixed for the Fall Fairs in this district for 1917:

Campbellford	Sept. 25 and 26
Ameliasburg	Sept. 6
Wooler	Sept. 6th and 7th
Colborne	Sept. 10 and 11
Napanee	Sept. 12 and 13
Brighton	Sept. 13 and 14
Belleville	Sept. 17 and 18
Lindsay	Sept. 17, 18 and 19
Picton	Sept. 18, 19 and 20
Frankford	Sept. 20 and 21
Peterboro	Sept. 20, 21 and 22
Marmora	Sept. 24 and 25
Bancroft	Sept. 27 and 28
Stirling	Sept. 27 and 28
Odessa	Sept. 28
MADOC	Oct. 2 and 3
Castleton	Oct. 2 and 3
Warkworth	Oct. 4 and 5
Tweed	Oct. 4 and 5
Millbrook	Oct. 4 and 5
Norwood	Oct. 9 and 10

New Advertisements.

Advertisements under this head, one inch space, 50c first insertion, 25c each subsequent insertion. 10c per month after first month.

DR. ROBERT NEWTON PINCOCK
Osteopath
OFFICE—B. O'Hara's residence.
HOURS—Mon. Wed. Fri., 3 p.m. to 9 p.m
Summer months only.

For Service

A pure bred Tamworth Sire Hog, fit for service. Apply at time of service.
A. H. HOUSER,
28-3p Bouck Farm.

Wool Wanted

Highest market prices paid in cash at the Madoc Woolen Mills.
18 S. J. DANFORD & Co

Wool Wanted

Highest market price for washed and unwashed.
MRS. R. CLARK,
21-tf. Madoc.

Teams Wanted

To haul ore from the Wallbridge Fluorspar Mine, lot 4, 1st con. of Madoc, to Madoc station.
Apply to
27-tf C. M. WALLBRIDGE

For Sale

That large 8-roomed solid brick electric lighted dwelling house on the south side of St. Lawrence street, Madoc. The grounds consist of 4 quarter acre lots, on which there is a frame barn, a garage, a plentiful supply of hard and soft water. Terms easy.
Apply to
JAMES ENGLISH,
27-tf Madoc

Auction Sale!

The large brick Hotel and premises known as Blue's Hotel in the Village of Madoc will be sold by Public Auction at 2 o'clock in the afternoon of

Saturday, 4th day of Aug., 1917

together with large stables, outbuildings and premises.

This is one of the finest hotels in North Hastings and fitted with all modern improvements.

TERMS OF SALE—10 per cent. cash; 40 per cent. within 30 days and balance secured by mortgage on the premises.

Subject to reserve bid.

Dated 19th of June, 1917.

T. F. BLUE
R. McKENZIE } Owners
Ira Simmons, Auctioneer, Foxboro. 23-7

Whytock Bros.

BUTCHERS

DEALERS IN

Groceries and Provisions

MADOC — — ONTARIO

WANTED CREAM

We have again advanced our prices for good quality Cream. We could use yours. It will be worth your while to write us.
TORONTO CREAMERY CO, Ltd,
13 Church st. Toronto

PAINTING

I am prepared to paint Automobiles, Carriages and all kinds of vehicles.

Second block west of the Dominion Bank.

ALEX. ROBERTSON

Notice to Creditors

In the Surrogate Court of County of Hastings

In the matter of the estate of William Thomas, late of the Township of Madoc, in the County of Hastings, Yeoman, deceased.

Notice is hereby given pursuant to R.S.O. 1914, chapter 121 and amending acts that all persons having claims as creditors or otherwise against the estate of William Thomas, late of the Township of Madoc, in the County of Hastings, Yeoman, deceased, who died on or about the 21st day of February, 1916, are required to send by post, prepaid, to the undersigned solicitor for George Wesley Thomas and Simeon Fox, Executors of the said estate, on or before the 17th day of August, 1917, their names, addresses and descriptions and a full statement of the particulars of their claims (duly verified by affidavit) and the nature of the security, if any, held by them.

And take notice that after the said date the said Executors will proceed to distribute the assets of the said estate having regard only to the claims of which they shall then have had notice and the said Executors will not be liable for the said assets or any part thereof so distributed to any person or persons of whose claim or claims they shall not have had notice at the time of the distribution thereof.

Dated at Madoc 7th day of July, A.D. 1917. 28-6

WILLIAM CROSS, Madoc, Ont.,
Solicitor for George Wesley Thomas and Simeon Fox, Executors of the said estate.

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In all countries. Ask for our INVENTOR'S ADVISER, which will be sent free.
MARION & MARION,
364 University St., Montreal.